

MUSEUM

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

JULY, 1831.

From Fraser's Magazine.

"THE GALLERY OF LITERARY CHARACTERS."

JOHN WILSON, ESQ.

PROFESSOR WILSON!—What can be said of Professor Wilson worthy of his various merits? Nothing. Were we to reprint Lockhart's graphic account of him in *Peter's Letters*, it would not tell half his fame. A poet who, after having had the calamity of obtaining Oxford prizes, and incurred the misfortune of being praised by the *Edinburgh Review* for some juvenile indiscretions in the way of rhyme, wrote the *City of the Plague*, which even the envious Lord Byron placed among the great works of the age, and which all real critics put higher than his poetical Lordship's best productions in the way of Tragedy;—a moral Professor, who "dings down" the fame of Dugald Stewart—a paltry triumph we own, if truly considered, over a small person, but a triumph of no trivial moment if the voice of Edinburgh be counted of any avail—an orator who, sober or convivial, morning or evening, can pour forth gushes of eloquence the most stirring, and fun the most rejoicing;—a novelist, who has chosen a somewhat peculiar department, but who in his *Lights and Shadows*, &c. &c. gives forth continually fine touches of original thought, and bursts of real pathos;—a sixteen stoner, who has tried it, without the gloves, with the Game Chicken, and got none the worse;—a cocker, a racer, a six bottler, a twenty-four tumbler—an out-and-outer—a true, upright, knocking-down, poetical, prosaic, moral professorial, hard-drinking, fierce-eating, good-looking, honourable, and straight-forward Tory. Let us not forget, that he has leapt twenty-seven feet in a standing leap, on plain ground!—[Byron never ceased boasting of the petty feat of swimming three or four miles with the tide, as something wondrous. What is it to Wilson's leaping?—]—a gipsy, a magiziner, a wit, a six-foot-club man, an unflinching Ultra in the worst of times!—In what is he not great?

"Show this to Wilson," says the said Lord Byron, in one of his letters published by that respectable gentleman, Thomas Moore, "show this to Wilson, for I like the man, and
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care little for his magazine." Lord B. wrote this under the impression that Wilson was the editor of *Blackwood*; and as common fame agrees with his Lordship's conjecture, we have ventured to affix to the Professor's portrait, the title of CHRISTOPHER NORTH. We hope he will not be angry with us for so doing, because it is done *humoris causa*, as Sir C. Wetherell would say. Who is there that does not distinguish the Professor's hand amid the adjoining Balaam, and rejoice over the mingled mirth and melancholy, the humour and poetry, the eloquence and buffoonery, the gravity and the gaiety of those fitful productions which, under one strange name or another, gleam forth every now and then in brilliant contrast with the lack lustre and miserable paste by which they are surrounded.

In the opposite plate, he is depicted as he appears in his countryman Mackdonald's admiral's statue. Perhaps other positions less severe and stony might be more characteristic, but we had no objection that the picture of the poet should call attention to the works of the satuary. In the back ground are seen the University, of which Wilson is the most distinguished ornament—a fistic contest, such as his Boxiana sketches have embalmed—and the rudiments of a cock-fight which, coming under the general head of "Varment," falls within the province of his frolic pen. The Professor's wig, and the crutch of the rheumatic Mr. North, have their appropriate place in the picture; and if our readers regret that we have found no room for a symbol, emblematic of his tragedy, in our plate, they will, in all probability, have found *plague* enough in getting through illustrative letter-press. Farewell!

*Hæc dictans raptim mediis in fluctibus, urbis
Propino poculum, Wilsonæ care, tibi."*

From Blackwood's Magazine.

SINGULAR PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF THE LATE HENRY HARRIS, D. D.

Communicated by the Rev. T. S., his friend and Executor.

Is order that the extraordinary circumstance which I am about to relate, may meet with the credit it deserves, I think it necessary to premise, that my reverend friend, among whose

papers I find it recorded, was, in his lifetime, ever esteemed as a man of good plain understanding, strict veracity, and unimpeached morals—by no means of a nervous temperament, or one likely to assign undue weight to any occurrence out of the common course of events, merely because his reflections might not, at the moment, afford him a ready solution of its difficulties. On the truth of his narrative, as far as he was personally concerned, no one who knew him would hesitate to place the most implicit reliance. His history is briefly this:—He had married early in life, and was a widower at the age of thirty-nine with an only daughter, who had then arrived at puberty, and was just married to a near connexion of my own. The sudden death of her husband, occasioned by a fall from his horse, only three days after her confinement, was abruptly communicated to Mrs. S— by a thoughtless girl, who saw her master brought lifeless into the house, and, with all that inexplicable anxiety to be the first to tell bad news, so common among the lower orders, rushed at once into the sick-room with her intelligence. The shock was too severe; and, though the young widow survived the fatal event several months, yet she gradually sunk under the blow, and expired, leaving a boy, not a twelvemonth old, to the care of his maternal grandfather. My poor friend was sadly shaken by this melancholy catastrophe; time, however, and a strong religious feeling, succeeded at length in moderating the poignancy of his grief—a consummation much advanced by his infant charge, who now succeeded, as it were by inheritance, to the place in his affections left vacant by his daughter's decease. Frederick S— grew up to be a fine lad; his person and features were decidedly handsome, still there was, as I remember, an unpleasant expression in his countenance, and an air of reserve, attributed, by the few persons who called occasionally at the vicarage, to the retired life led by his grandfather, and the little opportunity he had, in consequence, of mixing in the society of his equals in age and intellect. Brought up entirely at home, his progress in the common branches of education was, without any great display of precocity, rather in advance of the generality of boys of his own standing; partly owing, perhaps, to the turn which even his amusements took from the first. His sole associate was the son of the village apothecary, a boy about two years older than himself, whose father, being really clever in his profession, and a good operative chemist, had constructed for himself a small laboratory, in which, as he was fond of children, the two boys spent a great portion of their leisure time, witnessing many of those little experiments so attractive to youth, and in time aspiring to imitate what they admired.

In such society, it is not surprising that Frederick S— should imbibe a strong taste for the science which formed his principal amuse-

ment; or that, when in process of time, it became necessary to choose his walk in life, a profession so intimately connected with his favourite pursuit, as that of medicine, should be eagerly selected. No opposition was offered by my friend, who, knowing that the greater part of his own income would expire with his life, and that the remainder would prove an insufficient resource to his grandchild, was only anxious that he should follow such a path as should secure him that moderate and respectable competency which is, perhaps, more conducive to real happiness than a more elevated or wealthy station. Frederick was, accordingly, at the proper age, matriculated at Oxford, with the view of studying the higher branches of medicine, a few months after his friend, John W—, had proceeded to Leyden, for the purpose of making himself acquainted with the practice of surgery, in the hospitals and lecture-rooms attached to that university. The boyish intimacy of their younger days did not, as is frequently the case, yield to separation; on the contrary, a close correspondence was kept up between them. Dr. Harris was even prevailed upon to allow Frederick to take a trip to Holland to see his friend; and John returned the visit to Frederick at Oxford. Satisfactory as, for some time, were the accounts of the general course of Frederick S—'s studies, by degrees rumours of a less pleasant nature reached the ears of some of his friends; to the vicarage, however, I have reason to believe, they never penetrated. The good old Doctor was too well beloved in the parish for any one voluntarily to give him pain; and, after all, nothing beyond whispers and surmises had reached X—, when the worthy vicar was surprised, on a sudden, by a request from his grandchild, that he might be permitted to take his name off the books of the university, and proceed to finish his education in conjunction with his friend W— at Leyden. Such a proposal, made, too, at a time when the period for his graduating could not be far distant, both surprised and grieved the Doctor; he combated the design with more perseverance than he had ever been known to exert in opposition to any declared wish of his darling boy before, but, as usual, gave way when more strongly pressed, from sheer inability to persist in a refusal which seemed to give so much pain to Frederick, especially when the latter, with more energy than was quite becoming their relative situations, expressed his positive determination of not returning to Oxford, whatever might be the result of his grandfather's decision. My friend, his mind perhaps a little weakened by a short, but severe nervous attack, which he had scarcely recovered from, at length yielded a reluctant consent, and Frederick quitted England. It was not, till some months had elapsed after his departure, that I had reason to suspect, that the eager desire of availing himself of opportunities for study abroad, not afforded him at home, was not the sole, or

even the principal, reason which had drawn Frederick so abruptly from his *Alma Mater*. A chance visit to the university, and a conversation with a senior fellow belonging to his late college, convinced me of this; still I found it impossible to extract from the latter the precise nature of his offence. That he had given way to most culpable indulgences, I had before heard hinted; and, when I recollected, how he had been at once launched from a state of what might be well called seclusion, into a world where so many enticements were lying in wait to allure, with liberty, example, every thing, to tempt him from the straight road, regret, I frankly own, was more the predominant feeling in my mind than either surprise or condemnation. But here was evidently something more than mere ordinary excess—some act of profligacy, perhaps of a deeper stain, which had induced his superiors, who, at first, had been loud in his praises, to desire him to withdraw himself quietly, but for ever; and such an intimation, I found, had, in fact, been conveyed to him, from an authority which it was impossible to resist. Seeing that my informant was determined not to be explicit, I did not press for a disclosure which, if made, would, in all probability, only have given me pain, and that the rather, as my old friend the Doctor had recently obtained a valuable living from Lord M——, only a few miles distant from the market-town in which I resided, where he now was, amusing himself in putting his grounds into order, ornamenting his house, and getting every thing ready against his grandson's expected visit in the following autumn. October came, and with it came Frederick: he rode over more than once to see me, sometimes accompanied by the Doctor, between whom and myself a recent domestic loss on my part had drawn the chords of sympathy still closer.

More than two years had flown on in this way, in which Frederick S—— had as many times made temporary visits to his native country. The time was fast approaching when he was expected to return, and finally take up his residence in England, when the sudden illness of a near relative obliged me to take a journey into Lancashire, my old friend, who had himself a curate, kindly offering to take up his quarters at my parsonage, and superintend the concerns of my parish till my return. Alas! when I saw him next he was on the bed of death.

My absence was necessarily prolonged much beyond what I had anticipated. A letter, with a foreign post-mark, had, I afterwards found, been brought over from his own house to my venerable substitute in the interval, and barely giving himself time to transfer the charge he had undertaken to a neighbouring clergyman, he had hurried off at once to Leyden. His arrival there was, however, too late. Frederick was dead, killed in a duel, occasioned, it was said, by no ordinary provo-

cation on his part, although the flight of his antagonist had added to the mystery which enveloped its origin. The long journey, its melancholy termination, and the complete overthrow of all my poor friend's earthly hopes, were too much for him. He appeared too—as I was informed by the proprietor of the house in which I found him, when his summons at length had brought me to his bedside—to have received some sudden and unaccountable shock, which even the death of his grandson was inadequate to explain. There was, indeed, a wildness in his fast-glazing eye, which mingled strangely with the glance of satisfaction thrown upon me as he pressed my hand; he endeavoured to raise himself, and would have spoken, but fell back in the effort, and closed his eyes for ever. I buried him there, by the side of the object of his more than parental affection, in a foreign land.

It is from the papers that I discovered in his travelling-case that I submit the following extracts, without, however, presuming to advance an opinion on the strange circumstances which they detail, or even as to the connexion which some may fancy they discover between different parts of them.

The first was evidently written, at my own house, and bears date August the 15th, 18—, about three weeks after my own departure for Preston.

It begins thus—

"Tuesday, August 15.—Poor girl! I forget who it is that says, 'the real ills of life are light in comparison with fancied evils;' and certainly the scene I have just witnessed goes some way towards establishing the truth of the hypothesis. Among the afflictions which flesh is heir to, a diseased imagination is far from being the lightest, even when considered separately, and without taking into the account those bodily pains and sufferings which, so close is the connexion between mind and matter, are but too frequently attendant upon any disorder of the fancy. Seldom has my interest been more powerfully excited than by poor Mary G——. Her age, her appearance, her pale, melancholy features, the very contour of her countenance, all conspired to remind me, but too forcibly, of one who, waking or sleeping, is never long absent from my thoughts—but enough of this.

"A fine morning had succeeded one of the most tempestuous nights I ever remember, and I was just sitting down to a substantial breakfast, which the care of my friend S——'s housekeeper, kind-hearted Madam Janet, had prepared for me, when I was interrupted by a summons to the sick-bed of a young parishioner whom I had frequently seen in my walks, and had remarked for the regularity of her attendance at divine worship. Mary G—— is the elder of two daughters, residing with their mother, the widow of an attorney who, dying suddenly in the prime of life, left his family but slenderly provided for. A strict though

not parsimonious economy has, however, enabled them to live with an appearance of respectability and comfort; and from the personal attractions which both the girls possess, their mother is evidently not without hopes of seeing one at least of them advantageously settled in life. As far as poor Mary is concerned, I fear she is doomed to inevitable disappointment, as I am very much mistaken if consumption has not laid its wasting finger upon her; while this last recurrence, of what I cannot but believe to be a most formidable epileptic attack, threatens to shake out, with even added velocity, the little sand that may yet remain within the hour-glass of time. Her very delusion, too, is of such a nature as, by adding to bodily illness the agitation of superstitious terror, can scarcely fail to accelerate the catastrophe, which I think I see fast approaching.

"Before I was introduced into the sick-room, her sister, who had been watching my arrival from the window, took me into their little parlour, and, after the usual civilities, began to prepare me for the visit I was about to pay. Her countenance was marked at once with trouble and alarm, and in a low tone of voice which some internal emotion, rather than the fear of disturbing the invalid in a distant room, had subdued almost to a whisper, informed me that my presence was become necessary, not more as a clergyman than a magistrate; that the disorder with which her sister had, during the night, been so suddenly and unaccountable seized, was one of no common kind, but attended with circumstances which, coupled with the declarations of the sufferer, took it out of all ordinary calculations, and, to use her own expression, that 'malice was at the bottom of it.' Naturally supposing that these insinuations were intended to intimidate the partaking of some deleterious substance on the part of the invalid, I enquired what reason she had for supposing, in the first place, that any thing of a poisonous nature had been administered at all; and, secondly, what possible incitement any human being could have for the perpetration of so foul a deed towards so innocent and unoffending an individual? Her answer considerably relieved the apprehensions I had begun to entertain lest the poor girl should from some unknown cause, have herself been attempting to rush uncalled into the presence of her Creator; at the same time it surprised me not a little by its apparent want of rationality and common sense. She had no reason to believe, she said, that her sister had taken poison, or that any attempt upon her life had been made, or was, perhaps, contemplated, but that 'still malice was at work,' the malice of villains or fiends, or of both combined; that no causes purely natural would suffice to account for the state in which her sister had been now twice placed, or for the dreadful sufferings she had undergone while in that state, and that she

was determined the whole affair should undergo a thorough investigation. Seeing that the poor girl was now herself labouring under a great degree of excitement, I did not think it necessary to enter at that moment into a discussion upon the absurdity of her opinion, but applied myself to the tranquilizing her mind by assurances of a proper enquiry, and then drew her attention to the symptoms of the indisposition, and the way in which it had first made its appearance.

"The violence of the storm last night had, I found, induced the whole of the family to sit up far beyond their usual hour, till, wearied out at length, and, as their mother observed, 'tired of burning fire and candle to no purpose,' they retired to their several chambers. The sisters occupied the same room; Elizabeth was already at their humble toilet, and had commenced the arrangement of her hair for the night, when her attention was at once drawn from her employment, by a half smothered shriek and exclamation from her sister, who, in her delicate state of health, had found walking up two flights of stairs, perhaps a little more quickly than usual, an exertion, to recover from which she had seated herself in a large arm-chair. Turning hastily at the sound, she perceived Mary deadly pale, grasping, as it were convulsively, each arm of the chair which supported her, and bending forward in the attitude of listening: her lips were trembling and bloodless, cold drops of perspiration stood upon her forehead, and in an instant after, exclaiming in a piercing tone, 'Hark! they are calling me again! it is—it is the same voice! Oh no! no!—Oh my God! save me, Betsy—hold me—save me!' she fell forwards upon the floor. Elizabeth flew to her assistance, raised her, and by her cries brought both her mother, who had not yet got into bed, and their only servant girl, to her aid. The latter was dispatched at once for medical help, but, from the appearance of the sufferer, it was much to be feared that she would soon be beyond the reach of art. Her agonized parent and sister succeeded in bearing her between them and placing her on the bed: a faint and intermittent pulsation was for a while perceptible, but in a few moments a general shudder shook the whole body: the pulse ceased, the eyes became fixed and glassy, the jaw dropped, a cold clamminess usurped the place of the genial warmth of life. Before Mr. I—— arrived, every thing announced that dissolution had taken place, and that the freed spirit had quitted its mortal tenement.

"The appearance of the surgeon confirmed their worst apprehensions; a vein was opened, but the blood refused to flow, and Mr. I—— pronounced that the vital spark was indeed extinguished. The poor mother, whose attachment to her children was perhaps the more powerful, as they were the sole relatives or connexions she had in the world, was over-

whelmed with a grief amounting almost to frenzy; it was with difficulty that she was removed to her own room, by the united strength of her daughter and medical adviser. Nearly an hour had elapsed in the endeavour at calming her transports; they had succeeded, however, to a certain extent, and Mr. I—— had taken his leave, when Elizabeth, re-entering the bedchamber in which her sister lay, in order to pay the last sad duties to her corpse, was horror-struck at seeing a rosy stream of blood running down the side of the counterpane to the floor. Her exclamation brought the girl again to her side, when it was perceived, to their astonishment, that the sanguine stream proceeded from the arm of the body, which was now manifesting signs of returning life. The half frantic mother flew to the room, and it was with difficulty that they could prevent her, in her agitation, from so acting as to extinguish for ever the hope which had begun to rise in their bosoms. A long-drawn sigh, amounting almost to a groan, followed by several convulsive gaspings, was the prelude to the restoration of the animal functions in poor Mary; a shriek, almost preternaturally loud, considering her state of exhaustion, succeeded; but she did recover, and with the help of restoratives, was well enough towards morning to express a strong desire that I should be sent for—a desire the more readily complied with, inasmuch as the strange expressions and declarations she had made since her restoration to consciousness, had filled her sister with the most horrible suspicions. The nature of these suspicions was such as would at any other time, perhaps, have raised a smile upon my lips; but the distress and even agony of the poor girl, as she half hinted and half expressed them, were such as entirely to preclude every sensation at all approaching to mirth.—Without endeavouring, therefore, to combat ideas, evidently too strongly impressed upon her mind at the moment to admit of present refutation, I merely used a few encouraging words, and requested her to precede me to the sick-chamber.

“The invalid was lying on the outside of the bed, partly dressed, and wearing a white dimity wrapping-gown, the colour of which corresponded but too well with the deadly paleness of her complexion. Her cheek was wan and sunken, giving an extraordinary prominence to her eye, which gleamed with a lustrous brilliancy not unfrequently characteristic of the aberration of intellect. I took her hand; it was chill and clammy, the pulse feeble and intermittent, and the general debility of her frame was such, that I would fain have persuaded her to defer any conversation which, in her present state, she might not be equal to support. Her positive assurance that, until she had disburdened herself of what she called her ‘dreadful secret,’ she could know no rest either of mind or body, at length induced me to comply with her wish, opposition

to which, in her then frame of mind, might perhaps be attended with even worse effects than its indulgence. I bowed acquiescence, and in a low and faltering voice, with frequent interruptions, occasioned by her weakness, she gave me the following singular account of the sensations which she averred had been experienced by her during her trance:—

“‘This, sir,’ she began, ‘is not the first time that the cruelty of others has, for what purpose I am unable to conjecture, put me to a degree of torture which I can compare to no suffering, either of body or mind, which I have ever before experienced. On a former occasion I was willing to believe it the mere effect of a hideous dream, or what is vulgarly termed the nightmare; but this repetition, and the circumstances under which I was last summoned, at a time too when I had not even composed myself to rest, fatally convinced me of the reality of what I have seen and suffered.’

“‘This is no time for concealments of any kind. It is now more than a twelvemonth since I was in the habit of occasionally encountering in my walks a young man of prepossessing appearance and gentlemanly deportment: he was always alone, generally reading, but I could not be long in doubt that these rencontres, which became every week more frequent, were not the effect of accident, or that his attention, when we did meet, was less directed to his book than to my sister and myself. He even seemed to wish to address us, and I have no doubt would have taken some other opportunity of doing so, had not one been afforded him by a strange dog attacking us, one Sunday morning, in our way to church, which he beat off, and made use of this little service to promote an acquaintance. His name, he said, was Francis Somers, and that he was on a visit to a relation of the same name, resident a few miles from X——. He gave us to understand that he was himself studying surgery with the view to a medical appointment in one of the colonies. You are not to suppose, sir, that he had entered thus into his concerns at the first interview; it was not till our acquaintance had ripened, and he had visited our house more than once with my mother’s sanction, that these particulars were elicited. He never disguised, from the first, that an attachment to myself was his object originally in introducing himself to our notice; as his prospects were comparatively flattering, my mother did not raise any impediment to his attentions, and I own I received them with pleasure.

“‘Days and weeks elapsed, and although the distance at which his relation resided, prevented the possibility of an uninterrupted intercourse, yet neither was it so great as to preclude his frequent visits. The interval of a day, or at most of two, was all that intervened, and these temporary absences certainly did not decrease the pleasure of the meetings

with which they terminated. At length a pensive expression began to exhibit itself upon his countenance, and I could not but remark that at every visit he became more abstracted and reserved. The eye of affection is not slow to detect any symptom of uneasiness in a quarter dear to it. I spoke to him, questioned him on the subject; his answer was evasive, and I said no more. My mother too, however, had marked the same appearance of melancholy, and pressed him more strongly. He at length admitted that his spirits were depressed, and that their depression was caused by the necessity of an early though but a temporary separation. His uncle, and only friend, he said, had long insisted on his spending some months on the Continent, with the view of completing his professional education, and that the time was now fast approaching when it would be necessary for him to commence his journey. A look made the enquiry which my tongue refused to utter. "Yes, dearest Mary," was his reply, "I have communicated our attachment to him, partially at least, and though I dare not say that the intimation was received as I could have wished, yet I have, perhaps, on the whole, no fair reason to be dissatisfied with his reply.

"The completion of my studies, and my settlement in the world, must, my uncle told me, be the first consideration; when these material points were achieved, he should not interfere with any arrangement that might be found essential to my happiness; at the same time he has positively refused to sanction any engagement at present, which may, he says, have a tendency to divert my attention from those studies, on the due prosecution of which my future situation in life must depend. A compromise between love and duty was eventually wrung from me, though reluctantly; I have pledged myself to proceed immediately to my destination abroad, with a full understanding that on my return, a twelvemonth hence, no obstacle shall be thrown in the way of what are, I trust, our mutual wishes."

"I will not attempt to describe the feelings with which I received this communication, nor will it be necessary to say any thing of what passed at the few interviews which took place before Francis quitted X—. The evening immediately previous to that of his departure he passed in this house, and before we separated, renewed his protestations of an unchangeable affection, requiring a similar assurance from me in return. I did not hesitate to make it. "Be satisfied, my dear Francis," said I, "that no diminution in the regard I have avowed can ever take place, and, though absent in body, my heart and soul will still be with you."—"Swear this," he cried, with a suddenness and energy which surprised, and rather startled me; "promise that you will be with me *in spirit* at least when I am far away." I gave him my hand, but that was not sufficient. "One of these

dark shining ringlets, my dear Mary," said he, "as a pledge that you will not forget your vow!" I suffered him to take the scissors from my work box, and to sever a lock of my hair, which he placed in his bosom. The next day he was pursuing his journey, and the waves were already bearing him from England.

"I had letters from him repeatedly during the first three months of his absence; they spoke of his health, his prospects, and of his love, but by degrees the intervals between each arrival became longer, and I fancied I perceived some falling off from that warmth of expression which at first characterized his communications.

"One night I had retired to rest, rather later than usual, having sat by the bedside, reading and comparing his last brief note with some of his earlier letters, and endeavouring to convince myself that my apprehensions of his fickleness were unfounded, when an undefinable sensation of restlessness and anxiety seized upon me. I cannot compare it to any thing I had ever experienced before; my pulse fluttered, my heart beat with a quickness and violence which alarmed me, and a strange tremour shook my whole frame. I retired hastily to bed, in hopes of getting rid of so unpleasant a sensation, but in vain; a vague apprehension of I knew not what, occupied my mind, and vainly did I endeavour to shake it off. I can compare my feelings to nothing but those which we sometimes experience when about to undertake a long and unpleasant journey, leaving those we love behind us. More than once did I raise myself in my bed, and listen, fancying that I heard myself called, and on each of those occasions the fluttering of my heart increased. Twice I was on the point of calling to my sister, who then slept in an adjoining room, but she had gone to bed indisposed, and an unwillingness to disturb either her or my mother, checked me; the large clock in the room below at this moment began to strike the hour of twelve. I distinctly heard its vibrations, but ere its sounds had ceased, a burning heat, as if a hot iron had been applied to my temple, was succeeded by a dizziness, a swoon, a total loss of consciousness as to where or in what situation I was.

"A pain, violent, sharp, and piercing, as though my whole frame were lacerated by some keen-edged weapon, roused me from this stupor—but where was I? Every thing was strange around me—a shadowy dimness rendered every object indistinct and uncertain; methought, however, that I was seated in a large antique high-backed chair, several of which were near, their tall black carved frames and seats interwoven with a lattice work of cane. The apartment in which I sat was of moderate dimensions, and from its sloping roof, seemed to be the upper story of the edifice, a fact confirmed by the moon shining without, in full effulgence, on a large round

tower, which its light rendered plainly visible through the open casement, and the summit of which seemed but little superior in elevation to the room I occupied. Rather to the right, and in the distance, the spire of some cathedral, or lofty church, was visible, while sundry gable ends, and tops of houses, told me I was in the midst of a populous, but unknown city.

"The apartment itself had something strange in its appearance; and in the character of its furniture and appurtenances bore little or no resemblance to any I had ever seen before. The fireplace was large and wide, with a pair of what are sometimes called andirons, betokening that wood was the principal, if not the only fuel consumed within its recess; a huge fire was now blazing in it, the light from which rendered visible the remotest parts of the chamber. Over a lofty old-fashioned mantelpiece, carved heavily in imitation of fruits and flowers, hung a half-length portrait of a gentleman in a dark coloured foreign habit, with a peaked beard and mustaches, one hand resting upon a table, the other supporting a sort of *baton*, or short military staff, the summit of which was surmounted by a silver dove. Several antique chairs, similar in appearance to those already mentioned, surrounded a massive oaken table, the length of which much exceeded its width. At the lower end of this piece of furniture, stood the chair I occupied; on the upper was placed a small chafing dish, filled with burning coals, and darting forth occasionally long flashes of various coloured fire, the brilliance of which made itself visible, even above the strong illumination emitted from the chimney. Two huge black japanned cabinets, with claw feet, reflecting from their polished surfaces the effulgence of the flame, were placed one on each side the casement window to which I have alluded, and with a few shelves loaded with books, many of which were also strewn in disorder on the floor, completed the list of the furniture in the apartment. Some strange looking instrument, of unknown form and purpose, lay on the table near the chafing dish, on the other side of which a miniature portrait of myself hung, reflected by a small oval mirror in a dark coloured frame, while a large open volume traced with strange characters, of the colour of blood, lay in front; a goblet, containing a few drops of liquid of the same ensanguined hue, was by its side.

"But of the objects which I have endeavoured to describe, none arrested my attention so forcibly as two others. These were the figures of two young men, in the prime of life, only separated from me by the table. They were dressed alike, each in a long flowing gown, made of some sad coloured stuff, and confined at the waist by a crimson girdle; one of them, the shorter of the two, was occupied in feeding the embers of the chafing dish with a resinous powder, which produced and main-

tained a brilliant but flickering blaze, to the action of which his companion was exposing a long lock of dark chestnut hair, that shrank and shrivelled as it approached the flame. But, oh God! that hair, and the form of him who held it! that face! those features! not for one instant could I entertain a doubt it was He! Francis! the lock he grasped was mine, the very pledge of affection I had given him, and still, as it partially encountered the fire, a burning heat seemed to scorch the temple from which it had been taken, conveying a torturing sensation that affected my very brain.

"How shall I proceed—but no, it is impossible, not even to you, sir, can I—dare I—recount the proceedings of that unhallowed night of horror and of shame. Were my life extended to a term commensurate with that of the Patriarchs of old, never could its detestable, its damning pollutions be effaced from my remembrance; and, oh! above all, never could I forget the diabolical glee which sparkled in the eyes of my fiendish tormentors, as they witnessed the worse than useless struggles of their miserable victim. Oh! why was it not permitted me to take refuge in unconsciousness—nay, in death itself, from the abominations of which I was compelled to be, not only a witness, but a partaker? But it is enough, sir; I will not further shock your nature by dwelling longer on a scene, the full horrors of which, words, if I even dared employ any, would be inadequate to express; suffice it to say, that after being subjected to it, how long I know not, but certainly for more than an hour, a noise from below seemed to alarm my persecutors; a pause ensued, the lights were extinguished, and, as the sound of a footstep ascending a staircase became more distinct, my forehead felt again the excruciating sensation of heat, as the embers, kindling into a momentary flame, betrayed another portion of the ringlet consuming in the blaze. Fresh agonies succeeded, not less severe, and of a similar description to those which had seized upon me at first. Oblivion again followed, and, on being at length restored to consciousness, I found myself as you see me now, faint and exhausted, weakened in every limb, and every fibre quivering with agitation. My groans soon brought my sister to my aid; it was long before I could summon resolution to confide even to her the dreadful secret, and when I had done so, her strongest efforts were not wanting to persuade me that I had been labouring under a severe attack of nightmare. I ceased to argue, but I was not convinced; the whole scene was then too present, too awfully real, to permit me to doubt the character of the transaction; and if, when a few days had elapsed, the hopelessness of imparting to others the conviction I entertained myself, produced in me an apparent acquiescence with that opinion, I have never been the less satisfied that no cause reducible to the known laws of nature, occasioned my sufferings on that hellish evening. Whether

that firm belief might have eventually yielded to time, whether I might then have been brought to consider all that had passed, and the circumstances which I could never cease to remember, as a mere phantasm, the offspring of a heated imagination, acting upon an enfeebled body, last night would have dispelled the flattering illusion—last night—last night was the whole horrible scene acted over again:—The place—the actors—the whole infernal apparatus were the same;—the same insults, the same torments, the same brutalities—all were renewed, save that the period of my agony was not so prolonged.—I became sensible to an incision in my arm, though the hand that made it was not visible; at the same moment, my persecutors paused; they were manifestly disconcerted, and the companion of him whose name shall never more pass my lips, muttered something to his abettor in evident agitation; and the formula of an oath of horrible import was dictated to me in terms fearfully distinct. I refused it unhesitatingly; again and again was it proposed, with menaces I tremble to think on—but I refused;—the same sound was heard—interruption was evidently apprehended—the same ceremony was hastily repeated, and I again found myself released, lying on my own bed with my mother, and my sister weeping over me. Oh, God! oh, God! when and how is this to end? When will my spirit be left in peace? Where, or with whom shall I find refuge?

"It is impossible to convey any adequate idea of the emotions with which this unhappy girl's narrative affected me. It must not be supposed that her story was delivered in the same continuous and uninterrupted strain in which I have transcribed its substance. On the contrary, it was not without frequent intervals, of longer or shorter duration, that her account was brought to a conclusion: indeed, many passages of her strange dream were not without the greatest difficulty and reluctance communicated at all. My task was no easy one; never, in the course of a long life spent in the active duties of my Christian calling, never had I been summoned to such a conference before.

"To the half avowed and palliated confession of committed guilt, I had often listened, and pointed out the only road to secure its forgiveness. I had succeeded in cheering the spirit of despondency, and sometimes even in calming the ravings of despair; but here I had a different enemy to combat, an ineradicable prejudice to encounter, evidently backed by no common share of superstition, and confirmed by the mental weakness attendant upon severe bodily pain. To argue the sufferer out of an opinion so rooted, was a hopeless attempt. I did, however, essay it: I spoke to her of the strong and mysterious connection maintained between our waking images, and those which haunt us in our dreams, and more especially during that morbid oppression commonly call-

ed nightmare. I was even enabled to adduce myself as a strong and living instance of the excess to which fancy sometimes carries her freaks on these occasions; and by an odd coincidence, the impression made upon my own mind, which I adduced as an example, bore no slight resemblance to her own. I stated to her, that on my recovery from the fit of epilepsy, which had attacked me about two years since, just before my grandson Frederick left Oxford, it was with the greatest difficulty I could persuade myself that I had not visited him during the interval in his rooms at Brazenose, and even conversed both with himself and his friend W——, seated in his arm-chair, and gazing through the window full upon the statue of Cain, as it stands in the centre of the quadrangle. I told her of the pain I underwent both at the commencement and termination of my attack, of the extreme lassitude that succeeded; but my efforts were all in vain; she listened to me, indeed, with an interest almost breathless, especially when I informed her of my having actually experienced the burning sensation in the brain alluded to, no doubt strong attendant symptoms of this peculiar affection, and a proof of the identity of the complaint; but I could plainly perceive that I failed entirely in shaking the rooted opinion which possessed her, that her spirit had, by some nefarious and unhallowed means, been actually subtracted for a time from its earthly tenement."

The next extract which I shall give from my old friend's memoranda, is dated August 24th, more than a week subsequent to his first visit at Mrs. G——'s. He appears, from his papers, to have visited the poor young woman more than once during the interval, and to have afforded her those spiritual consolations which no one was more capable of communicating. His patient, for so in a religious sense she may well be termed, had been sinking under the agitation she had experienced; and the constant dread she was under of similar sufferings, operated so strongly on a frame already enervated, that life at length seemed to hang only by a thread. His papers go on to say,

"I have just seen poor Mary G——, I fear for the last time. Nature is evidently quite worn out, she is aware that she is dying, and looks forward to the termination of her existence here, not only with resignation, but with joy. It is clear that her dream, or what she persists in calling her 'subtraction,' has much to do with this. For the last three days, her behaviour has been altered; she has avoided conversing on the subject of her delusion, and seems to wish that I should consider her as a convert to my view of her case. This may perhaps be partly owing to the flippancies of her medical attendant upon the subject, for Mr I—— has, somehow or other, got an inkling that she has been much agitated by a dream, and thinks to laugh off the impression,

"In my opinion injudiciously; but though a skilful and a kind-hearted, he is a young man, and of a disposition, perhaps, rather too mercurial for the chamber of a nervous invalid. Her manner has since been much more reserved to both of us: in my case probably because she suspects me of betraying her secret."

"August 26th.—Mary G—— is yet alive, but sinking fast; her cordiality towards me has returned since her sister confessed yesterday that she had herself told Mr. I—— that his patient's mind 'had been affected by a terrible vision.' I am evidently restored to her confidence. She asked me this morning, with much earnestness, 'What I believed to be the state of departed spirits during the interval between dissolution and the final day of account? And whether I thought they would be safe in another world from the influence of wicked persons employing an agency more than human? Poor child!—One cannot mistake the still prevailing bias of her mind—Poor child!'"

"August 27th.—It is nearly over, she is sinking rapidly, but quietly and without pain. I have just administered to her the sacred elements, of which her mother partook. Elizabeth declined doing the same; she cannot, she says, yet bring herself to forgive the villain who has destroyed her sister. It is singular that she, a young woman of good plain sense in ordinary matters, should so easily adopt, and so pertinaciously retain, a superstition so puerile and ridiculous. This must be matter of future conversation between us; at present, with the form of the dying girl before her eyes, it were vain to argue with her. The mother, I find, has written to young Somers, stating the dangerous situation of his affianced wife; indignant, as she justly is, at his long silence. It is fortunate that she has no knowledge of the suspicions entertained by her daughter. I have seen her letter, it is addressed to Mr. Francis Somers, in the Hogewoert, at Leyden, a fellow-student, then, of Frederick's. I must remember to enquire if he is acquainted with this young man."

Mary G——, it appears, died the same night. Before her departure, she repeated to my friend the singular story she had before told him, without any material variation from the detail she had formerly given. To the last she persisted in believing that her unworthy lover had practised upon her by forbidden arts. She once more described the apartment with great minuteness, and even the person of Francis' alleged companion, who was, she said, about the middle height, hard featured, with a rather remarkable scar upon his left cheek, extending in a transverse direction from below the eye to the nose. Several pages of my reverend friend's manuscript are filled with reflections upon this extraordinary

confession, which, joined with its melancholy termination, seems to have produced no common effect upon him. He alludes to more than one subsequent discussion with the surviving sister, and piques himself on having made some progress in convincing her of the folly of her theory respecting the origin and nature of the illness itself.

His memoranda on this, and other subjects, are continued till about the middle of September, when a break ensues, occasioned, no doubt, by the unwelcome news of his grandson's dangerous state, which induced him to set out forthwith for Holland. His arrival at Leyden, was, as I have already said, too late. Frederick S—— had expired, after thirty hours' intense suffering, from a wound received in a duel with a brother student. The cause of quarrel was variously related; but, according to his landlord's version, it had originated in some silly dispute about a dream of his antagonist, who had been the challenger. Such, at least, was the account given to him, as he said, by Frederick's friend and fellow lodger, W——, who had acted as second on the occasion, thus acquitting himself of an obligation of the same kind, due to the deceased, whose services he had put in requisition about a year before, on a similar occasion, when he had himself been severely wounded in the face.

From the same authority, I learned that my poor friend was much affected on finding that his arrival had been deferred too long. Every attention was shewn him by the proprietor of the house, a respectable tradesman, and a chamber was prepared for his accommodation; the books, and few effects of his deceased grandson, were delivered over to him, duly inventoried, and, late as it was in the evening when he reached Leyden, he insisted on being conducted to the apartments which Frederick had occupied, there to indulge the first ebullitions of his sorrow, before he retired to his own. Madame Muller, accordingly, led the way to an upper room, which, being situated at the top of the house, had been, from its privacy and distance from the street, selected by Frederick as his study. The Doctor entered, and, taking the lamp from his conductress, motioned to be left alone. His implied wish was, of course, complied with; and nearly two hours had elapsed before his kind-hearted hostess reascended, in hope of prevailing upon him to return with her, and partake of that refreshment which he had in the first instance peremptorily declined. Her application for admission was unnoticed; she repeated it more than once, without success; then, becoming somewhat alarmed at the continued silence, opened the door, and perceived her new inmate stretched on the floor, in a fainting fit. Restoratives were instantly administered, and prompt medical aid succeeded at length in restoring him to consciousness. But his mind had received a shock, from which, du-

ring the few weeks he survived, it never entirely recovered. His thoughts wandered perpetually; and though, from the very slight acquaintance which his host held with the English language, the greater part of what fell from him remained unknown, yet enough was understood to induce them to believe that something more than the mere death of his grandson had contributed thus to paralyze his faculties.

When his situation was first discovered, a small miniature was found tightly grasped in his right hand. It had been the property of Frederick, and had more than once been seen by the Mullers in his possession. To this the patient made continued reference, and would not suffer it one moment from his sight: it was in his hand when he expired. At my request, it was produced to me. The portrait was that of a young woman, in an English morning dress, whose pleasing and regular features, with their mild and somewhat pensive expression, were not, I thought, altogether unknown to me. Her age was apparently about twenty. A profusion of dark chestnut hair was arranged in the Madonna style, above a brow of unsullied whiteness, a single ringlet depending on the left side. A glossy lock of the same colour, and evidently belonging to the original, appeared beneath a small crystal, inlaid in the back of the picture which was plainly set in gold, and bore in a cypher the letters M. G., with the date 18—. From the inspection of this portrait, I could at the time collect nothing, nor from that of the Doctor himself, which also I found the next morning in Frederick's desk, accompanied by two separate portions of hair. One of them was a lock, short and deeply tinged with grey, and had been taken, I have little doubt, from the head of my old friend himself; the other corresponded in colour and appearance with that at the back of the miniature. It was not till a few days had elapsed, and I had seen the worthy Doctor's remains quietly consigned to the narrow house, that, while arranging his papers previous to my intended return upon the morrow, I encountered the narrative I have already transcribed. The name of the unfortunate young woman connected with it forcibly arrested my attention. I recollected it immediately as one belonging to a parishioner of my own, and at once recognised the original of the female portrait as its owner.

I rose not from the perusal of his very singular statement till I had gone through the whole of it. It was late, and the rays of the single lamp by which I was reading, did but very faintly illumine the remoter parts of the room in which I sat. The brilliancy of an unclouded November moon, then some twelve nights old, and shining full into the apartment, did much towards remedying the defect. My thoughts filled with the melancholy details I had read, I rose and walked to the window. The beautiful planet rode high in the firma-

ment, and gave to the snowy roofs of the houses, and the pendant icicles, all the sparkling radiance of clustering gems. The stillness of the scene harmonized well with the state of my feelings. I threw open the casement and looked abroad. Far below me, the waters of the principal canal shone like a mirror in the moonlight. To the left rose the Burght, a huge round tower, of remarkable appearance, pierced with embrasures at its summit; while, a little to the right, and in the distance, the spire and pinnacles of the cathedral of Leyden rose in all their majesty, presenting a *coup d'œil* of surpassing, though simple beauty. To a spectator of calm, unoccupied mind, the scene would have been delightful. On me it acted with an electric effect. I turned hastily to survey the apartment in which I had been sitting. It was the one designated as the study of the late Frederick S—. The sides of the room were covered with dark wainscot; the spacious fire-place opposite to me, with its polished andirons, was surmounted by a large old-fashioned mantelpiece, heavily carved in the Dutch style with fruits and flowers; above it frowned a portrait, in a Vandyke dress, with peaked beard and mustaches; one hand of the figure rested on a table, while the other bore a marshal's staff, surmounted with a silver dove; and either my imagination, already heated by the scene, deceived me, or a smile, as of malicious triumph, curled the lip and glared in the cold leaden eye, that seemed fixed upon my own. The heavy, antique, cane-backed chairs, the large oaken table, the book-shelves, the scattered volumes—all, all were there; while, to complete the picture, to my right and left, as, half breathless, I leaned my back against the casement, rose on each side a tall, dark, ebony cabinet, in whose polished sides the single lamp upon the table shone reflected as in a mirror.

What am I to think? Can it be that the story I have been reading was written by my poor friend here, and under the influence of delirium? Impossible! Besides, they all assure me, that, from the fatal night of his arrival, he never left his bed—never put pen to paper. His very directions to have me summoned from England were verbally given, during one of those few and brief intervals in which reason seemed partially to resume her sway. Can it then be possible that—? W—? where is he, who alone may be able to throw light on this horrible mystery? No one knows. He absconded, it seems, immediately after the duel. No trace of him exists, nor, after repeated and anxious enquiries, can I find that any student has ever been known in the University of Leyden by the name of Francis Somers.

“There are more things in heaven and earth Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.”

From the Monthly Review.

JOURNAL OF A NOBLEMAN; comprising an account of his Travels, and a Narrative of his Residence at Vienna during the Congress. 2 vols. 8vo. 1831.

WE cannot very clearly make out to what country the author of these volumes owes his allegiance. In Poland, where he seems to have spent some of the happiest days of his life, he passed for a Frenchman; and in France, he gave himself out for a Pole. In Russia he was either, as it suited his fancy or his circumstances; and in Austria he was a citizen of the world. Perhaps it will be safest for us to take him in the latter character, as it is one which suits him exceedingly well. We have met with few authors, and with still fewer noble authors, who have written their thoughts with more frankness, and greater freedom from every kind of prejudice. His notions are indeed sufficiently aristocratic; but they do not prevent him from paying a just tribute to merit wherever he finds it, and from whatever quarter it springs. He seldom falls into those exclusive prepossessions which render the productions of some of our noble scribblers and orators so ridiculous to the eye of men of sense. There are even aspirants amongst our literary worthies, who, although of the people, can hardly condescend to speak of any body under the rank of a "Noble," or, at least a "Right Honourable Friend." They affect the language of parliament with a priggishness which would shake the sides of Diogenes himself with laughter.

Two or three facts connected with the personal history of the author, are, however, sufficiently apparent and interesting. The work was originally written in French, and the author, if not born in France, was at least a resident of that country at the breaking out of the revolution. His uncle, who held the office of Minister for Foreign Affairs, emigrated, and took him with him while yet a mere youth, to Hamburgh, whence they travelled on foot to Copenhagen, on their way to the residence of a Swedish nobleman who had offered them an asylum. They were in the most destitute circumstances, and their only hope of such assistance as might enable them to accomplish their journey, depended on the generosity of the reigning family of Denmark. It was proposed that the younger of the two exiles should be the bearer of a petition for that purpose to the Prince Royal: on the day before that on which he was to have an audience, he happened to saunter in the park of the palace of Friedrichsberg, where he saw a young lady and gentleman walking together in one of the alleys. The gentleman was dressed in a light grey coat, carried an umbrella under his arm, and jumped so oddly while he walked, as if he had learned to dance from St. Vitus, that the stranger rudely enough began to laugh at him. The man in grey frowned in anger, which on-

ly made his appearance still more ludicrous, and the laugh grew louder and louder until the object of it disappeared in the distance. The youthful petitioner was punctual to the hour appointed for the audience. On being introduced with great formality, whom should he see before him but his friend in grey! It was the Prince Royal! To his credit, however, the Prince did not appear to remember the impertinence of which the petitioner had been guilty, and dismissed him with an order upon the treasury for one hundred Fredericks d'or. How long the author remained in Sweden, how he contrived to spend so many years in Poland, how he came to be established in Russia, and in what character, our nobleman deposeseth not. All that we learn further of his emigrant history is, that in 1807, he was well introduced at Vienna, by the celebrated Prince de Ligne, to whom he was related, and that he afterwards frequently visited that capital, though whether for pleasure or on business we are not informed. His journal commences in May, 1812, when we find him, in company with a friend, setting out from Moscow on a journey to the same sociable and pleasant metropolis.

To this tour, which the author appears to have performed at leisure, and with great delight to himself, the first volume is entirely devoted. Conversant as we necessarily are, from the works of other and later travellers, with most of the places which he visited on this occasion, we can truly say that, under his guidance, we have revisited them with renewed satisfaction. There is a vein of romance in his character, which imparts a charm to his descriptions of society particularly. He is a lover of Nature too, as well as of his kind, and leaves none of her works unnoticed which come within his observation. Scenes that ordinary travellers would pass over as uninteresting, are not without their attractions for him. The desert steppes fill his mind with ideas of immensity, and cheer it with a sense of freedom. Lively anecdotes and agreeable conversation give variety to the page, and we never tire of him as a companion and guide, even when he sojourns at the dulllest villages and inns. He had frequent opportunities of meeting the numerous armies which overspread the northern parts of Germany at that period, and he has here preserved his reminiscences of the most celebrated military men with whom he thus came in contact. In the course of his tour he visited Constantinople and Smyrna, and Wallachia and Moldavia. His historical remarks upon the two principalities, his account of their climate, population, soil, productions, and mines—of the manners of the Boyars and the peasantry, and of the Wallachian gipsies, will be read with attention, as the quantity of information already published respecting those countries is especially scanty and defective. A similar remark, though not to the same extent, applies to the author's observations upon Transylvania and Hungary.

The principal attraction of this work will be found, however, in the second volume—a series of animated sketches from the grand panorama comprehending the period of the first Congress which took place at Vienna after the peace of 1814. The Emperors of Russia and Austria, the Kings of Prussia, Wirtemberg, Bavaria and Denmark, and their most able, ministers, as well as the most distinguished diplomatists of the other states of Europe, attended by a multitude of intelligent men as assistants and secretaries, and by crowds of aspirants after kingdoms and duchies, adventurers of every degree, artists, poets, actors, singers, gamblers, idlers, belles and beaux, assembling together for the purpose of settling, as they then thought, irrevocably the destinies of the world—gave to Vienna the appearance of a singular masquerade, such as never before, or since that period, has been witnessed. It was, indeed, an exhibition of the most extraordinary description, worthy of a much more elaborate and dignified record than that which the author has here given of it. He has announced his intention of preparing such a work, and we trust that he will execute it. For the present he gives the Congress, as it were, in its dishabille. He speaks of emperors, and kings, and diplomatists, as men apparently engaged only in the pursuit of gay amusement, under the cover of which their most important business was sometimes transacted. The Emperor of Austria, anxious to do all honour to his royal guests, appointed a committee, whose special care it was to provide a variety of spectacles for their entertainment—of spectacles not only diversified every day, but capable of producing unexpected gratification. To most of these the author had the good fortune to be admitted. He appears to have been, besides, a good deal behind the scenes, and to have closely observed the great drama of which Vienna was then the stage. Every facility for this purpose was afforded to him by the Prince de Ligne, than whom no person could have been more competent to make him acquainted with the leading characters who figured on that memorable scene. The advantage of his hearing constantly the opinions of such a guide upon the *élite* of the civilized world, then brought together as in a fair, and upon the interests in the arrangement of which they were engaged, cannot be disputed. The results are evident in the many brilliant anecdotes with which this volume abounds. It was the author's object to instruct as well as to entertain his readers. Both these points he has most successfully accomplished.

To some persons it may seem remarkable that none of the many able writers who took an active part in the transactions of the Congress, have given to the public any memorial of its existence. We suppose that their silence is to be imputed to diplomatic caution, which abhors the press. The habits of jealous reserve, of profound secrecy, have, doubtless, imposed

upon them the necessity of keeping their journals, if they have made any, carefully sealed up in their *escritoirs*. It is not improbable that a few deaths in the political world, or at least that the lapse of a few years, may cause these treasures to be disclosed, revealing to us the labours of some modern Pepps, a Fra Paolo, or perhaps a Hamilton. In the mean time we may be satisfied with such sketches as the author of this work has collected for our edification, and which are as clearly defined and glance as rapidly before us as the shadows in a magic lantern. The following scene, illustrated by the Prince de Ligne, is a suitable introduction to this living ræc-show.

“Vienna, as the prince had truly observed, now presented an epitome of Europe, and the Ridotto might be said to be an epitome of Vienna. It is impossible to conceive anything more singular than this multitude, partly masked and partly unmasked, amidst which the rulers of mankind were seen, mingling in the crowd without any sort of distinction. “Observe,” said the prince, “that graceful and martial figure who is walking with Eugene Beauharnais: that is the Emperor Alexander. Yonder tall, dignified-looking man, on whose arm a fair Neapolitan is playfully hanging, is no less a personage than the King of Prussia. The lively mask, who seems to put his Majesty's gravity somewhat to the test, is perhaps an empress, or perhaps a *grisette*. Beneath that Venetian habit, which but ill disguises the amiable affability of the crowned amphitryon, you see our emperor, the representative of the most paternal despotism that ever existed. There is Maximilian, King of Bavaria, in whose open countenance you may read the expression of his excellent heart. On the throne he does not forget his former rank of Colonel in the French service, and he entertains for his subjects the same paternal affection which he once cherished for each private of his regiment. Beside him you see a little pale man with an aquiline nose and fair hair: that is the King of Denmark, whose cheerful manners and happy repartees enliven the royal parties. He is called the *Lustig** of the sovereign brigade. Judging from the simplicity of his manners and the perfect happiness which his little kingdom enjoys,

* *Lustig*, which means a merry fellow, is the name given in the German regiments to the soldier who amuses his comrades by his gaiety and humour. This title was very appropriately given to the King of Denmark at the Congress of Vienna. Political considerations had prejudiced against him most of the sovereigns in the early part of the Congress; but his agreeable manners, his ready wit, and unaffected humour, soon gained for him the best wishes of his brother monarchs. When about to quit Vienna, the Emperor Alexander, who had conceived an affectionate regard for him, in taking leave, said to him, “Sire, you carry all hearts away with you.” The king unhesitatingly replied, with a good-natured smile; “Hearts, perhaps, Sire, but not a single soul.” This witty allusion to the unprofitable part he had taken in the proceedings of the Congress, can hardly undergo translation without losing its force.

one would never imagine him to be the most absolute monarch in Europe. Such, nevertheless is the fact; and in Denmark the royal carriage is preceded by an equerry armed with a loaded carbine, and the king, as he drives along, may, if he choose, order any of his subjects to be shot. That colossal figure, whose bulk is not diminished by the ample folds of his domino, is the King of Wirtemberg. Near him stands his son, the Prince Royal, whose attachment to Catherine, Grand-duchess of Oldenburgh, detains him at the Congress, where he shews himself more anxious to please the lady of his heart, than intent on the arrangement of interests which will one day be his own. Those two young men who have just passed us, are the Prince Royal of Bavaria, and his brother Prince Charles. The head of the latter may vie with that of the Antinous; and the taste of the other for literature and the fine arts, which he cultivates with success, promises to Bavaria an illustrious reign. This crowd of people, as various in dress as in appearance, who are buzzing about in every direction, are either reigning princes, archdukes, or dignitaries of different countries. With the exception of a few Englishmen, who are easily distinguishable by the richness of their dresses, I do not perceive a single individual who has not a title tacked to his name. But now I think I have sufficiently introduced you, so you may go and work your own way; always recollecting, that in any case of difficulty I am at hand to pilot you.—vol. ii. pp. 16—19.

It is no part of the author's plan to notice political events, which are indeed sufficiently well known. It will, however, be a most interesting task for this writer, or for some other, hereafter, to present a full representation of the anxiety, the earnestness, the pertinacity, with which different points relating to the settlement of Europe were pressed forward by some of the members of the Congress, and resisted by others, which, after being eventually arranged, as all then thought, upon the safest and most immovable basis, have been since dealt with, by the force of circumstances, like shuttlecocks which boys knock about as their whim or the air directs them. The sceptre of iron which was then prepared, but which was not felt by Europe until after the battle of Waterloo, and was intended to have the effect of that ebony wand, feigned by the poets to bind the world in sleep—how suddenly, how effectually has it been since shattered and trampled into dust by the nations for whose oppression it was principally fabricated! What a satire upon human foresight and prudence are the solemn decrees of that august body of emperors, kings, and ministers! How flimsy are all human laws, however multitudinous the armies and the sanctions by which they are supported, when the tide of circumstance, impelled by the inscrutable ordinances of Providence, dashes with its winds and waves against them!

But the author forbids such reflections for the present, although he is sufficiently prone to them, in consequence, perhaps, of the les-

Museum.—Vol. XIX.

sons, which he daily received from his Mentor, the Prince de Ligne, who had the happy faculty of mixing a profound and philosophical knowledge of human nature with a vein of sparkling wit and inoffensive satire. The Prince, by the bye, was not one of the least conspicuous of the personages crowded together at Vienna by the Congress. His society was much sought after, and, old as he was, he seemed to enjoy the scenes around him with peculiar zest. They did not, however, interfere with his usual habits of writing. His library was his bed-room; his desk was his pillow. He used to sit in his bed writing the greater part of the morning, with a number of books, to which he might have occasion to refer, piled around him. "The extraordinary events," he would say, "now passing in the world, seem to inspire me; and perhaps a thought may arise in my mind which will be useful or amusing to somebody. I am more of an observer than an actor in the busy scene that is passing around me, which I cannot help comparing to an ant-hill disturbed by a kick. We hope that his memoranda, during this period, have been preserved, and that they will not long remain in their present state of obscurity.—Among other *sights* to which he introduced the author, we must not omit that of young Napoleon, then a mere child, at Schoenbrunn, under the care of Madame de Montesquieu.

'We proceeded to the apartments of Madame de Montesquieu, who received us with the most lady-like politeness. As soon as we entered the young prince jumped from the chair in which he was sitting, and ran to embrace the Prince de Ligne. He was certainly the loveliest child imaginable. His brilliant complexion, his bright and intelligent eyes, his beautiful fair hair, falling in large curls over his shoulders—all rendered him an admirable subject for the elegant pencil of Isabey. He was dressed in a hussar uniform, and wore the star of the Legion of honour. On the prince introducing me, bearing in mind Rousseau's remark, that nobody likes to be questioned, and least of all children, I contented myself with stooping down to embrace him. He then ran into a corner of the apartment in quest of a little regiment of houlans made of wood, which the Archduke Charles had given him, and he made them manœuvre, while the marshal drew his sword and commanded the evolutions.

'Madame de Montesquieu, who, by her fondness for her interesting charge, well justified Napoleon's choice, related several clever remarks made by the child, which were calculated to confirm the idea that talent is hereditary. "A striking instance of his presence of mind," said she, "occurred yesterday, when Commodore —, who accompanied the Emperor to Elba, came to visit us. 'Are you not glad, said I, presenting the commodore, 'to see this gentleman, who left your papa only the other day?'—'O yes,' he replied, 'I am very happy to see him; but, laying his finger on his lip, I must not say so.'—Your papa," said the commodore, taking him in his arms, 'desired

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me to embrace you.' The child, who happened to have a toy in his hand, threw it down on the ground and broke it. Then bursting into tears, he exclaimed, 'Poor papa!' What was passing in his mind at that moment? added Madame de Montesquieu. Doubtless the same train of ideas which suggested the resistance he evinced when about to be removed from the Tuileries. He exclaimed that his father was betrayed, and that he would not quit the palace. He held by the curtains and clung to the furniture, saying it was his father's house, and he would not leave it. I was obliged to exert all my authority in order to get him away, and I succeeded at last only by promising to take him back again."

We stepped up to Isabey, who had nearly finished the portrait. The likeness was striking, and the picture possessed all the grace which characterises the works of that distinguished artist. "What particularly interests me in this portrait," observed the Prince de Ligne, "is its remarkable resemblance to that of Joseph II. when a boy. I should like to compare it with the portrait of Joseph, which was presented to me by Maria Theresa. This similarity, though merely a matter of accident, nevertheless affords a happy presage for the future." He then paid some well-merited compliments to the artist.

"I have come to Vienna," said Isabey, "in the hope of painting all the celebrated personages who are here, and I ought to have commenced with you."—"Why certainly," replied the prince, "in my rank of seniority."—"Not so," resumed Isabey, "but as the model of all that is illustrious in the present age."

"The Empress Maria Louisa was now announced, and we made our obeisance and withdrew, leaving Isabey, who wished to shew her the portrait. --vol. ii. pp. 46--49.

From this scene the reader will not be displeased to find himself removed to the Prater of Vienna, which the author describes in his usual picturesque and lively style.

"To an inhabitant of Vienna the prater must possess, in a high degree, the charm of reviving pleasing recollections. It must be the mirror of the past at every period of life, reflecting alike the diversions of childhood, the pleasures of youth, and the dreams of early love. Where else shall we find, in a great capital, a place so rich in the beauties of wild and cultivated nature?"

"The majestic forest which extends to the banks of the Danube is inhabited by deer, who, sportively bounding from place to place, animate the delicious solitude.

"How delightful is the picture, when the whole population of the city is seen assembled beneath the shade of the magnificent trees, or pursuing their various amusements on the grass, to which the Danube imparts constant freshness and verdure!"

"It is a high treat to enter on a holiday one of the redoubts which border the grand alley of the prater. Nothing is more amusing than to see a minuet danced in the style of ludi-

cross gravity, by a few stately couples, who, in spite of the interruptions they continually experience from the surrounding bystanders, continue the dance with the most imperturbable solemnity, as though every step were a serious affair of conscience. The dull monotonous minuet is at length succeeded by the animated and graceful waltz, and the couples frequently wheel round for an hour without stopping. At another part of the prater a sort of carousal is got up, and some worthy citizen, seated on a wooden horse, adroitly carries off the ring, without losing his equilibrium in the saddle. Then there are abundance of swings, which are a favourite amusement in all countries, parties of itinerant actors, &c.

"Amidst this motley assemblage, a stranger cannot help being struck with the obvious comfort and prosperity of the population of Vienna. The families of the trades-people and artisans collected round the tables testify at once, by the expense in which they indulge, their own industry, and the light burdens imposed on them by the government. No quarrelling or uproar disturbs the tranquillity of the multitude. Scarcely a voice is heard; and this silence is not the effect of gloomy melancholy, but the result of a happy physical temperament, which in this country produces a dreaming of the senses, instead of the mental wandering so common in the more northern parts of Germany.

"On our arrival at the prater, we found an immense number of persons of distinction, some on horseback, and some in carriages. Besides the number of carriages, which, as I have before mentioned, were provided for the use of the sovereigns and their suites, there was a throng of equipages belonging to the different foreigners who had come to Vienna, from all parts of Europe. Lord Stewart, the English ambassador, drove four superb horses, which would have been the admiration of Newmarket. The Emperor Alexander and his interesting sister, the Duchess of Oldenburg, were taking their airing in an elegant curricule, Prince Eugene Beauharnais on the one side, and the Prince Royal of Wirtemberg on the other, paid their court to the illustrious pair from very different motives. In a large *berline*, richly emblazoned with armorial bearings, appeared Sir Sidney Smith. Next came the *caleche* of the Pacha of Widen, entangled in a file of hackney-coaches, and followed by the carriages of the archdukes, who, in all their amusements, adopted the rank of private individuals, availing themselves of the privileges of their illustrious rank only in the fulfilment of their duties.

"The gay scene was enlivened by a variety of interesting costumes—Oriental, Hungarian, and Polish; and, above all, the becoming cap worn by the wives and daughters of the citizens of Vienna, resembling the Phrygian head-dress, and displaying to the greatest advantage the fair hair and pretty features of the wearers.

"Bands of music, paid by the keepers of the different coffee-houses, are stationed here and there, so that the prater daily presents the aspect of a tranquil festival, where every one appears intent on present enjoyment, and free from all anxiety for the future."--vol. ii. pp. 64--67.

* It was this same miniature which Isabey presented to Napoléon on his return from Elba in 1815.

A very extraordinary story is told in this volume of the Count and Countess Pletenberg, whose appearance of constraint on one side, and of romantic attention on the other, in every society in which they mixed, attracted the notice of the author. The mystery was solved by the Baron Ompteda, (a name not unknown in the annals of the late Queen of England,) who stated, that the Count's father, having imposed by will an obligation upon him to marry a lady of undoubted noble descent, before the age of twenty-five, a Mademoiselle de Gallemborg was fixed upon for that purpose. She was extremely beautiful, and in her fifteenth year, yet the idea of being compelled to marry in order to preserve his estates, rendered the union so disagreeable to the Count that he soon deserted her, and sought for pleasure in dissipation. The wife, thus neglected, retired to one of her husband's estates in Bohemia, and gave herself up to complete solitude during a period of fourteen years, at the end of which the Count, jaded and disgusted with the course of vice he had so long pursued, once more visited her, and was struck with her still blooming beauty and amiable manners. Such was the impression which her presence produced upon his mind, that he sued for forgiveness and reconciliation. No entreaty could prevail upon the lady to relent in the resolution which his previous conduct had caused her to adopt; he became her admirer, her enthusiastic lover, notwithstanding her coldness; but nothing would do, she preferred her single blessedness to all his flattery and devotion. Thinking that change of scene might operate in favour of his views, he persuaded her to accompany him to Vienna, where, according to Ompteda's account, matters remained just the same as they were between this husband and wife in the wilds of Bohemia. Here is a charming subject for an opera or a comedy!

Some of our readers may have seen that very interesting exhibition of "Living Pictures," which was presented at the King's Theatre a season or two ago. It has long been a favourite amusement upon the continent, and formed one of the many entertainments which the "committee" provided for the gratification of the sovereigns. We observe from the author's description, however, that the "pictures" were not confined to the imitation by living characters of celebrated paintings, but that they followed in pantomime the course of a poem or a romance. We can imagine nothing more fascinating than such an entertainment as this; and are apt to think that if well executed, a similar exhibition would draw to it all the gay crowd of London at this season of the year.

"The commencement of the performances was now announced by all the lights being put out. After an appropriate overture, executed by an orchestra composed only of harps and

French horns, the curtain was drawn, and presented a scene called the Spanish conversation. The second was the subject of a picture drawn by a young French artist, representing Louis XIV. at the fete of Madame de la Valiere. This scene was executed by the young Count Trantmandorff and the beautiful Countess Fichi. They were both of them possessed of superior attractions; and there was such an expression of emotion in the features of the count, and of innocence and alarm in that of the countess, that the illusion was rendered complete. The third scene was taken from Le Gros's picture, representing Hippolytus justifying himself to Theseus against the accusation of Phædra.

The subjects of these pictures, represented by the most distinguished persons at court, with costumes so magnificent and appropriate, with shades and lights disposed in the most masterly manner by Isabey, necessarily excited great admiration. It is impossible, however, to judge of the species of magic effect produced, without having witnessed the exhibition. The immobility of the figures was maintained in a surprising manner: but there were attitudes so extremely fatiguing that they could not be kept up for more than a few minutes, and the curtain dropped on them sooner than the spectators could have wished.

"The lights were now restored, and whilst the dramatic romances were being prepared, refreshments of all kinds were served round to the audience.

"The first performance was the well-known romance, *Partant pour la Syrie*, composed by the Queen Hortense. It was executed by Mademoiselle Goubault, daughter of the Dutch minister, Baron Goubault, who is now governor of Brussels. Her voice was extremely melodious, and she sang the air with an exquisite expression; whilst the young Count Schœnfeldt and the young Princess Philipstadt expressed the meaning of the words through mimic action. They were seconded by a full chorus of both sexes, and the variety of grouping, the figures especially, during the marriage stanza, the perfection of the chorus—all produced an effect perfectly enthusiastic among the spectators.

"I was sent too far away from the Emperor Alexander to hear what he said to the Prince Eugene, who sat between him and his father-in-law, the King of Bavaria. But it was evident, from the expression of the Prince's countenance, that the Emperor was paying a just tribute of praise to the merit of his sister's composition.

"The second performance was that of Couigni's romance, *Le Troubadour qui chante et fait la guerre*. It was executed by the Count Schœnbor and Countess Marassi. The third was again a composition of the Ex-Queen of Holland, *Fais ce que doit, adrienne que pourra*. It was as well sung and as well expressed as the others, by the young Prince Radzivil and the Countess Zamoiska, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Marshal Prince Czartorinsky. The author's name was demanded, and its announcement elicited loud and universal applause.

"Indeed," observed the Prince de Ligne, "Mademoiselle Beauharnais wields a sceptre

which will never break in her hands. She remains a Queen by the grace of her own talents, after having ceased to be one by the grace of God. For my part, I most cordially add my applause to these traits of genius. I take pleasure in paying homage to fallen greatness, especially when persons in that situation have proved themselves so worthy of the high station to which circumstances had raised them."

"I have seen so much of the Queen Hortense," said Prince Leopold, "during my frequent visits to Paris, that I can bear full testimony to the truth of your remark, so far as it may apply to her. She was extremely young when suddenly transferred to a court resplendent with military glory. Her amiable disposition was not in the remotest manner affected by the brilliant turn of her prospects. Neither imperial pomp nor regal honours could produce any alteration in her, and she has always retained her modest and unaffected manners. Nor does the privation of all these honours appear to have occasioned any regret with her. Nature has gifted her with genius for the fine arts, which her superior education and the means at her command have fully developed. The Prince has, therefore, very justly observed that she wields a sceptre of which nothing can deprive her. She sings most exquisitely, and plays delightfully on various instruments. She composes very prettily, and draws in great perfection. No lady in Paris danced more gracefully than she did. But what can never be forgotten by strangers who were in the habit of visiting Paris during the time of her greatness there, is the urbanity which both herself and her mother evinced towards those who had the honour of becoming known to them. They seemed both of them as if desirous of smoothing the difficulty of position peculiar to many of us at the court of the Tuileries."

"I admire," said the Prince de Ligne, "the frank homage you pay, my dear Prince, where it is justly due. I am fond of admiring where admiration is called for, and I confess that I detest those who are ever seeking a motive for every demonstration of kindness, and who affect to doubt that amiable qualities can spring from natural impulses."

"When the sovereigns quitted their seats, the company repaired to the great ball-room, where every thing had been prepared for dancing. I offered my arm to the Princess Esterhazy, and she allowed me to remain by her the rest of the evening."

"All those who had figured in the representation had kept on their dramatic costumes, and as their number was considerable, they formed separate quadrilles among themselves, which added much variety and animation to the scene. These *fetes*, in which dancing was introduced, were frequently as useful to young diplomatists in the furtherance of political objects, as in giving an agreeable relaxation to their labours. All restraint was laid aside on such occasions, and politicians of a maturer age assembled in groupes in various parts of the room, discussing grave subjects without reserve. The young waltzers would occasionally stop short near these groups, and, apparently occupied exclusively with their amusement and their fair partners, would listen attentively to the conversations of the politicians. A word or sen-

tence pronounced by any person of note often served to govern diplomatic proceedings in a manner which puzzled many to discover how their thoughts or intentions could have been guessed at.

"The emperor Alexander had opened the ball with the Empress of Austria, by a Polonaise, a kind of dancing march with which the court balls are always begun. In an adjoining apartment several members of the *corps diplomatique* were seated gravely at the whist table; a recreation which seemed to have become indispensable to their ministerial labours."

"A magnificent supper was served up at twelve o'clock. The sovereigns sat down to the table which had been reserved for them, and the rest of the company took their seats at other tables without any observance of etiquette or distinction of ranks. These banquets were always magnificent and expensive. It was calculated that up to the occasion of which I am speaking, they had cost the emperor thirty millions of florins. But then the money spent in Vienna by the strangers, attracted either by business or curiosity, was estimated to amount to no less than a hundred thousand florins; and every one knows the means employed by Colbert to replenish the exhausted coffers of his master."

"Soon after the sovereigns had withdrawn, dancing ceased, and every one went to seek in rest a new accession of strength and spirits for pleasures long before marked out in the chain of amusements provided for each successive day."—vol. ii. pp. 106--112.

There were no two greater friends at the Congress than the late Emperor Alexander and the Prince Eugene Beauharnais. They were generally to be seen walking together every day on the prater, or on the ramparts, or visiting the sights of Vienna, the emperor dressed in a plain frock coat, and without any decoration but that of the Sword of Sweden. His open protection of the young prince at such a period was highly honourable to him. The author walking one day with the Count de Witt on the prater, was enabled to speak of the emperor's kind engaging manners. The two friends having joined his party, "Alexander," he says, "spoke of Lady Castlereagh's ball, and his lordship's fondness for dancing. 'There is nothing extraordinary in that,' observed Prince Eugene; 'dancing is the amusement of all ages: Socrates learned to dance from Aspasia; and at fifty-six. Cato the Censor danced oftener than Lord Castlereagh now does.' This remark made the emperor smile. Alexander's noble and handsome countenance would have been exceedingly imposing but that an expression of mildness tempered its dignity. The good-natured attention with which he listened to any replies that were addressed to him, captivated all with whom he conversed. He was adored by those who enjoyed the honour of his intimacy; and the simplicity of his manners, together with his easy politeness and gallantry, won all hearts at Vienna!"

The reader who can refer to this volume will find in it a great many anecdotes which we have no space to notice. Among these the strange story of Mr. Aide is not the least curious. This adventurer had already appeared at Vienna, in an oriental dress as the *Prince of Lebanon*; he now returned in a less pompous character, was received every where, but especially by Lord Castlereagh, with a kindness for which nobody could account. The Prince de Ligne described him as "one of those citizens of the world in whom a good stock of assurance supplies the want of other recommendations." He was at one time a good deal known in this country, and moved in the best society, without, as it ultimately turned out, any claim whatever to the rank in which he appeared. He was the son of an American merchant, who having charitably presented a small sum of money to a convent at the foot of Mount Lebanon, received from the Pope the order of the Golden Spur, which, according to the exploded privileges of the Holy Roman Empire, conferred the title of Count or Marquis. Upon this foundation the merchant's son became a prince! Possessing the exterior of a gentleman, good manners and some money, he cut a plausible figure in England, until his resources being exhausted by his expensive career, poverty betrayed his real character, notwithstanding which he succeeded in marrying an heiress, the daughter of Sir George and Lady Collier. A dispute at a ball in Paris led to a duel in which he was killed some six or seven years ago.—Anecdotes abound in this volume of General Tettenborn, Madame de Stael, the Princess Bagration, the Esterhazies, the Sapiéghas, the Potokis, Capo d'Istrias, Prince Stahremberg, the Grand Duke Constantine—of the Englishman Reilly, whose splendid dinners were so much talked of at Vienna during the Congress—of Talleyrand, Pozzo di Borgo, of Lord Stewart, now Marquis of Londonderry, and a numerous tribe of other personages who figured at that period in the capital of Austria. That their time was not always spent in the most innocent manner, will sufficiently appear from an incident which the author relates as having happened to one of his friends, the Count Zavadowski.

Count Zavadowski was the son of a favourite minister of Catherine II., and on the death of his father became heir to a vast fortune. I had known him very well at St. Petersburg, where his noble birth, his amiable manners, and a fund of information far beyond his years, rendered him a favourite in the most distinguished circles of the Russian capital. On the conclusion of peace, he proposed visiting the different capitals of Europe, and, with this view, proceeded straight to Vienna, during the sitting of the Congress. This was of course an excellent preface to the book of the world, every page of which he was anxious to peruse. "I have been spending the evening," said he, "with my relation, Prince Razumowsky, who gave a ball in honour of the Empress Eli-

zabeth's Saint's day. The heat was excessive, and I came away before supper." I gave him a description of Mr. Reilly's dinner, an account of which he had already heard from the Prince Royal of Wirtemberg.

I expected next morning two Hungarian horses to be sent to me, which I was assured were the best trotters in Vienna. As I wished to purchase them, I asked the Count to accompany me to the prater to try them, which he promised to do. While we were talking about trotting horses, of which I think none in Europe equal those employed in the Russian sledges, for the winter races on the Moskwa, the count prepared to undress. He observed that he was very much fatigued with dancing, as he had been teaching the Mazurka to some German ladies, who were prevailed on to substitute the graceful elegance of the Polish dance for the stiff formality of the minuet. "Good night, then, count," said I; I will put out the lights, and give this *bougie* to your valet de chambre. Be ready to-morrow at ten o'clock."

Next morning the horses were harnessed in my curricule, and at the appointed hour I was at Zavadowski's door. On entering I was met by his valet, who told me that the count was not yet up. "How! not up?" I exclaimed, "and in bed before midnight:—a lazy fellow! I'll soon rouse him." I entered his chamber, and found his curtains closely drawn. "Come, come, Zavadowski," said I, "what means this? I hope you are not ill?"—He raised his head from the pillow, and drawing his hand across his eyes, as if to dash aside a tear, he exclaimed, "Alas! my dear father, why did I lose thee?"—"Count," resumed I, "what ails you? What melancholy dream has revived the memory of your father at this moment? Come, come, the horses are at the door."—"My dear friend," replied he, "it is no dream but a sad reality. I lost two millions last night!"—"Zavadowski, are you mad? I tell you, you are in bed where I left you last night. I extinguished the lights myself before I went away. Are you dreaming or asleep?"—"Neither, my friend; but I am awaked from a sleep which I could fain have wished had been my last. Z—and Count B—called on me after you went away. The candles were lighted: we played the whole night, and I lost two millions of rubles, for which they have my bills." I advanced to the window, and on drawing aside the curtain, I saw the chamber strewn with cards. A few short hours had completed the ruin of the unfortunate young man. "My dear count," said I, "in all probability this is merely a joke, intended to alarm you. Be comforted. They cannot surely intend to rob you in this way. I will go to them immediately. They cease to be my friends if they hesitate for one moment to adopt the course which honour dictates."—vol. ii. pp. 200—212.

It would be superfluous to add, that in both cases his interference was simply laughed at. The Count had recourse to a more energetic mode of appeal, and challenged one of his adversaries, whom he wounded. His character as a gambler and a duellist gained him so much discredit with Alexander, that upon applying to be attached to the Russian embassy to Flo-

rence, he received from the Imperial hand the following overwhelming answer:—"In consideration of the services rendered to our august mother by your father, Count Zavadowski, I pardon the indecorous presumption of your request."!!

At some party which was graced by the presence of Prince Eugene, he related a curious story characteristic of the uses to which *Malmaison*, now so beautiful a palace, was applied by Cardinal Richelieu, from whose acts of despotism carried on there it has derived that ill-omened appellation.

"In a gloomy day in the month of November a traveller, on horseback, stopped at the door of an inn in the village of Rouelle, which adjoins the park of Malmaison. The hostess went out to receive him, and having given his horse to the stable-boy, he ordered dinner. He was shewn into the best room in the house, and the busy hostess set about preparing his repast. In a few minutes another traveller, on horseback, stopped at the inn, and also ordered dinner. 'I am very sorry that I cannot accommodate you, Sir,' said the hostess; 'but every thing we have in the house has been bespoke by a gentleman who arrived a few minutes before you.'—'Go up stairs,' said the traveller, 'and tell your guest I shall be obliged to him if he will permit me to share his dinner, and I will defray my portion of the expense.' The hostess delivered the message to the first traveller, who politely replied, 'Tell the gentleman I shall be glad of his company, but it is not my practice to accept payment from persons whom I invite to dine with me.' The second traveller accordingly went up stairs, and having expressed his acknowledgments for the kind reception he had experienced, they both sat down to table.

"The dinner was as cheerful as could be expected, considering the short acquaintance of the parties; but during the dessert, when some excellent wine was placed before them, the conversation became more unrestrained, and the second traveller ventured to ask his obliging Amphitryon what had brought him to that part of the country, where he appeared to be a stranger? 'I have been ordered here,' he replied, 'by the cardinal.'—'By the cardinal?' resumed his companion. 'Pardon my curiosity, Sir, if I enquire whether you have reason to suppose you have given his Eminence any offence?'—'By no means,' replied the first traveller; 'and it is to free myself from any such imputation that I have come here. The fact is, there has been published at Rochelle, my native town, a virulent satire upon the public conduct and personal character of the cardinal, several copies of which have been addressed to the king; and though I never in my life wrote a single word that has appeared in print, I am unjustly accused of being the author of this pamphlet. Nothing obtains such ready belief as the whisperings of folly and ill-nature; and I have therefore lost no time in obeying the summons of his Eminence, in the hope of effectually refuting the absurd charge that has been brought against me.'—'Sir,' said his companion, with an expression of marked anxiety,

'return thanks to Providence for the fortunate accident which has introduced me to you to-day. I also have been summoned hither by the cardinal, and for no other purpose, I am convinced, than that of beheading you! A thrill of horror passed through the frame of the person to whom these words were addressed.—

'Yes, sir,' resumed the speaker, 'I say again, my task would have been to behead you. I am the executioner of a neighbouring town; and whenever the cardinal has any secret act of vengeance to perform I receive orders to repair to the castle. The particulars I have just heard you relate, together with the hour of your appointment here, all convince me, beyond a doubt, that you are marked out as a victim.—But fear nothing: I will secure your escape. Order your horse instantly and go with me. I will acquit myself of the debt of gratitude which your courtesy has imposed on me.'

"The horror and alarm of the poor traveller may be more easily conceived than described. He instantly ordered the horses to be saddled, and having paid the bill, he and his companion set out, taking a private way through the wood of Bertard. 'Do you see,' said his guide, as they approached the castle, 'that grated window which almost reaches the cranies of the central turret? In that dungeon, sentences, against which there is no appeal, are pronounced and executed, and the mutilated bodies of the victims are hurled into the moat below, where they are speedily destroyed by quick-lime. Neglect not to observe my instructions. Conceal yourself behind that hedge; and if within the space of an hour you see a light glimmering at the window which I have pointed out, then you may conclude that I am ordered here to execute vengeance upon another: but if, on the contrary, you see no light, rely on it that you yourself are the intended victim. In that case lose not a moment. Profit by the darkness of the night and the swiftness of your horse. Gain the frontier, and there plead your cause as you think fit. But permit me to tell you, that it is absurd to seek to justify yourself against the imputation of an offence which you have not committed; for, where despotism reigns, truth and justice are powerless.'

"Having expressed unbounded gratitude to his tutelary saint, the traveller withdrew to his hiding-place. The suspicions of the cardinal's agent proved well-founded. No light appeared at the window of the turret; and at the expiration of the hour the traveller galloped off. He immediately quitted France, and did not venture back until after the death of the cardinal.

"On returning to his native country, his first business was to visit the inn of Rouelle, and to make inquiries respecting his benefactor; who, however, had not been seen or heard of for several years. He then related his adventure, which has since become a local tradition, and has conferred celebrity on the inn of Rouelle, known by the sign of the *Cheval Blanc*. The room in which the two travellers dined is shown to this day and is called *la salle de bon secours*.

"You see, gentlemen," added Prince Eu-

gene, "that there is some difference between the impression which Malmaison produced on you, and that which was experienced when the *tour des oubliettes* was an object of terror to the neighbouring country.—vol. ii. pp. 267—271.

We might go on amusing ourselves and the reader through a dozen or two more pages, exhibiting the attractive matter which teems in the volume before us; but we must put it away, under the hope that we have fairly exhibited its merits, and that we may soon again meet with its accomplished author, in that more important work which he has promised to execute.

From Fraser's Magazine.

NOTES ON THE RUSSIAN ARMY. GIURGEVO, 1828.

By Lt. Col. C. R. O'Donnell, late of the 15th Hussars.

WHOEVER contemplates the present condition of the Russians, will be astonished at the rapid strides they have made towards civilization of late years; and the improvements that have evidently taken place in the organization of their forces. I did not exactly expect to find a horde of barbarians, though I was prepared to meet with a set of men not many degrees removed from that state;—deficient in mind, devoid of moral feeling, and destitute of all the nobler qualities of the heart: but I was mistaken. They have profited considerably by the experience they derived from the wars that arose out of the French Revolution; which wars, while they instructed them as soldiers, afforded them also an opportunity of visiting, and at the same time receiving some of the polish of the more civilized nations of the Continent.

The Russian is a tough material, and admirably calculated to bear the fatigues and hardships of war. With a fair complexion, resembling that of the English, and broad features, he is rather low in stature than otherwise, but stout-limbed and muscular. Endued with considerable bodily strength, and gifted with a constitution enabled to sustain the greatest privations and fatigue, the Muscovite soldier, loaded with heavy arms and appointments, and a cumbrous kit upon his back, will march in the most inclement season for days and nights together, with but a very trifling interval of repose; and, bivouacked in their customary and hardy manner, without tents and under a burning sun, with the thermometer at above 105 deg. Fahrenheit during the day, and perhaps a cold, damp, chill, and heavy penetrating dew by night; subsisted, moreover, upon scanty food, of a very inferior quality; constantly exposed to all weathers, and subject to transitions the most trying to the human frame; he will remain for months in succession without being comparatively affected or even inconvenienced by vicissitudes which to ordinary constitutions would be fatal.

The Russian is strongly attached to his religion; he is a thorough predestinarian, and at the same time very superstitious. He is submissive and patient; and although he may, from his state of vassalage, appear dull and stupid, he is naturally a cheerful being; fond of enjoyment, not altogether deficient in intelligence, nor unsusceptible of enthusiastic excitement. It is evident, from a degree of self-esteem and national pride which he possesses, that he considers his own country superior to any other in the world. He is never guilty of desertion; and his readiness at all times to make the greatest sacrifices for his sovereign and his chief, evince the height of his devotion to them, and the extent of his attachment to their interests.

It is impossible for a Russian soldier not to be brave; if he were even not so by nature, he must become so by the effect of discipline, which, in the Russian army, is severe. He is taught to have a horror of cowardice: and courage, a striking characteristic with him, is not only upheld as a pre-eminent military virtue, but enjoined by the principles of his faith; he is persuaded that it is incumbent on him never to yield, but to keep up the contest until he insures victory, or until he meets death. Napoleon is reported to have said that at Eylau he saw the Russians perform prodigies of valour—they were so many heroes.

With a steadfast belief in predestination, and an implicit obedience to orders, the Russian is, as it were, a complete machine. Careless and thoughtless of danger, he moves when he is told, and halts when he is commanded; nor will he, under the severest fire, retire, unless ordered to do so. Indeed, nothing can equal the steadiness and obstinacy of the Muscovite troops under such circumstances. It is quite surprising to see the perfect indifference with which they stand under a cannonade, and the apathy with which the men look at the balls and shells that fall around them. At the battle of the Moskva, when the Russian reserve with the imperial guards advanced to retake some redoubts, and to attack the centre of Napoleon's line, eighty pieces of French cannon suddenly opening out a most destructive fire, immediately averted and then overwhelmed their columns, which, not daring to advance, and unwilling to retire, stood for two hours together in dense masses, while grape shot passed through them, and swept away whole platoons at a time.* And it is positively asserted that, at the siege of Brailow, a considerable body of Russians, destined to storm the place, missed its way, and got into the ditch, where there was not the slightest vestige of a breach. In this situation they were nearly annihilated, nor would they, notwithstanding the mistake was evident, move until a peremptory order from the Grand Duke Michael was sent to recall them.

* Count de Segur.

The coolness with which they give fire, and the firmness with which they meet and receive the charge of the enemy, are also distinguishing traits in the character of the Russian infantry soldiers; and in these respects they are probably better calculated to be opposed to the Turks, than any other troops in the world. In vain has the proud Arab steed of the Spahis been often excited up to the very bayonets of the Russian squares; in vain has the impetuosity of the Moslem been exhausted against the steady firmness of the Muscovite ranks.

In the use of the bayonet, the Russians may be said to equal the British soldiers; it is a most formidable weapon in their hands; and provided there is no natural obstacle in their way, they will carry every thing with it before them, or meet death with the most determined obstinacy.

The Russian cavalry is very good, and acquired considerable renown in the Polish wars. The men, who, from their original habits, are indifferent groomers and horsemen in the first instance, are, notwithstanding, intelligent, and by system and discipline soon attain a proficiency in their duties, become attached to their animals, and eventually make tolerably skilful equestrians.

Well clothed, appointed, and mounted, the cavalry of the emperor approaches in excellence very near to that of the British, over which it has, in one instance, an advantage, owing to the natural hardness of the Russian horse. The dragoons at Giurgevo were mounted upon rather large, but, at the same time, active horses, shewing blood as well as strength, and were furnished for the occasion with long lances, a weapon which inspired them with confidence, and gave terror to the Turks, who, when opposed to it, were often wary of coming to close quarters.

The artillery, a favourite arm with the Russians, is well horsed, well equipped and appointed, and well served in the field. The long howitzer-gun, highly approved of, is in common use amongst them. The horse-brigade is particularly good; it is formed apparently after the model of the British, is rapid in its movements, and very complete in every respect. The troop at the camp was provided with fine, strong, well-bred chestnut horses, which were, (as well as those of the cavalry,) considering they had made a long march from the very heart of Russia, and the manner in which they were continually harassed, in excellent working condition.

The grade of Captain in the Russian army confers (as I have been informed) upon the individual bearing that commission, the privileges of nobility. The officers, amongst whom are many foreigners of ability, I found a more respectable and enlightened body than they are generally represented to be. Those of the superior ranks, of the staff, of the cavalry, of the guards, and of the artillery, are, for the most part, men of some education, who besides

the several dialects of the Slavonic, speak the French and German languages, and many of them even the English, with tolerable fluency. In the regiments of the line, there are still many officers who have probably been promoted from the ranks, in consequence of the preference given by the aristocracy to serve in the other branches of the profession; and these, perhaps, on account of the want of instruction among the people, from which class they have risen, are ignorant and untutored; but they are not so numerous as I expected to have found them. The officers of the Russian army are, in common with the privates, brave, patient, and hardy; they are indulgent and considerate to their men with whose temper they are well acquainted; sociable and friendly towards each other; and kind and hospitable to strangers.

The attainment of distinctions and honours, (an incentive to heroic deeds, and an object of solicitude to all military men,) is a peculiar consideration with the Russian officers. Swords of merit are given for good conduct in the field; and the performance of certain services before an enemy substantiates a claim to particular medals; thus, impartiality in the distribution of such rewards and decorations reflects great credit upon the government; and the approbation and liberality of the emperor are in consequence sought for and esteemed with an enthusiasm that is scarcely to be imagined. Sir Robert Wilson mentions an instance illustrative of this feeling in a young lieutenant of hussars, who was shot by a cannon-ball, in a charge near Papenheim: his leg being shattered, a friend was lamenting his misfortune—"Yes, indeed," replied he with a sigh, "it is very great; for had I been wounded but a few paces farther on, I should have gained the order of St. George."

Green is the national colour of the Russians; and the dress both of officers and men is now simple and soldier-like;—that of the former is free from unnecessary ornament, and not expensive; and that of the latter, coarse in point of materials, but serviceable. The pay of all classes is very inconsiderable. * * * *

But the Cozaks,* who have of late acquired so high a military reputation, and who form the irregular part of the Russian army, excited most my curiosity and interest. These inhabitants of certain steppes or plains, chiefly on the borders of the Russian empire, are easily distinguished as a race possessing a degree of constitutional liberty and independence; accustomed to dwell remote, as it were, from civilization, in vast and desert districts; and habituated to constant warfare of some sort or other. They are governed partly by their own laws, and enjoy peculiar privileges and exemp-

* Bishop Heber compares his Rajpoot and Maharatna escorts with the Cozaks: and remarks, that Cozak is the common word for a predatory horseman all through northern and central India.

tions in consideration of military services, which they are obliged to render to the state when called upon. At such times they appear fully equipped and mounted at their own expense; but obtain from government a trifling maintenance, in common with the other Russian soldiers, during the period of actual service. At the termination of the war, or when their assistance is no longer necessary, they return to their homes; and, from being the ruthless Scythian and devastating invader, the Cossak becomes the unoffending, honest and hospitable inhabitant, and again resumes his various occupations in agriculture and commerce.

There are several tribes or denominations of this species of force; such, for instance, as the Cossaks of the Bug, of Tschuguyef, of the Don, of Tchernomorski, formerly the Zaporogian Cossaks, the Uralian, formerly the Yaick Cossaks, and the Calmucks of Stawropol;* and each tribe is governed by its respective Ataman or commander-in-chief, and officers chosen from among themselves, who are all obliged to pass regularly through the different gradations of military rank, from that of private. These different tribes were, it was calculated, at the close of the late war with France, capable of bringing into the field an aggregate of no less than a hundred and seventeen thousand warriors. Thus it will be seen of what vast consequence they are to the Russian empire, and the necessity there exists for keeping up a good understanding with them, and securing their allegiance.

It was not until about the time of Catherine II., that attempts were made to organize the Cossaks. Both Prince Potemkin and Souvoroff were extremely attached to them, and beloved by them in return; the former more particularly, is reported to have taken considerable pains to improve their condition as soldiers; he formed them into regiments, subjected them to discipline, established amongst them a certain system, and employed them with great effect in their true character of foragers and light troops, for which they seem peculiarly well adapted. Since that period, they have undergone other partial changes in their organization, although they have not yet been brought to act with any degree of regularity.

Under their Ataman Platoff, it is well remembered what wonders they achieved, and of what infinite utility the Cossaks were to the Russians during the recent continental wars, in covering the front of their army, masking its movements, protecting its flanks, and securing its retreat; in reconnoitring and foraging; in hovering continually about the enemy, harassing him, and cutting off his supplies.

From the natural hardness of constitution both of the Cossaks and of their horses, they are enabled to make exertions of an extraordinary nature; and by swimming rivers in the winter time, and making forced marches of considerable length, amid all the rigours of

frost and snow, their sudden and unexpected appearance has often baffled the designs and efforts of their opponents. Not only have they performed all these duties, in which no troops equal them, with a perseverance and vigour that is scarcely credible, but they have been known even to charge infantry *en traillieur* in a wood; and in a general action to snatch the palm from the regular forces of Russia, by retrieving the fortune of the day. The losses they occasioned Napoleon in the fields of Poland and Russia, where they were the cause of constant annoyance, havoc, and slaughter, to the French troops, especially during the disastrous retreat from Moscow, can never be forgotten.

The Cossaks of the Don are the most numerous and important of all the tribes; and are distinguished from the rest by greater civilization and industry. Their capital is Novotcherkask, a neat town not far from the Don, near its entrance into the Sea of Asof. They breed great quantities of horses, cattle, and sheep; are cultivators of the vine; fond of agriculture in general; and can furnish a contingent of no fewer than eighty regiments for service from among them. Each regiment consists of five hundred men, having a standard and captain for every hundred, independent of junior officers, one or two field officers for the whole, according to circumstances, and a lieutenant-colonel, or colonel commandant, whose name the regiment bears. The two corps before Giurgevo were of this tribe; they had served in the war against France, and, together with their chiefs, Rykowsky and Demidoff, had distinguished themselves considerably.

The usual dress or uniform of the Don Cossak is a blue shell jacket, without buttons, but hooked down the front; loose trousers of the same colour, ornamented down the sides with a stripe of red cloth; and a cylindrical calpac, or low forage cap. A short fur cloak, called a *burka*, made of a peculiar impenetrable skin, is either suspended from his shoulders or carried on the saddle. His weapons are a pistol stuck under each arm, and attached by a neck-line, sufficiently long to admit of their being discharged with an extended arm; a fire-lock slung across his back; a sabre at his side; and a long, twelve or fourteen foot pike, which is constantly in his hand. He is mounted upon a small, bony, and by no means Bucephalus-like, but certainly hardy, horse, which is guided by a single snaffle, and equipped with a simple wooden saddle-tree, of unusual height, furnished with a leather cushion strapped over it; this cushion forms not only the ordinary seat and pillow of the Cossak, but serves as a depository for his money and valuables. The horse much resembles, in shape and character, the common hack of the Irish peasant, and is urged by a severe whip, something like a flail, called a *kandshu*, which the rider, who does not wear spurs, generally carries with a loop

* Russland unter Alexander dem ersten.

over his wrist or across his shoulders. Thus dressed, equipped, and mounted, the sturdy warrior of the Don is, on the slightest alarm, instantly ready for the combat.

The Cozaks are an incongruous set, certainly! Some old fellows, with long, grey beards; some smart young lads; some almost in rags and patches of various shades; while others are in very decent attire. The one appointed to attend me as orderly, was a young man, by no means Cozak-like, according to the notions I had previously formed of these people. When he first came to me, I was struck by his civilized appearance and behaviour; for, uniting the respectful deportment of a soldier with an easiness and almost elegance of manner, he said he was sent to wait upon me by order of his general, and had the honour of presenting himself to receive my commands. It is not to be understood that many of them are of this class; but I am told that some are people of great wealth in their own country, amassed chiefly by plunder in war; yet so great is their passion for that species of gain, that notwithstanding their riches, they will even voluntarily leave their families and comfortable dwellings, and expose themselves, at an advanced age, to dangers, in quest of more.

Equally brave and hardy as the regular Russian soldier, they possess a sagacity and cunning which is not a characteristic of the former. It was observed, that in action, when the firing commenced, the detached Cozaks that were around us began to assume an alacrity, and to be alive to what was going on. They took their horses in hand; never remained quite stationary; kept a sharp look out in the direction of the firing of the cannon, and watched the *ricochet* of the ball and the flight of the shell, so as to be in readiness to avoid them. They are endowed by their nature and habits with an instinct which peculiarly fits them for the duties of outposts; and for this service I suppose the Cozaks to be the best troops in the world. From an extraordinary tact in making reconnoissances through unexplored districts, they supply the defect or want of topographical maps; they excel as patrols, and are said to be capable of telling, with tolerable accuracy, merely by inspecting the ground, not only the number of horses that have passed over a tract, but even how many of them were led; and their faculties of sight and hearing are such, that they will, without artificial aid, descry objects at a considerable distance, and by applying their ears to the earth distinguish afar off the tread of feet, whether they are those of men or of horses, and thus discover the movements and designs of an enemy.

The confidence reposed in these troops is great: three or four of them are sometimes posted, for the purpose of observation, in an exposed situation on frontiers bordering an enemy's country, where they will remain for weeks and months together without requiring

any assistance: they will manage, by some means or other, to subsist themselves and their horses, and may be depended upon for the most exact information. At Giurgevo the whole duty of the advanced posts was intrusted to their care, and performed by two hundred and fifty men; and so great was their patience and vigilance, that nothing escaped their observation, and not a Turk could stir outside the fortress without their immediate knowledge.

The Cozaks generally act independently under their own officers: in single combat they are expert; and, in the swarm, attack fearfully. Occasionally they move in line; but being accustomed to desultory warfare, they have an aversion to discipline and system. The moment an alarm is given, the two or three that can first get ready instantly sally forth from the bivouac; these are followed by six or eight; these again by more; and lastly comes the reserve, or main body, in perhaps greater order. In their regular attacks, they are sometimes in one and sometimes in two ranks, according to their strength: they advance with a most terrific yell, in the form of a semi-circle, having the centre retired: the greater number fly off, and seek the flanks and rear of the enemy, while a small portion, frequently supported by a reserve, attack to the front: but what perhaps renders them most formidable, is the extraordinary facility with which they disperse, and instantly collect again in a polk, or body, upon any particular part of the enemy's line. However, for the most part, they pay little attention to regularity; so that, after a charge, having no trumpets or sounds to assemble them, and as they do not always take out their standards, their captains are obliged, by dint of hallooing, or in the best manner they can, to collect their polks.

With the pike, which is in their hands from infancy, they are particularly adroit. They do not in general use it as the lance, but couch it, and ride full gallop, like the knights of old, at their antagonists. The Turk justly fears this weapon—as, should it not kill, it inflicts a dreadful gash, and the unfortunate victim, when severely wounded or transpierced, has often been known to exclaim, "Ah, Cozak! Cozak!" and, by signs, implore him to put an end to his miseries by an effectual thrust.

Having overcome his adversary, the next thing the Cozak does is to seize upon his arms, which, with the Turks, are highly ornamented and valuable—his turban and sash, sometimes Cachemere shawls, of great worth—and his purse; and, if he is not killed or badly wounded, the victor then places the unfortunate man behind him upon the very cantel of the saddle, grasps him by both hands, and gallops off with him to the rear.

That they are marauders, and that they are also rather merciless at times, is true. An attempt was lately made to induce them to

give up for the general good the plunder they took in action. This, however, had not the desired effect; for it was then found that the prisoners were invariably killed; so that as the services of these troops were so essential to the army, it became necessary to sanction their practices; but to prevent atrocities, the Emperor Nicholas issued a very humane order, by which the Cossack or soldier received one ducat for every prisoner on foot taken by him alive, and two ducats for every prisoner mounted.

The encampments of the Cossaks display the same want of regularity which is observable in their movements. In front of their bivouac before Giurgevo, a high stage was erected upon four poles, as is common with them in their own country, and similar to those met with at several of the post stations in Wallachia. From this a constant look-out was kept; and in rear of it, without the slightest regard to order, were scattered the huts, both of the officers and men; before, and about which, were picqueted their horses, most of them ready saddled. These huts, were made in the rudest manner imaginable; indeed, sometimes, three pikes or poles, with branches and hay, or perhaps their *burkas* thrown over them, formed a dwelling. Whether mounted or not, the collar rein of his horse is often placed in the girdle of the Cossack, who is consequently enabled to lie down in his hut without being disengaged from the animal; so that a stranger seeing a horse feeding over what is apparently a haycock, would little suspect it at first to be the habitation of a human being, until perhaps a long pike protruding from it, and a pair of feet sticking out from beneath, might suggest to him that such was in reality the abode of the modern Scythian.

The armies of the emperor, from the comparatively trifling expense of the Russian soldier in the field, and the vast extent and resources of the empire, are composed of enormous masses. They are also accompanied by a large proportion of artillery; and, from their being accustomed to carry on war in countries incapable of furnishing the necessary supplies, by a considerable train of wagons, and other vehicles.

The staff is well regulated, and the general officers throughout the service are proportionably more numerous than with most nations. The medical establishment, although, when possible, every care is taken of the sick or wounded, and the commissariat, are not perhaps quite so efficient as the other departments.

The Russian troops exercise and go through their evolutions with precision, though not perhaps with great rapidity. But it has been observed, that in science and skilful combinations—in difficult retreats—in dexterity and mobility, so essential to the versatility of manœuvre, and to the ready and timely application of bodies in the moment of action—they have

not yet attained to perfection. Their masses are powerful engines, and continue so as long as they are in order; but, like pieces of mechanism, when once broken, their unity of movement is lost, and they require time for repairs before they can be brought to act again with advantage. However, it must be confessed, that in these respects the Russians have benefitted in a considerable degree by the experience of late years—that they at this moment hold a high rank amongst the soldiers of Europe—and that they are still in a state of progressive improvement.

Within the period of little more than half a century, such national names as Roumiantzoff, Souvoroff, Koutousoff, Platoff, and Woronzoff, appear amongst the most distinguished generals of the continent; and these have, in conjunction with other heroes, so raised the character of the Muscovite arms as to give to Russia a preponderance in the scale of nations which she never before enjoyed.

That power has now an emperor, young, active, ambitious, and beloved by his troops; and a magnificent army capable of any enterprise. With such advantages, she must be not only formidable to her foes, but respected by her neighbours, and by Europe in general.

From Fraser's Magazine.

LOVE AND THE SEASONS.

BEAUTY in the flow'r and tree,
Beauty o'er the hill and lea,
Fragrant breezes, freshful showers,
Smiling sky and budding bowers.
Laugh we now and jocund play,
Love is born—make holiday.

Joys the earth in fruitful teeming,
Smileth Love with manhood beaming;
Summer, Nature's matron bride,
Greeteth Love in lusty pride.
Laugh we yet, and jocund play,
Love attaineth manhood's day.

Autumn comes! All hail to thee,
Love, of doubtful augury!
Varied now thy mixed career,
Mimicking the varied year—
Now of Spring a gentle gleam—
Now the flash of Summer beam—
Now anticipation's pains
Shade thy brow, and Winter reigns—
Now again thy dubious mind
Feels emotion undefined:
Shall we smile or weep for thee,
Love, of doubtful augury?

Winter comes with chilling face—
(Who withstands his cold embrace?)
Gone is youth and youthful glee,
Fled is manhood's bravery;
Gone is e'en the fitful feeling
O'er the heart of Autumn stealing.
Laugh no more, and cease to play,
Love is dead! Ah, well-a-day! H. F.

From the Monthly Magazine.

SPANISH HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

From the unpublished Notes of Sir PAUL BASHOTT.

It has been a matter of surprise to many, that, while the press has teemed with information in every possible shape from the favoured regions of the Continent, whither the tide of English emigration has flowed, none of our adventurous tourists have dared to cross the Pyrenees, although the country beyond is as fair as the fertile plains of Lombardy, and the far-famed Alps cannot boast of more romantic features, nor half so varied, as that gigantic barrier which separates Spain from the Continent.

Perhaps a salutary fear caused by the recollection of that terrible engine of despotism, the Inquisition, chills the heretical blood of an Englishman; or the alarming accounts which, from time to time, have been whispered of the indifferent accommodations furnished by certain houses of entertainment, called *posadas*, have contributed to damp the ardour of our patriotic and enlightened travellers. Be this as it may, it is no subject of regret with me; for had abler pens been employed, I question whether this specimen of my talents, as an author, had ever seen the light. I have been engaged for many years in important commercial transactions with Spain, and, undaunted by the difficulties to which I have alluded, travelled during that time over the greater part of that very interesting country. In default of better information, I therefore propose to give a few sketches from actual observation, which may best serve to illustrate Spanish character and customs, and not prove unentertaining to the general reader.

My first journey into Spain was during the short-lived dominion of the Constitution; and as the alteration of the government had a corresponding effect on the conduct of the people, creating some novel scenes which it may be some time before we see again, I shall date my observations as far back as August, 1821, at which period I had made my way from London to Bayonne, with my son as a companion, and attended by one servant. On my arrival at Bayonne, I called on Captain Harvy, the British consul, by whose polite assistance our passports were regulated for Madrid. At this period, the roads on the frontiers were so infested with brigands, that travelling was considered a dangerous pastime. They had burned all the public conveyances; and to travel alone was neither safe nor economical. Fortunately, we found a coach on its return to Madrid, which saved us further trouble or delay. It was rather a crazy sort of vehicle; but having no choice, I agreed with the mayoral, or conductor, to set us down in Madrid within the space of nine days, for eight napoleons which was considered a good bargain. We left Bayonne at twelve o'clock, accompanied by the Marquis of Luco and two other Spa-

nish gentlemen of rank, and arrived at St. Jean de Luz the same evening. The next morning, we crossed the Bidassoa in a boat, the bridge having been destroyed by the French in their retreat after the Battle of Vittoria, and entered the province of Guipuscoa in Spain. We continued our journey along the Banks of the Bidassoa until we arrived at Irun, the frontier town, when, after the accustomed inspection of baggage and property, we were allowed to proceed. It was suggested by one of our fellow-passengers, that we should hire horses, and make an excursion to San Sebastian, which was at no great distance from our route, and meet our carriage again at Hernani, the next stage. To this proposal I gladly assented. Horses and mules were speedily engaged, though rather rudely caparisoned, and, under the conduct of a guide, we commenced our *detour*.

We passed through a beautiful vale, richly covered with oak and chestnut-trees, and proceeded till our progress was arrested by the Bay of Passages, which we crossed in a boat, sending our horses round to meet us. The boat was conducted by two very interesting young females, who evinced every disposition to be communicative; but as they spoke nothing but Basque, which unfortunately was unintelligible to every one of our party, our understanding was limited to an animated pantomime, in which, however, they evidently had, the advantage. The features of these girls were eminently handsome; their complexion was of a clear olive, with sparkling black eyes, teeth as white as alabaster, and their long black tresses gathered into a braid, hanging down to the waist. They were finely formed, a little above the middle height, and dressed in the costume of the country. They were altogether a fine specimen of the female beauty of Spain.

The Bay of Passages forms a secure and spacious harbour. During the siege of St. Sebastian it was filled with British ships of war and transports, which supplied the besieging force with every thing, necessary for their operations. Near the small town of Passages, which is divided by the neck of the bay, and inhabited by fishermen, we remounted our horses, and rode to St. Sebastian. This beautiful little town, so celebrated in modern history stands on a small peninsula, the natural defences of which are heightened by well-constructed fortifications, commanded by the citadel, which is built on the summit of a conical mountain, having its base strongly defended by outworks. Both the town and fortifications were at that time exactly in the same condition as they were at the termination of the siege. The breaches effected in the walls by our well-served batteries, and the dilapidated, tenantless houses, presented a sad picture of the desolating effects of war. Many streets were entirely deserted, and an unnatural stillness seemed to have succeeded to scenes of

strife. Cannon-balls and pieces of broken shells, intermingled with fragments of ruined houses, were heaped together in the silent streets—places formerly echoing with the busy hum of commerce, or the lighter sounds of hospitality, but now presenting a melancholy scene of loneliness and desolation. Few men can stand unmoved on the spot which has been the theatre of glorious deeds; and, as I leaned against a huge fragment of the wall, which had fallen in the breach, and surveyed the place where the work of carnage had been most rife, it was with a melancholy feeling that I thought of the transitory meed of valour. In a few years, perhaps, fresh walls would arise from the ruins on which I stood, and other battles be fought at their feet—the recollection of former deeds would be effaced by the brilliancy of later—and to the memory of thousands, who had shed their blood before that very breach, nought would remain but a single line of history to record the event their lives had purchased. A few years more, and the stranger would unconsciously repose on the grave of heroes, and the listless hind crush with his plough the mouldering bones of the brave!

Having refreshed ourselves with that most sentimental of fare, fruit and wine, we remounted our horses, and, at about the distance of a league, reached Hernani, where we rejoined our carriage. Before the evening closed, we arrived at Tolosa, the capital of Guipuscoa. The country through which we had travelled was particularly interesting; the mountains on each side of the road rose one above the other in graceful outline, and were clothed to their summits with verdure; the valley was highly cultivated, and the river Oria meandered through the meadows, sometimes forming picturesque cascades as it broke over the huge stones and fragments of rock which occasionally impeded its course. The posada, to which we were conducted by the mayoral, though it bore the respected and gallant sign of the Cross of Malta, was not one which the fastidious traveller would have chosen for his resting-place. We soon found that the interior was as comfortless as the exterior was unpromising. The only room for the entertainment of guests was a large dining-apartment, which contained a table and a few chairs, and also several beds, placed in recesses or alcoves, as our dormitory. The fire-place in the kitchen was raised on a platform of bricks, and the white curling vapour which issued therefrom was suffered to roam about and make its exit from an aperture in the roof. The fire was made up with the roots of old trees, covered with stable-litter; and before it were placed eight or ten earthen pots, containing hot water, *puchero*, and other necessary articles, to regale the muleteer or other traveller.

Our hostess was particularly attentive to the *puchero*, a standing dish among Spaniards; it is composed of a piece of fat pork, part

of a fowl, a bit of beef or mutton, Estremadura sausages, and a peculiar kind of cabbage and *garbanzos*, or Spanish pea; the whole mixed together with oil, and seasoned with salt, red pepper, and garlic. Three fowls were then put down to roast; others were cut into small pieces, mixed in a deep frying-pan, with oil, lard, salt, and red pepper, together with some cloves of garlic pounded in a mortar. When this mixture had simmered some time, a quantity of rice was added, and it remained on the fire till the whole was of a fine brown colour. The cook then broke half a dozen eggs into the pan, gave it another turn, and dished it up. By this time the fowls were done, and we were summoned to supper. The cloth was laid in our bed-room, where the different dishes were served; and if one may judge of their excellence by the degree of respect by which they were regarded by my fellow-travellers, the most confirmed *gourmand* might not have desired a better sample of cookery. As I was but a young Spanish traveller, my stomach was not proof against the abundance of oil and garlic. I, therefore, contented myself with some of the roast fowl, which did not require either a knife or fork to separate; and the desert which followed our repast, consisting of grapes, figs, almonds, raisins, and biscuits, and afterwards a cigar.

We were aroused by the mayoral at an early hour, and, before proceeding on our journey, were served with a cup of chocolate, a thin slice of bread, and a piece of frosted sugar. The bill was moderate: but I found there was another and much better posada in the town, though we were brought to the Cross of Malta, in consequence of an engagement of the mayoral to provide some of the passengers with entertainment on the road, which of course he effected with as little cost as possible. I have been thus circumstantial in describing the comforts of inferior Spanish posadas, as it may be considered a fair sample of similar establishments throughout Spain.

The country through which we travelled was much of the same description as that we had passed the day preceding; the mountains, however, assuming a bolder character, and the river continuing its course along the valley to Villa Franca. Our road now took its direction across a steep mountain, at the foot of which we alighted, with the intention of walking to the top. Our movements, though not particularly rapid, had greatly the advantage of the unwieldy machine we had left; and having arrived nearly at the summit of the hill, the winding of the road completely concealed it from our sight. We beguiled our way by merry sallies at the expense of our conveyance, and complimented ourselves on our own nimble heels, little thinking there might be greater occasion for them than we had at first contemplated, when suddenly we were surrounded by armed men. Immediately all the horrors of banditti became apparent; our num-

bers were too few to think of successful resistance, and escape was impracticable. Before our fears, however, had time sufficiently to magnify our peril, a person from our group of captors advanced, and demanded our passports. Knowing that robbers have but little respect for such documents, I was convinced our alarm was groundless; and we soon found that these persons were placed there by the local authorities for the protection of travellers, as the roads were considered in a very dangerous state from the frequent attacks of robbers. The guard had constructed a hut of turf and the branches of trees to protect themselves in their bivouac, and seemed to have made themselves as comfortable as the situation would admit. We were guarded by a party of them to the foot of the hill, as that was considered the most dangerous part of the road. On our arrival at Ansuella, a small village, but with good accommodation, we met a man carrying an immense wolf, slung on his back, which he had just shot in the mountain; I offered him a *peseta* for his brush, which he declined, as he was about to take it to the Alcalde, to claim the reward of eight *pesetas*, which the Spanish government has very wisely ordered to be paid to any person who shoots one of these destructive animals.

We shortly afterwards entered the Province of Alava, and passed through a well cultivated country to the town of Vittoria, the capital of the province. At the posada, to which our mayoral conducted us, we met a coach on its way from Madrid to France. Among the passengers was Mr. Hall, brother of Captain Basil Hall; they were all in a most unfortunate predicament, for Mr. Hall informed me, that at no great distance from Madrid they had been intercepted by a party of banditti, who had stripped them of nearly all they possessed. Twelve men, well armed, had attacked their coach, and, having drawn it off the road, dragged the passengers out. They next tied some of them together, and with very little ceremony laid them down with their faces to the ground, with the comfortable assurance, that on the least outcry or noise from any one, a knife would be drawn across the throats of the whole party; then in the most deliberate manner they ransacked the coach, examining every thing it contained, and packing up for their own use all that was valuable or of utility. This done, they regaled themselves with some wine belonging to one of the passengers, and then liberating them, they disappeared with their booty. Mr. Hall was deprived of his gold watch and seals, which I afterwards found had been beaten up and sold in Madrid. I paid my respects to General Alava, to whom I had a letter of introduction, and he advised me, in pursuance of the object for which I entered Spain, to leave the coach at Miranda, and visit the town of Escaray, in the Rioja, before proceeding to Madrid.

On quitting the town of Vittoria we enter-

ed the plains, which are upwards of three leagues in extent, celebrated for the discomfiture of the Cantabrians by the Romans, under Augustus, and in our times, for the total defeat of Joseph Buonaparte by the British force commanded by the Duke of Wellington. This discomfiture was the death-blow to the French ascendancy in Spain. At the posada, in Vittoria, we were shewn the travelling carriage of Joseph Buonaparte, which he was obliged to quit for a swifter conveyance, in consequence of the rapid pursuit of our advanced troops: it is a plain chocolate-coloured chariot, and of a very unpretending appearance. The host of the posada informed me it was the property of the Duke of Wellington, though I question whether his grace is at all aware of the value of his possession in Spain.

I left the coach at Miranda, which divides the Province of Alava from Old Castile, and engaged mules to carry us and our baggage to Escaray, which lies about forty miles from the direct road to Madrid. We crossed the Ebro, and winding round a sterile mountain, descended into a fruitful plain, abounding in corn and vines, along which our route lay, until we halted at the small town of San Domingo de Calzada. While the mules were feeding, I sauntered towards the cathedral, the antique appearance of which attracted my attention. It is an edifice, built in a very remote age, in the simplest style of Gothic architecture. A pious father of the church, taking compassion on me in my forlorn character of stranger, undertook to explain to me the mysteries of the interior. Upon entering the church, that which more particularly raised my curiosity, amongst the numerous objects which set forth their claims to the reverence of the faithful, was a large cage containing a white cock and hen. On approaching these, I doubted not, sacred birds, the father made a low genuflection, and crossing himself, looked at me as though he expected I should follow his example. The cock thrust forth his beak and clapped his wings, intimating, according to my heretical notions, a desire for something more substantial than devotion. My companion, however, corrected my error, by informing me it was merely a way the cock had of expressing his satisfaction at the homage of a believer. Notwithstanding this assurance, I was about to tender my homage to the birds, in the shape of a piece of biscuit, which was however speedily abstracted from my hand by the agitated padre, who declared he would not answer for the consequences, if the birds were scandalized with an offering from the hands of a heretic. He further informed me, in the impressive undertone of one who communicates a fearful mystery, that they were miraculous poultry, and, according to the records of the cathedral, could be proved to have existed in that church upwards of four hundred years! "How much longer," continued my guide, "I will not take upon myself to say."—"There is some doubt

then beyond the time you mention?" I observed.—"Yes," returned the unsuspecting padre, "seeing that there is a flaw in our records about that time; but there is every reason to believe they have lived here a thousand years!" I expressed a wish to learn the history of poultry thus marked by the especial care of Providence; in reply to which my guide informed me, "that in the dark ages of the pagan Goth, before the light of Christianity had illumined the heathen, the spot on which the town of San Domingo now stood, was the site of a palace, which in former ages belonged to one of the Gothic commanders. It happened that a convert to the newly-received faith of Christianity had incurred the resentment of the powerful heathen, who, without considering it necessary to adopt the tedious forms of law usual in our own time, ordered the supposed culprit to be forthwith gibbeted. Great interest was made to save him, but without success; and the cord was actually about his neck as he stood under the gibbet in front of the governor's palace, when the wife of the Goth rushed into the apartment of her husband, and on her knees begged the prisoner's life. At that moment the Goth had seated himself snugly at dinner, and a slave had placed before him two roasted fowls smoking in their rich gravy.—Irritated at what he conceived to be an opposition to his will, the Goth seized one of the fowls, and, in the unceremonious manner of those days, disclaiming the aid of knife or fork, was about to tear it asunder, but first raising it in his hand, he said—'When this fowl shall fly and crow, I will believe the prisoner innocent, and he shall be liberated.' Suddenly the bird slipped from his grasp, and recovering his plumage, to the utter amazement of all, began to fly about the room and crow, in such a manner as cock never crew before. Indeed he proved that his organs of articulation had not been at all injured by the roasting he had undergone. At the same moment, his companion on the dish, who had likewise been his companion on the perch, liberated herself in the most extraordinary manner from the thralldom of the skewer and string, discharged her stuffing on the dish, and splashing the gravy in the face of the astonished Goth, sprung round the room with a vigour and freshness that seemed utterly at variance with the pre-conceived idea that she had been at least an hour and a half under the care of the cook. The miraculous birds then flew out at the window, and alighted, one on each shoulder of the culprit, just as the order was given for his execution. This singular appeal of course stayed the proceeding, until the wondering Goth, unable to resist such testimony, liberated the prisoner. The pagan was converted; but history does not mention," continued the padre, "whether he most regretted his unjust condemnation of the Christian"—"Or the irretrievable loss of his dinner," I added. The padre, I thought, smiled in pity.—"This, how-

ever, is certain, and which even the sceptical must admit," he continued, in the most triumphant tone, "as it is recorded that the fowls were actually caught on the spot, and placed in this sanctuary, so it is certain they have existed in this very situation for a thousand years; for are they not here before our eyes as vigorous as when the miracle was first wrought? What do you say to that?" "May they live for ever!" I exclaimed, in answer, and with an appearance of devotion, which the padre himself might have envied—"Amen!" he replied; and on his part making his usual cross and genuflection, we left the church.

I recommenced my journey shortly afterwards, passing over a flat but pleasant country, and arrived in the evening at the town of Escaray. My principal object in visiting Spain was to inspect the mode of preparing wool for foreign markets, and to suggest some alteration in the method of working it, and improving its condition. It was therefore with great pleasure I recognized an old friend in the person of Mr. Bradley, who saved me some trouble by introducing me at once to *Senor Don Agipito Maria Texada*, who was a deputy of the Cortes, and an eminent *ganarado*, or flockholder, and director of the Royal Cloth Establishment belonging to the *Cinco Gremios* in Madrid.

On the following day I was invited to inspect the manufactory, which is of modern construction, and sufficiently large to admit of making fifty long pieces of cloth per week; the machinery was new, and in great perfection as it was all made at Paris; but I observed great inexperience in the method of using it. I passed the whole day in giving the workmen instruction in the several points wherein I discovered they were most deficient. The next morning the principal inhabitants of the town called on me, from whom afterwards I received many presents of game; and the priest sent me some potatoes, which are highly esteemed there on account of their rarity. Having taken a lodging (for which I paid a hundred rials per week, about a pound English money, which included my diet, wine, dessert, a dining-room and bed-chamber, and also a stable for my horses and dogs,) I made the acquaintance of several *ganarados*, and commenced treating with them for their piles of wool, intending to prepare it for the French or English market. I employed upwards of forty workmen in this operation, and having sorted about fifty bags, I determined to give a public exhibition of my superior method of sorting and washing. I had taken a complete washing establishment of *Senor Don Barnachea*, and a day was appointed. Great was the curiosity manifested by all classes, as the day arrived, to witness an attempt to what they had been, by their own account, a thousand years endeavouring to accomplish. A large concourse of *ganarados*, merchants, and shepherds,

were present; and the wool, which had been previously sorted, was shewn them, and elicited universal approbation. I then took a few gallons of my prepared liquor, on the efficacy of which I had staked my reputation, and mixing it with the hot water in one of the vats, I selected two bags of the first quality, on which I intended to try my experiment. This sample I submitted to the tests, stirring it gently about with a stick, and when I judged the grease was beginning to separate, I threw it into the basket, through which ran a stream of water. My servant stood with a stick similar to my own, who turned it over in the cold water for a time sufficient to cleanse it, and then landing it, I presented it to the company, as white as snow. My experiment was completely successful; and the wool thus prepared brought from one shilling and sixpence to two shillings per pound more in the market than wool of a similar quality washed and sorted after the old method. Don Pablo, from whose father I had bought a considerable quantity, rather envying me the gain likely to accrue, paid some attention to the process, and thought he had discovered the secret. He accordingly bought up several piles, for which I was already in treaty, by out-bidding me, and succeeded, by the excellence of his discovery, in fixing the grease so completely in the wool, and turning it so many colours, that he was at last obliged to resort to his old system, with a heavy stock and a falling market.

The Spanish sheep are of two distinct classes—one they call *Carneros*, and is exclusively kept for milking and the butcher. The wool of this class is spun at home, and manufactured into coarse cloth and serge, for the use of the friars and peasantry. The other class is called *Merinos*, and is kept for the wool alone. It is supposed there are four millions of the latter class in Spain. At the approach of winter they are driven from the mountains in the north, to pasture in the milder climate of Estremadura and the borders of Andalusia, whence they return in the spring to be shorn, and to enjoy the mountain pasturage. I have heard the shepherds say, the *Merinos* know the time of their departure from the north instinctively, and that they would travel into Estremadura without a conductor. By the regulation of the *mesta*, there are lands appropriated for the rest and pasture of the flocks during their annual emigration, which in some instances exceeds the distance of four hundred miles.

A *caravana*, or flock of *Merinos*, on route, has a singular appearance to a stranger. The last I saw was in May, 1826, as I was returning to England, when I overtook several large flocks near Sigüenza, returning from their winter quarters near Cordova, to be shorn in Soria. They generally travel four leagues, or sixteen miles a day. It is curious to see the admirable regularity which is preserved amongst these immense flocks during their

peregrination, and the attention they pay to the call of the shepherds and their dogs. I questioned one of the shepherds respecting his flock, and expressed a wish to examine their wool. He blew a shrill peal from a whistle, which he carried for the purpose, when instantly, as with one consent, the *caravana* halted. Eight or ten of the rams then scampered from the head of the flock, and running to the shepherd, raised up themselves against him, and placing their fore feet on his breast, seemed ready to devour him. He gave to each a small piece of salt, with which they seemed highly gratified; and they suffered me to pluck some of their wool, which was of a superior quality. The shepherds being constantly exposed to the sun and air, necessarily became swarthy, and their limited use of a razor, added to their uncommon attire, give them a singularly strange and wild appearance. Their garments are made of the skins of black sheep; the wool is left about half an inch long, and form a costume more comfortable than seemly. They wear a *facha* or sash tied round the waist, and in the folds is seen a knife, the use of which is pretty generally understood by the lower order of Spaniards. The legs and feet of these men are encased in dried sheep-skins laced with a thong, and a huge *sombrero*, or slouched hat, as a covering to the head completes their costume. They lodge at night under a rude sort of tent, covered with turf and skins, round which the flock is gathered, the dogs forming an out-post to protect them from the wolves. I inquired of the mayoral whether he had lost many of his flock by the wolves; he told me they had suffered considerably among the mountains of Guadalupe, the wolves being much more ferocious than those in Estremadura; and my servant, who had been a soldier, said he saw three prowling about not a month since when he was on guard amongst those very mountains.

The dogs which attend these flocks are of a large size, not unlike the Newfoundland dog, though standing higher on their legs. They are branded in the face with a particular mark, and are protected in their frequent desperate encounters with the wolves by thick leathern collars, covered with sharp iron spikes, which present a formidable barrier to their ferocious assailants; it is not always, however, that these faithful and courageous animals are a sufficient protection to the flock from the hordes of these ravenous animals which always hang on their track. The dogs have a daily allowance of bread, and that, with the flesh of the dead sheep and goats, keeps them always in good condition. The shepherd told me, that one night, a wolf had eluded the vigilance of the guardians, and succeeded in capturing a lamb; the theft, however, was immediately discovered, and the offender was pursued and overtaken by a single dog. The first intimation the shepherd had of the transaction was by the faithful animal returning to his tent with the

lamb in his mouth; the blood on the dog shewed he had not recovered his loss without a severe conflict, which was confirmed the next morning, by finding the wolf mangled and dead near the spot. I was so much pleased with this anecdote of the dog, which was pointed out to me, that I offered the shepherd a considerable sum for him; the man, however, honestly told me, that even if he were tempted to take the money, the dog would never acknowledge me for a master, but would seek the first opportunity of returning to his companions of the fold. The camp equipage of the wandering shepherds is carried by asses and mules, and moves in the rear of the line of march. It consists of guns, pots, gridirons, the skins of deer and sheep, stags' horns, (for they have frequent opportunities of regaling themselves with venison and game,) and poles for the erection of their tents, or huts. A number of goats generally accompany a *cavana*, which are the property of the shepherds, and with the milk, and kids, the men live pretty well. I should not think mutton was scarce with them, for as no one can tell the number of sheep in a flock, but the shepherds themselves, they are in no danger of detection, should they occasionally wish to vary their repast. There are flocks belonging to the Duke of Infantado, and other noblemen, amounting to thirty or forty thousand sheep.

Soon after my arrival at Escaray, a party was formed to visit the celebrated convent of St. Milan. It is situated about twelve miles from Escaray, the road, all the way, presenting a picturesque and beautiful appearance. The monastery, the object of our visit, formerly belonged to a fraternity of Benedictine monks, which was suppressed by a decree of the Cortes, and was now offered for sale on very advantageous terms to the purchaser. This splendid residence was untenanted; the inmates had been compelled to relinquish a life of luxury and ease, and seek their support in a more meritorious manner, than by taxing the industry of their fellow creatures. We met with a priest who still officiated in the church attached to the monastery, who conducted us through the various apartments. They are approached by a noble staircase, twenty feet wide, of grey marble, and are of the most spacious and magnificent description. There are three hundred separate cells for the use of the monks, and on measuring one of the corridors I found it to be four hundred and twenty feet in length. The library and chapel have not suffered, but the hall of the Inquisition has been stripped of its books and furniture. The monastery stands in the centre of a park, enclosed by a high wall, and a fine stream of water runs through the whole domain. The situation is enchanting, mountains rise above each other, on every side, in the most beautiful variety; the river is seen winding through a luxuriant plain teeming with the richest of Nature's gifts, till it is lost amongst the moun-

tains of Navarre, which are seen dimly in the distance. In fact, I have always observed, that the pious fathers of the church, have invariably fixed their lot in the most pleasant places, and have found it a matter of both conscience and duty, to appropriate to themselves the most goodly heritage. This magnificent territory of thirty-two thousand acres, might have been purchased for twelve thousand pounds by paying for it in *realces ciales*. The peasantry seemed humble and poor, but contented and happy; all they appeared to regret in the suppression of the monastery, was the loss of the soup which they had been in the habit of receiving from the Benedictines. At Escaray, I found a letter from Mr. Thomas, of Azuagua, in Estremadura, whom I had heretofore been in correspondence with, requesting me to meet him in Madrid, as speedily as possible. He informed me, the merchants in the south of Spain had heard of the success of my experiment with wool, and had determined to submit an advantageous offer to my consideration. I therefore resolved to meet that gentleman in Madrid, according to his appointment, and in a few days set out for Burgos, on my way to the capital.

The month of October was not far advanced, yet the mountains which surround Escaray were tipped with snow, but the valleys were still verdant and fruitful. Fine streams of water intersected the country through which we passed, winding occasionally through huge forests of beech, many noble trees of which I saw lying on the ground in a state of decay. We travelled for miles by a horse-track, over, almost, inaccessible mountains, without encountering a living thing excepting eagles and vultures, on their way to regale themselves on the carcass of a dead mule. After travelling sixty miles we arrived late in the evening at the ancient city of Burgos, and put up at the house to which we were recommended, called *Las Palomas*, immediately opposite the cathedral. This city is the capital of Old Castile, and was in former times a place of great importance. The cathedral is a beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture, enriched with pinnacles and elaborate carvings in stone. The twelve apostles are placed in niches over the eastern front, and form a prominent feature before entering the church. The interior is crowded with paintings, statuary, and bas-reliefs. In the convent of St. Augustine, they shew a crucifix incontestably proved to be the genuine fabrication of Nicodemus. If we may judge from such a specimen, Nicodemus must undoubtedly have been an amateur workman of considerable merit. The citadel, which once stood near the city, is now demolished, and the ditches are filled up. It was there that the British troops were repulsed, in their assault, with great slaughter. Amongst the ruins of the citadel, I picked up many musket balls, and pieces of shells, and I thought of the soldier's adage, that "every bullet had its billet."

Our route now laid through a sandy and sterile country, producing little beside the fir tree, *lignum vitæ*, and the gum schiatus, the latter, however, perfuming the air with a most delicious fragrance. The deficiency of amusement on the road, was by no means compensated by the comfort of the posadas, which were generally of the most wretched description. Little could we procure by way of solace to our appetite, besides those highly seasoned Spanish dishes, so repugnant to the uninitiated English stomach, until we arrived at Buitrago. The mouldering walls and towers of this ancient Moorish town, were distinguished in the distance, as we wound round the side of a mountain, and we entered it by the very picturesque approach, of an ancient bridge, and a steep paved causeway. The Duke of Infantado has a large property here: he has a flock of forty thousand sheep, and a lavadero in the neighbourhood, which I visited. The pile is designated the Infantado, and is marked within an escutcheon. On leaving Buitrago the road traverses a wild open country, and possesses a singular natural phenomenon. Before we approached the small town of Lozayuela, we observed a large tract of ground covered with stones of most extraordinary dimensions; they are strangely dispersed, and bear the appearance of having been tossed about by one of those great convulsions of nature in a distant age, the traces of which alone remain to excite our admiration and wonder. Many are seen lying in huge, disorderly masses, while others bear a more regular appearance, like the Stonehenge in Wiltshire, but of so gigantic a character as to ridicule the pigmy efforts of human ingenuity. They are of grey granite, quite smooth, and are not discoloured with moss, or lichens. But little pasturage is afforded in this singular place for cows and sheep, the stones are spread so thickly as almost entirely to prevent the growth of herbage, and occupy an extent of several miles. The road afterwards becomes interesting from its rural scenery. The ground rises on the right, and is covered with pretty villages, here and there interspersed with convents and churches; on the left is seen a boundless plain, which is lost in the horizon, and a huge pyramidal stone, apparently detached by some charm, from the group before mentioned, raises its giant head, and forms a conspicuous object for a considerable distance.

We arrived at Madrid by the gate of Burgos, and having submitted to the usual examination of passport and baggage, we were graciously permitted to proceed to our quarters, in the street of Alcalá, to the dwelling of a certain Italian, who keeps the Posada San Fernando. Here I entered into the necessary agreement with my host for the usual accommodations, after which, I met Mr. Thomas, by

whose representation I visited Madrid. Mr. Thomas informed me that the government and the inhabitants of Azuagua, intended to offer me an estate in Estremadura, on condition that I should reside there, and endeavour to improve the method of sorting and washing the wools of that province, which are well known to be of a more dingy appearance than those of any other part of Spain. I had a long conversation with Mr. Thomas on the subject, whom I found to be an intelligent and enterprising gentleman; he was moreover a great favourite with his Catholic Majesty, to whom he had free access. He related to me the following anecdote of an interview with the King of Spain. When he presented the memorial for the grant of an estate in Estremadura, to Ferdinand, the king placed it, with a number of other documents in his right-hand pocket. Mr. Thomas having been previously informed that the memory of his majesty was exceedingly treacherous, with respect to all documents that found their way into that particular receptacle, after a little conversation ventured to address him on the subject, "Pray, may I take the liberty of inquiring, into which pocket has your Majesty placed my memorial?"—"Why, Thomas," replied the king, "does that make any difference?"—"Every thing to me, please your Majesty," returned the merchant, "for if you would favour me by transferring it to the left-hand pocket, which I observe is empty, it would have a better chance of attracting your majesty's notice." The king laughed. "Well, then, Thomas, I believe I must send you away in a good temper," and he transferred the memorial to the favoured side. Mr. Thomas found shortly afterwards the estate was conveyed to him, which his son now possesses.

From the representation made to me by Mr. Thomas, I was induced to believe that in Estremadura the golden fleece was to be obtained; I therefore determined to visit the province and judge for myself. I purchased a handsome Andalusian horse of one of the king's equerries, for forty-five dollars, and equipped him for the journey with a singular kind of long saddle or pad, made for the convenience of carrying and strapping on all my camp equipage, and necessary cooking utensils; a bridle manta, and a pair of alforja, or large pockets, (which are curiously manufactured of wool, wrought in many colours, and serve to carry provisions,) a pair of holster pipes, and the whole surmounted by a black sheep's skin, for a covering to my saddle and baggage. When every thing was ready for my departure, intelligence arrived that the yellow fever had broken out and was making such ravages in Cadiz and Seville, that a cordon of troops was placed for security as far as Azuagua: I therefore deferred my expedition till the spring.

From the Westminster Review.

STORIES OF AMERICAN LIFE, BY AMERICAN WRITERS. Edited by Mary Russell Mitford. 3 vols. Post 8vo. London.

AFTER it had become in this country a matter of reproach against the Americans, that they were deficient in works of the imaginative cast, we are now actually publishing selections from their multifarious productions in this department. The choice, too, is not trusted to a nameless *litterateur*, as in a matter of no importance, but the task of selecting and compiling is placed in the hands of a writer who has greatly distinguished herself by her own original efforts in a similar walk of genius. Miss Mitford has been invited from the study of 'Our Village,' to the consideration of the literature of our new world.

The result of her investigations has very decidedly proved, that if our brethren of the west were not formerly much given to flights of the imagination, it was because they had something else to do. Now that there are numbers of people sufficiently rich to be idle, they are letting their fancies grow: now that the nice operations of judgment are sufficiently cared for by others, the imaginative and poetical may be permitted to roam among the indefinite regions of the wild and wonderful. The progress of civilization enables Jonathan to keep his author: at one time tradesmen wrote their own puffs, but now, as Messrs. Day and Martin remarked respecting their own establishment, "We keep a poet to do these kind of things."

The great abundance of lawyers and newspaper editors in the United States, naturally throws up considerable offshoots of poets and novelists. However paradoxical it may appear, no branch or profession is more addicted to poetry and romance than the law; the tender lawyer, the springing-shoot of an attorney, is by re-action a being of fancy and feeling. In the history of our own literature it will be found, how much we are indebted to an early disgust of the law, or to a lingering love of the Muses, retained even by advanced professors of its mysteries. As for the editors of newspapers, scribblers by profession, they form a standing army of the press in the United States, almost as formidable by their numbers as by their position; and as a man whose trade is writing cannot always be writing politics, the natural relief is, to turn the tide of ink upon the field of poetry. Such being the sources of supply, we shall not be surprised to find, that very soon the native circulating library of Philadelphia rivals that of Burlington-street. They have already their Scott in Cooper; they have their fashionable novelist in the author of Clarence; they have had their Godwin in Brown, and the tribe of annualists is far outshone, by the writers of the stories in the collection before us. Nay, we even learn from one of these *Stories of American Life*, that

the love of scribbling is overrunning the land, and seizes whole families like an epidemic; that manners are rendered stiff and formal, by the apprehension of being booked; and that young ladies dare not open their mouths, lest their aunts should print what they say.

It is very plain, that the authors of fiction in America can never be stopped by the want of a due supply of the materials which usually form either the foundation or the ornaments of this description of literature. In the history of the country, the manners and traditions of the aborigines, and the diversified characteristics of the European descendants, an inexhaustible fund of romance is afforded; the beauty and novelty of the country, its vast forests, its mighty rivers, its infant societies and nascent cities, can never fail to present themselves in a thousand interesting forms to the poetical eye. It is idle too to say, that America has not also her antiquities; not to speak of the vestiges of nations now long since passed away from the face of the earth, surely the early history of its colonization, coeval with our Elizabeths and Jameses, may be said to present an air sufficiently venerable for the attention of the antiquarian novelist. The story of its peopling is full of romance, from New England to the Floridas. A more remarkable tale was never told, than that of the settlement of the Massachusetts, by the puritanical pilgrims of England; the migration of Penn, and his dealings with the Indians, have been favourite subjects even in this country; and no history presents more terrible or romantic details, than the retributive expedition of Dominique de Gorges of Brittany, to Florida—the individual who crossed the Atlantic, to execute a national vengeance, and who only returned when his spontaneous act of tremendous justice was fully accomplished. Besides all which, the time of the great American war, with all its grand events, its extraordinary characters, and its appalling nature, is now sufficiently remote for the purposes of the fictionist. Tradition still preserves its incidents with freshness, while the lapse of time throws its scenes into that dubious light, so favourable to the speculations of the fancy.

The various writers of these volumes, though it is impossible that they could avail themselves of the whole range of these subjects, have embraced topics almost as widely different, as the sites of their events are separate. Miss Mitford has made the remark with reference to them, that "the scenes described, and the personages introduced, are as various as the authors, extending in geographical space from Canada to Mexico, and including almost every degree of civilization, from the wild Indian and the almost equally wild hunter of the forest and prairies, to the cultivated inhabitant of the city and plain."

The accomplished compiler has not thought proper to assign the different stories to their respective authors, which we think an omis-

sion of importance. We are only thus generally, and unsatisfactorily informed of the names of the most popular living writers of the Western World. "Amongst them," she observes, "I am chiefly indebted to Messrs. Verplank, Paulding, Hall, Neal, Barker, Willis, and Stone, and though last, not least, to Miss Sedgwick." There is a pleasure in connecting a peculiar style or distinguished excellence with a name; and we regret we cannot more especially pay our individual debts of gratitude, than to the firm of talent as thus made out by Miss Mitford—with indeed one exception. There is no mistaking the hand of John Neal, whilom, during his sojourn in England, a *collaborateur* of half our periodicals, and the author of some half hundred of unreadable romances. "Otterbag the Oneida Chief," the first story in the collection, describing the character and fate of one of the Indian Allies of the Americans in their war against the Mother Country, may be easily distinguished as the production of his broad pointed pen. No one can mistake his vehemence, his headlong rapidity, his occasional force, and his frequent failure. Mr. Neal is a Yankee gladiator who fights with the air; his position is good, his vigour undeniable, space rings with the sharpness of his blows and the athletic play of his muscles, the only fault is that he has no antagonist, and his most successful hits fall upon the thin atmosphere. In an anthology like the present, he appears to the greatest advantage. He has neither perseverance nor power of flight for a long effort, but it sometimes happens, that a lucky daub from his brush, charged as it is with brilliant colours, by itself constitutes a picture; just as in the sides of rocks, or in the burning coals on the fire, or in the clouds, fantastic but striking imitations of nature and reality may be often detected by the busy eye. The painter of antiquity, who did more by casting his sponge at his canvass than by his most deliberate efforts, strongly reminds us of the author of "Jonathan in England."

The title of "Stories of American Life" might have admitted of the addition of the word "scenery"; for, in fact, one of the distinctions of this very agreeable collection is, that it presents numerous and highly vigorous sketches of North American landscape. We do not know who is the author of the following Canadian picture; but our readers will allow that, whoever he be, there are few *peysagistes* of the old country who can paint with more force. It is taken from the very characteristic story, the "French Village," in the first volume.

'On the borders of the Mississippi may be seen the remains of an old French village, which once boasted a numerous population of as happy and as thoughtless souls as ever danced to a violin. If content is wealth, as philosophers would fain persuade us, they were opulent; but they would have been reckoned

miserably poor by those who estimate worldly riches by the more popular standard. Their houses were scattered in disorder, like the tents of a wandering tribe, along the margin of a deep bayou, and not far from its confluence with the river, between which and the town was a strip of rich alluvion, covered with a gigantic growth of forest trees. Beyond the bayou was a swamp which, during the summer heats, was nearly dry, but in the rainy season presented a vast lake of several miles in extent. The whole of this morass was thickly set with cypress whose interwoven branches, and close foliage, excluded the sun, and rendered this as gloomy a spot as the most melancholy poet ever dreamt of. And yet it was not tenantless—and there were seasons when its dark recesses were enlivened by notes peculiar to itself. Here the young Indian, not yet entrusted to wield the tomahawk, might be seen paddling his light canoe among the tall weeds, darting his arrows at the paroquets that chattered among the boughs, and screaming and laughing with delight as he stripped their gaudy plumage. Here myriads of mosquitoes filled the air with an incessant hum, and thousands of frogs attuned their voices in harmonious concert, as if endeavouring to rival the sprightly fiddles of their neighbours; and the owl, peeping out from the hollow of a blasted tree, screeched forth his wailing note, as if moved by the terrific energy of grief. From this gloomy spot, clouds of miasm rolled over the village, spreading volumes of bile and fever abroad upon the land; and sometimes countless multitudes of mosquitoes, issuing from the humid desert, assailed the devoted village with inconceivable fury, threatening to draw from its inhabitants every drop of French blood which yet circulated in their veins. But these evils by no means dismayed, or even interrupted the gaiety of this happy people. When the mosquitoes came, the monsieurs lighted their pipes, and kept up, not only a brisk fire, but a dense smoke, against the assailants; and when the fever threatened, the priest, who was also the doctor, flourished his lancet, the fiddler flourished his bow, and the happy villagers flourished their heels, and sang and laughed, and fairly cheated death, disease, and the doctor, of patient and of prey.

'Beyond the town, on the other side, was an extensive prairie—a vast unbroken plain of rich green, embellished with innumerable flowers of every tint, and whose beautiful surface presented no other variety than here and there a huge mound, the venerable monument of departed ages, or a solitary tree of stunted growth, shattered by the blast, and pining alone in the gay desert. The prospect was bounded by a range of tall bluffs, which overlooked the prairie, covered at some points with groves of timber, and at others exhibiting their naked sides, or high, bald peaks, to the eye of the beholder. Herds of deer might be seen here at sunrise, slyly retiring to their coverts, after rioting away the night on the rich pasturage. Here the lowing kine lived, if not in clover, at least in something equally nutritious; and here might be seen immense droves of French ponies, roaming untamed, the common stock of the village, ready to be reduced to servitude,

by any lady or gentleman who choose to take the trouble.—vol. i. p. 69—72.

In the story of "Unwritten Poetry," occurs a description of a favourite spot in United States' scenery, mixed up with the feelings which such a magnificent object may be supposed calculated to excite in the beholder. It will be seen, that the sympathy with nature which more especially characterizes English poets and English painters, has been duly propagated among our national descendants. When Wilson the painter exclaimed on viewing a fall of water, "Well done, water, by G—d," he had given life and sentient being to a cascade.

'We turned westward, and in a few days entered the valley of the Mohawk. I could write a book upon its sunsets, and the exquisite beauty of its banks and waters, but I must pass it without description. We loitered long and pleasantly upon its graceful windings, and though it won no smile or evidence of exhilaration from Lorraine, I could see that he was interested, and now and then beguiled of his dark thoughts, and I hailed it as a promise of better things.

'On one of the balmy mornings that ever broke, we descended the rude steps leading to the bed of the Trenton Falls. For some days I had perceived no change in Lorraine, and I began to fear, that the appearances upon which I had bailed my hopes were but the effect of physical excitement, and that his diseased mind was beyond the skill of nature. We reached the bottom, and stood upon the broad, solid floor, a hundred feet down in the very heart of the rock, and in my first feelings of astonishment, even my interest in his impressions was forgotten; but its sublime grandeur had awakened him, and when I recovered my self-possession, he stood with his hands clasped, and his fine face glowing with surprise and pleasure. His figure had assumed the erect, airy freedom for which he was once remarkable, and as he went on, the alacrity of his step was delightful.

'In a few minutes we stood below the first fall. The whole volume of the river here descends fifty feet at a single leap. The basin which receives it is worn into a deep, circular abyss, and the dizzy whirl and tumult of the water is almost overpowering. We ascended at the side, and at a level with the top of the fall, passed under an immense shelf, overshadowing us almost at the height of a cloud, and advancing a little further, the whole grand sweep of the river was before us. It was a scene of which I had never before any conception, and I confess myself inadequate to describe it. To stand in the bed of a torrent, which flows for miles through a solid rock, at more than a hundred feet below the surface; to look up this tremendous gorge, and see, as far as the eye can reach, a river rushing on with amazing velocity, leaping at every few rods over a fall, and sinking into whirlpools, and sweeping round projecting rocks constantly and violently; to see this, and then look up as if from the depths of the earth to the giant walls that confine it, piled apparently to the very sky, this is a sensation to which

no language that would not seem ridiculous hyperbole could do justice.

'When the first surprise is over, and the mind has become familiar in a degree with the majestic scope of the whole, there is something delightfully tranquillizing in its individual features. We spent the whole day in loitering idly up the stream, stopping at every fall, and every wild sweep of the narrow passes, and resting by the side of every gentle declivity where the water shot smoothly down with a surface as polished as if its arrowy velocity were the sleep of a transparent fountain.—There is nothing more beautiful than water.—Look at it when you will—in any of its thousand forms, in motion or at rest—dripping from the moss of a spring, or leaping in the thunder of a cataract—it has always the same wonderful, surpassing beauty. Its clear transparency, the grace of its every possible motion, the brilliant shine of its foam, and its majestic march in the flood, are matched unitedly by no other element. Who has not "blessed it unaware?" If objects that meet the eye have any effect upon our happiness, water is among the first of human blessings. It is the gladdest thing under heaven. The inspired writers use it constantly as an image for gladness, and "crystal waters" is the beautiful type of the Apocalypse for the joy of the New Jerusalem. I bless God for its daily usefulness; but it is because it is an every-day blessing, that its splendour is unnoticed. Take a child to it, and he claps his little hands with delight; and present it to any one in a new form, and his senses are bewildered. The man of warm imagination, who looks for the first time on Niagara, feels an impulse to leap in, which is almost irresistible. What is it but a delirious fascination—the same spell which, in the loveliness of a woman, or the glory of a sunset cloud, draws you to one, and makes you long for the golden wings of the other?

'I trust I shall be forgiven for this digression. It is one of feeling. I have loved the water from my childhood. It has cheated me of my sorrow when a home-sick boy, and I have lain beside it in the summer days when an idle student, and deliciously forgot my dry philosophy. It has always the same pure flow, and the same low music, and is always ready to bear away your thoughts upon its bosom, like the Hindoo's barque of flowers, to an imaginative heaven.—vol. iii. p. 86—9.

The American life described in these volumes is of three kinds, the historical life, or life sixty years ago; border life, that is, the life of the outer settlements; and city life, which embraces pictures of manners as they exist at this moment in New York, Philadelphia, and the great towns. Sketches of the latter kind are the least interesting here, inasmuch as the manners of good English, and good American society, differ only by shades; and the departure from modes we habitually consider correct, simply communicates an impression of vulgarity or pretension. The distinctions are too minute to be an object of curiosity, and yet considerable enough to offend a fastidious reader. Of this class are the

"Scenes in Washington." The historical stories, turning as they do on America in its colonial state, or on the period of its grand resistance, are full of interest by the very nature of their incidents: several of this division are handled with very considerable ability.—We may particularize "The Country Cousin," and the "Romance of the Border." The pictures of manners, as they exist on the confines of civilized and savage life are, however, we confess, the objects of our more especial gratification; and by way of example of the American stories which turn upon them, and which chiefly delight us, we would select such tales as "Pete Featherton," "The Rifle," "The Sick Man Cured." These are experiments in social life; they present man under a new aspect; he is shown to us surrounded by circumstances of an entirely novel kind. He has all the wants of civilized life, amidst all the privations of a savage state, and it is a proud and a pleasant sight, to see him subdue the wide world of the deep forest and lonely prairie to his tastes, his habits, and his necessities. But while the man bends nature to his wishes, he himself necessarily is worked upon in return. He civilizes savage life, and in return becomes half a savage. His constitutional instincts are developed, his natural powers expanded to their greatest stretch, his vigour perpetually exercised, and the whole physical frame is carried to the highest pitch of training, in conjunction with the education, or at least the traditional habits, language and opinions of one of the most artificial people in existence.

The following description of Pete Featherton, a real Kentuck, is the portrait of a being of this description, who assuredly is a curious, if not a delightful, phenomenon to behold.

"A clear morning had succeeded a stormy night in December; the snow lay ankle deep upon the ground, and glittered on the boughs, while the bracing air, and the cheerful sunbeams invigorated the animal creation, and called forth the tenants of the forest from their warm lairs and hidden lurking-places.

"The inmates of a small cabin on the margin of the Ohio, were commencing with the sun, the business of the day. A stout, raw-boned forester plied his keen axe, and lugging log after log, erected a pile in the ample hearth, sufficiently large to have rendered the last honours to the stateliest ox. A female was paying her morning visit to the cow-yard, where a numerous herd of cattle claimed her attention. The plentiful breakfast followed; corn-bread, milk, and venison crowned the oaken board, while a tin coffee-pot of ample dimensions supplied the beverage which is seldom wanting at the morning repast of the substantial American peasant.

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"He was indeed a person with whom such arguments, except the last, would not be very likely to prevail. Pete Featherton, as he was familiarly called by his acquaintances, was a bold, rattling Kentuckian, of twenty-five, who possessed the characteristic peculiarities of his countrymen—good and evil—in a striking degree. His red hair and sanguine complexion, announced an ardent temperament; his tall form, and bony limbs, indicated an active frame inured to hardships; his piercing eye and tall cheek-bones, evinced the keenness and resolution of his mind. He was adventurous, frank, and social—boastful, credulous, illiterate, and, at times, wonderfully addicted to the marvellous. He loved his wife, was true to his friends, never allowed a bottle to pass untasted, nor turned his back upon a frolic.

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'It will be readily perceived, that our hunter was not one who could be turned from his purpose by the prospect of danger or fatigue; and a few minutes sufficed to complete his preparations. His feet were cased in moccasins and wrappers of buck-skin: and he was soon accoutred with his quaintly-carved powder-horn, pouch, flints, patches, balls, and long knife;—and throwing "Brown Bess"—for so he called his rifle—over his shoulder, he sallied forth.'—vol. ii. p. 4.

Such is the nature of the entertainment and instruction to be obtained from these volumes: it is vain to expect that the English reader, amidst the voluminous issues of the London Press, can have much leisure or opportunity to seek among the American importations for objects of literary gratification; we therefore heartily applaud the idea of thus selecting from time to time the more happy efforts of Transatlantic genius—and congratulate the compiler upon the successful exercise of her discriminative powers. When next we consider one of her undertakings, it will probably lie in a higher but not more useful walk of intellectual occupation.

From Fraser's Magazine.

I HAE NAEBODDY NOW.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

I HAE naeboddy now—I hae naeboddy now
To meet me upon the green,
Wi' light locks waving o'er her brow,
An' joy in her deep-blue een;
Wi' the soft sweet kiss an' the happy smile,
An' the dance o' the lightsome fay,
An' the wee bit tale o' news the while
That had happened when I was away.

I hae naeboddy now—I hae naeboddy now
To clasp to my bosom at even;
O'er her calm sleep to breathe the vow,
An' pray for a blessing from heaven;
An' the wild embrace an' the gleesome face,
In the morning that met mine eye:
Where are they now? Where are they now?
In the cauld, cauld grave they lie.

There's naeboddy kens—there's naeboddy kens,
An' O may they never prove
That sharpest degree of agony
For the child of their earthly love!
To see a flower in its vernal hour
By slow degrees decay;
Then softly aneath in the arms o' death
Breathe its sweet soul away.

O dinna break thy poor auld heart,
Nor at thy loss repine;
For the un-~~own~~ hand that threw the dart
Was sent from her Father and thine.
Yes, I maan mourn, an' I will mourn,
Even till my latest day;
For though my darling can never return,
I shall follow her soon away.

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE WIFE OF THE POLISH PATRIOT.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DEMON SHIP."

It was on the night of the memorable 14th September, 1812, that Amiee Ladoinski stood watching from her window the advancing troops of the great Emperor of the West, as they pushed their way through the silent and deserted streets of Moscow. The French were entering as victors; but it was not this circumstance—although Amiee was a native of France—which caused her bosom to throb high with expectation. Her husband had been a Polish settler at Moscow, but, on the first news of insurrection in his native land, had hastily, and in disguise, quitted the Russian capital, and repaired to what he deemed the scene of his country's political regeneration; and now, in the armed train of the conqueror, he was returning as a victor to the captured metropolis of his country's oppressor. To Amiee's inexperienced eye, it seemed as if those long files were interminable—as if Western Europe had poured her whole population into the drear and uninviting dominions of the Czars. It was almost nightfall ere the tread of arms in Amiee's dwelling, and the sound of a voice, commanding, in a stern tone of discipline, the orderly conduct of his military followers, announced the arrival of Captain Ladoinski. After the first emotions of meeting were over, and while the patriot still fondly eyed his wife, and boy, the young Frenchwoman began to scan with anxious affection the tall form, and manly features of her husband. "The helmet has worn the hair from my brow," said the Pole, unconsciously answering her looks, "and that gives a lengthened and sharp appearance to the features."—"Have I said that I mark a change in years?" asked his wife, keeping on him the same un-

* It is proper that the reader should be informed that this sketch is not a fictitious narrative of adventures, but that it is derived from a personal knowledge of the lady whose escape it records. Nor has the writer found it necessary to have the slightest recourse to caricature, in the description of the remarkable interview with two distinguished persons at Smolensk.

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'These, however, were the happy moments, which are few and far between; for every poet will bear us witness, from his own experience, that the human intellect is seldom indulged with those brilliant inspirations, which gleam over the turbid stream of existence, as the meteor flashes through the gloom of the night. When the fit was off, Pete was as listless a soul as one would see of a summer's day—strolling about with a grave aspect, a drawling speech, and a deliberate gait, a stoop of the shoulders, and a kind of general relaxation of the whole inward and outward man—in a state of entire freedom from restraint, reflection and want, and without any impulse strong enough to call forth his manhood—as the panther, with whom he so often compared himself, when his appetite for food is sated, sleeps calmly in his lair, or wanders harmlessly through his native thickets.

'It will be readily perceived, that our hunter was not one who could be turned from his purpose by the prospect of danger or fatigue; and a few minutes sufficed to complete his preparations. His feet were cased in moccasins and wrappers of buck-skin: and he was soon accoutred with his quaintly-carved powder-horn, pouch, flints, patches, balls, and long knife;—and throwing "Brown Bess"—for so he called his rifle—over his shoulder, he sallied forth."—vol. ii. p. 4.

Such is the nature of the entertainment and instruction to be obtained from these volumes: it is vain to expect that the English reader, amidst the voluminous issues of the London Press, can have much leisure or opportunity to seek among the American importations for objects of literary gratification; we therefore heartily applaud the idea of thus selecting from time to time the more happy efforts of Transatlantic genius—and congratulate the compiler upon the successful exercise of her discriminative powers. When next we consider one of her undertakings, it will perhaps lie in a higher but not more useful walk of intellectual occupation.

From Fraser's Magazine.

I HAE NAEBOODY NOW.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

I HAE naebody now—I hae naebody now
To meet me upon the green,
Wi' light locks waving o'er her brow,
An' joy in her deep-blue een;
Wi' the soft sweet kiss an' the happy smile,
An' the dance o' the lightsome fay,
An' the wee bit tale o' news the while
That had happened when I was away.

I hae naebody now—I hae naebody now
To clasp to my bosom at even;
O'er her calm sleep to breathe the vow,
An' pray for a blessing from heaven;
An' the wild embrace an' the gleesome face,
In the morning that met mine eye:
Where are they now? Where are they now?
In the cauld, cauld grave they lie.

There's naebody kens—there's naebody kens,
An' O may they never prove
That sharpest degree of agony
For the child of their earthly love!
To see a flower in its vernal hour
By slow degrees decay;
Then softly aneath in the arms o' death
Breathe its sweet soul away.

O dinna break thy poor auld heart,
Nor at thy loss repine;
For the unseen hand that threw the dart
Was sent from her Father and thine.
Yes, I mairn mourn, an' I will mourn,
Even till my latest day;
For though my darling can never return,
I shall follow her soon away.

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE WIFE OF THE POLISH PATRIOT.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DEMON SHIP."

It was on the night of the memorable 14th September, 1812, that Amiee Ladoinski stood watching from her window the advancing troops of the great Emperor of the West, as they pushed their way through the silent and deserted streets of Moscow. The French were entering as victors; but it was not this circumstance—although Amiee was a native of France—which caused her bosom to throb high with expectation. Her husband had been a Polish settler at Moscow, but, on the first news of insurrection in his native land, had hastily, and in disguise, quitted the Russian capital, and repaired to what he deemed the scene of his country's political regeneration; and now, in the armed train of the conqueror, he was returning as a victor to the captured metropolis of his country's oppressor. To Amiee's inexperienced eye, it seemed as if those long files were interminable—as if Western Europe had poured her whole population into the drear and uninviting dominions of the Czars. It was almost nightfall ere the tread of arms in Amiee's dwelling, and the sound of a voice, commanding, in a stern tone of discipline, the orderly conduct of his military followers, announced the arrival of Captain Ladoinski. After the first emotions of meeting were over, and while the patriot still fondly eyed his wife, and boy, the young Frenchwoman began to scan with anxious affection the tall form, and manly features of her husband. "The helmet has worn the hair from my brow," said the sole, unconsciously answering her looks, "and that gives a lengthened and sharp appearance to the features."—"Have I said that I mark a change in years?" asked his wife, keeping on him the same un-

* It is proper that the reader should be informed that this sketch is not a fictitious narrative of adventures, but that it is derived from a personal knowledge of the lady whose escape it records. Nor has the writer found it necessary to have the slightest recourse to caricature, in the description of the remarkable interview with two distinguished persons at Smolensk.

easy regard;—"but wherefore is this arm bound?"—"And thou askest a Polish soldier wherefore he wears a bandage!" said the husband, endeavouring to laugh; "ask him why he carries a lance or musket.—But you shall look to this awful wound, which casts such a cloud on that fair brow; and let my boy be present, that he may see betimes how lightly a patriot holds a patriot's wound; and that he may learn, like a soldier's son to look boldly and unblanchingly on blood that is spilled in the cause of justice." The husband half-jested; but bandage, and lint, and linen were instantly in the wife's hand. "Now I grow dainty, and know not how to resist this temptation," said the soldier, as turning his back to Aimee he unrolled a binding of parchment, and removed a dressing of moss from his arm. They could not escape the vigilant observation of Aimee. "And these," she said, shuddering, "are all the alleviations which your wretched hospital provision affords to suffering bravery!"—"And enough, too," answered Roman Ladoinski: "soldiers are not the soft ware to fear a little rubbing in this world's wild warfare." He added, with an involuntary look of seriousness, if not gloom, "Would to Heaven that I had been the only, or even the worst sufferer, through that Scythian desert of Scythian monsters which we have traversed!—would to heaven that the Russian sword had anticipated the weary work of famine which her hungry lands have beheld in our miserable hosts!"

Night fell, and the boy sunk to sleep in his father's arms; while the soldier, as he sat by the expiring embers of the fire, conversing with his wife, sank his voice to a half-whisper, in order not to disturb the childish slumbers of his little son. The under-tone in which they spoke, the quiet of the chamber, and even the partial obscurity in which it was enveloped, seemed to impart repose to the spirit of the soldier, and confidence to that of his wife.

Suddenly, the ceiling of the apartment glowed with a momentary and ruddy light. Aimee started. The light died away, and she resumed her gentle-toned discourse. Again that fierce and lurid glow shone into the chamber, broader and redder than before, and so as to shew in ruddy and minute brightness every article of furniture in the apartment, and the features of its wondering occupants. It shone on the roused and determined visage of the soldier, shed a ruddy hue on the ashy countenance of his wife, and played, like an infernal light around the cheek of a cherub, on that innocent, slumbering boy. Even the lance of the Pole, which stood in an angle of the apartment, glanced brightly in the sudden blaze. "Well said—well said!" exclaimed Ladoinski, dauntlessly, and even gaily, addressing his characteristic weapon—"thou hast not shone out thy appeal in vain; thy hint is kindly given." He was speedily armed, and preparing to sally forth, when an order

from the French sovereign, commanding the troops in that direction to keep their quarters, relieved the fears of Aimee.

It is not necessary to inflict upon the reader a lengthened description of a scene so well known, and so often described, as the famous conflagration of Moscow. The blazing streets and palaces of the proud Russian capital are only here glanced at, as an introduction to the character of the humble Aimee Ladoinski.

With no reckless or unwondering eye, it may easily be imagined, did she stand gazing (on the fearful night of the 15th) over that awful city, which wildly blazed, like one unbroken sheet of fire, only varied by the inequalities of the buildings which fed its flames. "Alas!" said Aimee, "alas! for the mad ambition of man, that can drag thousands of his fellow-beings over weary Scythian wastes—like those you have traversed—to behold, as their reward, the destruction of this fair city. Oh! turn, my beloved Roman—turn, ere too late, from following the car of this heartless victor. Sheath the sword, which may serve indeed for the despot's aggrandizement, but can hardly accomplish the liberty of your country."—"Oh, believe me, Aimee," answered the soldier, "it is no light cause that has roused your husband to arms; no senseless admiration of the dazzling qualities of yon brilliant man; no boyish transport at wielding a lance; no egotistical ambition, cowering beneath the cloak of patriotism. The height of my personal ambition is to behold the day when I need not blush, and hang my head, to call myself a Pole. Scarce have I been roused by the same rapturous and chivalrous spirit now abroad among my countrymen. No—mine is no awakening; I have never slumbered, during my country's degradation. I have sleeplessly watched for the moment of our emancipation. And what if Heaven favour this western emperor—this delegate of God's vengeance on Europe—the instrument of its accomplishment!" Roman spoke in the ardent and figurative language of his country; but Aimee's judgment remained unshaken. "And, wherefore," she said, "should Poland find such solitary grace in the eyes of Europe's conquerors? Shall all the nations lie prostrate at his feet, and Poland alone be permitted to stand by his side as an equal? Be wise, my dear Ladoinski. You confess that the conqueror lent but a lifeless ear to the war-cry of your country. Be timely wise—open your eyes, and see that this cold-hearted victor—wrapped in his own dark and selfish aims—uses the sword of the patriot Pole only, like that of the prostrate Prussian, to hew the way to his own throne of universal dominion."—"Thou art the daughter of a French Bourbonite, Aimee," said her husband, smiling, "and canst not away with this lawless successor to the throne of thine ancient line of sovereigns. Now I, as a Pole, hold not a monarch's elected right so cheaply."—"But Austria, Prussia, Italy, Switzerland, Spain, did not

surely elect him their sovereign," answered Aimee, warmly; "nor shall the freedom of Poland arise from the ashes of a whole continent's liberty. Believe it, this proud man did not enslave all Europe to become the liberator of Poland. Ah! trust me, that is but poor freedom which consists only in a choice of masters. O Ladoinski, Ladoinski! give up this mad emprise; return to the bosom of your family; and when your compatriots arise to assert their rights at the call of their country, and not at the heartless beck of a stranger despot, Aimee herself will buckle the helmet on your brow."—"Thou art a noble-minded woman, my Aimee," said Roman, "and perhaps my patriotism shewed strongest when it drove me even from thy side at the call of my country; but he that has once drawn the sword for her, even though it were in an evil hour, may not lightly sheath it.—But mark, mark, how yon sea of fire rises and roars, covering, as to us it now seems, the face of earth, and mingling with the clouds of heaven!"—"Merciful God!" ejaculated Aimee, "can even the judgment of the great and terrible day shew more fearful than this portentous night? Hark! the crackling and thundering come nearer and nearer, and the light waxes brighter and yet more bright. The whole atmosphere seems alive with lurid sparks and burning brands. See, see! they begin to fall, thick, as snow-flakes, on our quarter!"—"The fire has assuredly reached us," said the Pole, calmly; "your safety, my Aimee, must be thought of. For me, I leave not the post assigned me without military orders."—"Then I remain with you," said Aimee, in a steady and immovable voice.—"And the child," said the Pole, looking on his son—"shall I send him away, in this night of confusion, without a mother's protection?"—"Alas!" exclaimed the young mother, "he must not remain to perish—he must not go forth without a parent's guidance. God direct me!" She looked alternately at her husband and her boy, who was clinging to her garments, and screaming with childish terror—then said, in a tone from which there seemed no appeal, "We all remain!" Aimee's determination was happily only destined to prove to the Pole the strength of her conjugal devotion; for ere he could exercise a husband's authority over his gentle and delicate, but high-souled wife, an order for the evacuation of the city arrived from head-quarters.

With difficulty the party reached the suburbs through streets of flame, showers of burning brands, and an atmosphere which almost threatened suffocation. Ere they reached their destination, the Pole cast a farewell glance on the ruined and blazing capital. Ha! proud Moscow," he said, "the hand of Heaven's vengeance hath slumbered long, but hath, at length, found thee. Go to—thou art visited for thy sins. Remember captured Warsaw; let her pillaged churches and

slaughtered citizens come before thee. They who shall pass the heap of ashes that was Moscow, shall say, 'Here once stood the proud capital of the conquerors of Poland!'—"Oh, imprecate not Heaven's vengeance!" said Aimee, anxiously.—"I deal not out God's vengeance; I mark his hand, and am wise: and for the fire that is devouring the capital of my country's foe—O Aimee, Aimee! I see in it not the ruin of Russia, but of her invader; I mark in it the dark preface to a page written, within and without, with lamentation, and mourning, and bitter woe. Yon fires that heat this atmosphere to suffocation are but the prelude to a knell, which will be tolled by a fiercer element over the bodies of the brave that shall fall, not by the sword of the enemy, but by the piercing wintry blasts of this drear country."

* * * * *

In the fearful month of November, 1812, the gentle and delicate Aimee found herself seated in a baggage-wagon, amidst stores, and spoil, and wounded men, carelessly huddled together, while the latter craved in vain either for death or professional assistance. It is well known that most of the French residents in Moscow, either from dread of the indiscriminating vengeance of the Russians, or from divers motives, accompanied the French army in its disastrous retreat on Poland. Among these was Aimee Ladoinski, who, in the situation we have described, supported on her knees the head of her wounded and half-senseless husband, while she still pressed to her bosom the child, whose feeble cry of cold and hunger often died away into a sleep, from which even his mother was sometimes fain to arouse him, lest the merciless rigour of the night should produce the frozen slumber. Ladoinski had received a sabre cut in heading a brave skirmish on the preceding day. Sometimes she hoped it might be trivial—often she feared it would prove mortal; but still she busied herself in changing her husband's posture, in chafing his limbs, in listening to his intermittent respiration. The road they were travelling was encumbered by stragglers, unable to keep up with the main body, by abandoned artillery, and by baggage-wagons, whose horses were fast falling under cold, fatigue, and want of forage. Smolensko, whither they were destined, was, however, the watch-word which still kept alive the courage and hopes of the exhausted troops. At length the vehicle which contained the Pole and his family suddenly stopped. Aimee heard others still crawling on their miserable journey, but theirs moved not. A strange misgiving almost crushed for a moment the heart of Aimee. She listened, and at length all seemed silence around them. It is a well-known fact, that many of the wretched sufferers, whose wounded bodies were placed in the wains, laden with military stores, or the spoils of Moscow, met an untimely fate from the hands of the sordid drivers. These fiends,

loitering behind in unfrequented places, relieved themselves, by murder, of the ware of the helpless beings who only retarded their progress, and increased the weight of their wagons. Perhaps some faint report of those practices half recurred to the mind of Aimee as the silence deepened around her. She listened yet more attentively. "Not yet," said a voice; "perhaps there be others behind us." What the responsive voice uttered Aimee could not distinctly hear; but the concluding words were—"a kinder act to finish them than to leave them to the tender mercies of such a night, or the pike of the Cossack." Aimee's blood ran cold; she pressed her husband and child closer to her and then softly looked out from the solitary wain to see if any aid yet remained in view. The moon shining sickly through a northern haze, shewed one drear sheet of snow, broken into inequalities only by the fallen bodies of men and horses, which the descending flakes were fast covering. Nothing was to be seen but here and there (at a distance that forbade the reach of a voice) a dark spot or two which might indicate a crawling wain, or body of re-collecting stragglers; and nothing was to be heard save, from time to time, a faint and far-off yell of some descending cloud of Cossacks falling on the hapless, lagging remains of a French corps. The pitiless northern blast drove blinding storms of sleet and snow into the covered vehicle as Aimee looked forth. But her feelings of horror gradually sobered down. Aimee was surprised—at first almost startled—to find how little they affected her. She tried to rouse herself—to think of some appeal by which she might move the steeled bosom of the wain drivers; but a languid dislike to exertion stole over her. Her attention to her beloved Roman changed to a feeling of indifference; her hold on her boy loosened, and the devoted Aimee began to lapse into that cold and benumbing slumber which, in those frigid regions, so often precedes the deep and final repose of the sleeper.

Such might have proved the dreamless slumber of Aimee Ladoinski, but she was roused by the violent forcing of some cordial down her throat. Aimee once more opened her eyes. She was still seated in the wain; but the rising sun was reddening with his slanting and wintry beams the drear and unbroken sheets of snow which stretched behind her, while its rays tinged with a cold and sickly crimson the minarets and half-ruined buildings of a partially-dismantled city which lay before her. This city was Smolensk, a depot of the French army, and the longed-for object of its miserable and half-starved stragglers.

In a detachment which was sent out to reconnoitre the coming crowd of phantoms, were several individuals who, with or without authority, visited the baggage-wagons of their newly-arrived compatriots—"Why, here is a woman!" exclaimed a young French cornet, who, with a companion or two, had entered

the wain where Aimee was sitting stiff, erect, and senseless. "Here is a young woman; and, by Heavens, a fair and delicate one. How came such commodity, I wonder, in this military wain; and a little boy—and alive too! How could so tender a thing weather out the last fearful night? But, soft—she breathes. 'Gad, I am Frenchman enough not to leave such pretty stuff to perish for want of a taste of my pocket-pistol.'" He tried to pour some brandy from a small bottle down her throat. "Gad, her white teeth are set as close as a French column. I am sorry to use force, Madam, but you shall not die for want of a little muscular exertion on my part. So—there's nothing like Cognac—she's coming to, I perceive."

Aimee and her boy were lifted from the wain, and quickly moved forward through the noisy and increasing throng. "Why, this is the wife of Captain Ladoinski," said one of his companions; "I have seen her in better times and fitter company. I know her by her delicate features and complexion. She is certainly the wife of Roman Ladoinski."—"Say rather his widow," observed a passing straggler; "for I saw Captain Ladoinski thrown into the cart with her yester-even, and neither he nor his companions are now to be found."—"Died of his wounds," said the first speaker, carelessly, "or was, perhaps, disposed of by the wain-drivers, who had still enough French blood left, unfrozen by this savage climate, not to lay their hands on a woman—and such a fair one too." The last words finished the work of resuscitation in the hapless wife. Arrived at the cornet's quarters—"My husband, my husband!" she exclaimed, looking wildly round, yet still grasping her boy, as if he were rendered ~~dearer~~ dear by the fear of other bereavement. "Ye look like Frenchmen, and should be tender and pitiful to a despairing woman!" The young officers protested their ignorance of her husband's fate, and declared that the wain-drivers had disappeared ere they commenced their search of the wagon, in which they had found no living creature save herself and the child. There was something in Aimee's appearance and manner, which, combined with the circumstance of her being the wife of an officer in the same service as themselves, imposed a sort of respect on the Frenchmen. They were, moreover, affected by her beauty, her singular situation, and deep distress; and in order to institute an inquiry as to the fate of Ladoinski, they succeeded in obtaining for their fair protegee an interview with two of the most potential personages who conducted the celebrated retreat from Moscow. Aimee had now spent two days of fear and anguish at Smolensk, and she received this news with grateful joy, not unmingled with surprise. It was, however, at this period of affairs generally seen, that the special protection of the Poles, in whose country France could now alone hope for friendly shelter, was a necessary and prime

act of policy on the part of the French commanders.

With a beating heart, and still holding her boy in her arms, the delicate and timid, but morally courageous Aimee, was conducted to a palace, the exterior of which was still black with resent conflagration, and its once strong towers evidently nodding to a speedy downfall. Not without ceremony Aimee was ushered into an apartment whose walls were partially consumed at one end, while at the other it was occupied by splendid, but disorderly and half-scorched furniture. In this apartment two general officers were standing, engaged, as it seemed, in the very undignified task of tearing, from time to time, some pieces of black bread from a single loaf which lay on a bare table, and beside which stood a flask of brandy, whose contents, as no cup or glass was visible, could only have been obtained by a direct application of the lips of the princely quaffers. One of these officers was considerably above the middle stature, and, at first sight, presented an exterior striking, and even noble; but on a minute inspection, perhaps his face appeared rather shewy than regularly handsome, and his mien and person more dashing than dignified. Both his figure and countenance had evidently experienced greater injury from recent fatigue and privation than their owner was either willing to think himself, or acknowledge to others. His dress was clearly still an object of attention, and was eminently calculated to shew off to the best advantage the handsome and martial form it enveloped. The second personage, though far from undersized, was somewhat below the stature of his companion, and possessed a countenance comely, prepossessing, and of a milder expression than that of his compeer in arms. He had not the decidedly military and shewy bearing of his brother mareschal—in whose countenance an air of audacity, and even effrontery, was mingled with the unquestionable bravery that characterized it; but in intellectuality of expression, and in a certain firmness, which seemed to result rather from greater depth of character than from any physical advantage, he was evidently the superior of his companion. To the air of one accustomed to martial authority was added a certain courteous suavity of manner, which indicated the gentleman as well as the soldier.

Aimee's conductor left her near the door of the apartment, and, approaching the personages just described, with uncovered head, announced her arrival. The taller officer magnificently motioned her to come forward, while the other made a courteous, but abortive, attempt to push towards her the crumbling, yet still heavy remains of a damask-covered chair. With mournful, but graceful self-possession, Aimee respectfully declined the proffered courtesy. "A pretty personage, i'faith," observed the taller mareschal aloud to his companion. Then beginning to address Aimee

rapidly, and, as it seemed, in sentences which admitted of no periods—"I think, good Madame," he said, evidently forgetful of a story to which he had been a careless listener, "I think you are the widow of a Polish soldier, and come to beg at our hands the body of your late husband; we wish it lay in our power to serve you, but I own, my good Madame, I see not how that may be, unless our breath were strong enough to thaw the snow, that forms, I believe, an indifferently thick winding-sheet to all the fine fellows that have fallen between this town and Moscow; but courage, take heart, the frost will keep all whole and entire till next July—or whatever month a Russian summer may begin in—and by that time we shall be here again—at least" (rather sneeringly) "if we believe all that is said in a certain quarter—and then the country will be open, and you can pay what rights of sepulture you please to your brave fellow—always supposing that you are not better employed with another husband, which—judging from your personal merits—may prove the likelier occupation of the two—and outside," he added, stroking his vest rather complacently, "is, after all, the first thing we look to."—The bold mareschal had here no intention of wounding the widow's feelings, nor was he totally devoid of feeling himself; but he was naturally incapable of shewing any delicate or acceptable sympathy towards those of others. His companion interrupted him. "This lady," he said, with a benevolence slightly dashed by policy, "this lady is, we yet hope the wife, and not the widow of the valiant Captain Ladoinski, whom we all remember as the brave officer that has so often shone in the van of our battles. If she will tell us what she demands at our hands, we will, as far as our now somewhat narrowing power may permit, endeavour to serve her."

With trembling voice and limbs, but with the simple eloquence of truth and feeling, Aimee told her tale, and craved inquisition among the wain-drivers. The first mareschal, in whose handsome countenance was an incongruous mixture of fierceness, and even ferocity, with an odd kind of good-nature, listened, not without a degree of gallant attention, to her story and her petition. "Madam, we will look to this," he said, with some assumption of importance. You interest us, and we will do something for you.—Egad," he said, speaking aside, and winking, with not much dignity, to his companion, "a modest request this! Here are we cooped up for a poor half week's rest and refreshment within this tumble-down Scythian hole, having more on our hands to be done in a few days than could be accomplished in a month, and this poor soul thinks, forsooth, that we shall turn Smolensk upside-down to look after one dead Pole. Likely, i'faith! as if we died by units—as if a thousand or two a day was not a good come-off. Splash my uniform, though, if I am not inclin-

ed to serve the woman, so it be in a moderate and short way. What, ho! Danvers," he said, calling to an orderly dragoon who waited on him, "bustle me up an aide-de-camp or two, and bid them go instantly inquire among the recently arrived baggage-drivers, if they know ought of the body of one Cornet—Captain Dombrowski—Ladobrowski, of the Fifth Polish Lancers; and tell the cattle-driving, dronish knaves they shall answer with their frosty breath for the captain's safety." The other mareschal added some plainer and more precise directions. The dragoon's answer—which to the first speaker was, "*Your Majesty* shall be obeyed"—to the second, "*Your Excellency* shall be served," agitated the hopes and feelings of Aimee in a new and extraordinary degree. Forgetful for a moment of the descriptions of Napoleon's person, she exclaimed, addressing the taller mareschal, with irrepressible emotion, "Am I then in the presence of the Emperor of the French?"—"Good, on my word!" answered the officer laughing heartily. "Know, my good woman," he added, gaily, and rather vauntingly, "that when I stretch out this good arm of mine, (straight from my shoulder—thus,) the emperor of all the French, and the sovereign of half Europe, might pass under it without deranging his *coiffure*. No, (raising his eyebrows with rather an ironical shrug,) no—the diadem of Naples encircles my brow—a somewhat warmer throne mine than that of the Czars; and if you visited my capital, it is probable I might be able to shew you a palace indifferently better fitted up than the one I have the infinite honour to occupy at present, and, without gross exaggeration, perhaps I might add, situated in a somewhat more genial clime." He cast, as he spoke, a half gay, half bitter glance towards the driving snow-storm without, as if rendered more chilly by the remembrance of the bright sun that was, at that very moment, shining over his fair dominions of the south. Aimee made a suitable reverence to the brave, handsome, and unkingly sovereign of Naples, and then cast an involuntary glance of fear and doubt towards his companion. The latter smiled, somewhat amused, and, with a good-natured shake of the head, said—"No; I am no emperor."—"But, perhaps," observed Murat, in the same reckless tone, "he might claim some such title for a step-father, and what" (somewhat sneeringly) "if, to boot, he had an archduchess, in some sort, for his step-mother! Perhaps, too, he may have presided over a region a shade or two more inviting than the glowing landscape which we behold from the walls of fair Smolensk. Eh, vice-regal kinsman?"—"Your majesty would, perhaps, do well to be more guarded in your expressions," replied Eugene Beauharnois, to whom the fiery Murat's growing disaffection to the Russian enterprize was no secret. "And now, Madame," he added, courteously, "is there aught else in which we can serve you? By the trueness of your accent, I be-

lieve we may claim you as a compatriot?"—"I am, indeed, the daughter of the Count de Limoisin, who"—Aimee was meekly beginning, but the uncourtly Joachim interrupted—"O, in sooth, a royalist emigre! I warrant me well, now, thou art no lover of thy husband's military master. Nay, tremble not—we are not perhaps at this moment in such a topping humour of affection towards a certain quarter, as that we would withdraw our protection from, or denounce, every one who dared venture to see a mad head in a mad act. Besides, you have been educated in the old school. All with you are usurpers that cannot count a whole muster-roll of ancestors as far back as *Socrates, king of Egypt*? Eh?"—"I have heard," said Aimee, in a conciliatory tone, but rather puzzled—"I have heard that the Emperor of France hath gentle blood in his veins." The regal son of a pastrycook coloured high, and the viceroys smiled in spite of himself.

Aimee saw that something was wrong, and was preparing to prefer one more petition and depart, when an aide-de-camp of the Neapolitan Sovereign made his appearance. "So please your Majesty," he said, I received your gracious orders, and only failed to execute them because—"Oh, sirrah, you found it convenient to disobey orders—perhaps then I shall find it convenient to send a brace of bullets through your breast to inquire your gracious reasons." The officer, apparently accustomed to such ebullitions, seemed to wait with an air equally removed from fear or boldness, to see whether this dignified burst were ended, and then continued in the same tone as if the last sentence had not been dismembered from his first address—"because your majesty's orders reached me not until my brother officers had examined such wain-drivers as they could fall in with, who protest that Captain Ladoinski died of cold and of his wounds on the night of the 7th, and was, consequently, ejected from the baggage-wagon. This they are ready to swear before your highness."—"Let them keep their swearing to warm their own frosty breath," said King Joachim—"You see how it is, Madam—splash my uniform, if I would not have these wain-driving knaves complimented with a retributive shot or two, on mere suspicion, and out of respect to you, but you see there is no coming at the truth; and as our captain is surely gone, and the frost will probably take all vengeance into its own hands, I discern not (I say it with regret) aught else in which we can serve you."

"Then God's will be done," said Aimee, sinking pale and powerless on the chair that had been proffered her. The benevolent Viceroy of Italy supported her, and cast a wistful glance or two towards the potent spirit on the table, as if nought but the absence of any intermediate mode of conveyance between the flask and the lips prevented his humanely

tendering a cordial to the half-fainting wife. She recovered herself, however, almost immediately, and quickly rising, said, with great self-command, "I thank your Highness—your Majesty—" (she involuntarily paid the first homage to Eugene)—"for the humanity which has turned your eye, for an instant, on a grieved and powerless woman. I feel at this moment all the courage of one who has little left to fear of evil in this world. For me, it now holds nothing—nothing that belongs to me, save this frail creature." She drew the child towards her, and the feelings she had hitherto controlled began to force their natural vent. Tear after tear fell on the wan cheek of that fading child. She held him towards the princes, as if his helpless infancy might better plead for him than the words for which she found no utterance. Both potentates were as much affected as we can possibly conceive those to be whose feelings must necessarily become blunted by the frequent sight of human woe. "And now," said the lovely woman, "I would only be bold to crave a safe conduct for this helpless being, and the solitary parent God hath left him, through a country, which, to a Frenchwoman, and the widow of a Polish rebel, would afford nothing but a grave. Ladoinski fought under the banners of France—his boy claims French protection. Ladoinski took up the sword of the patriot under the smile of your emperor—shall his son, generous princes, ask in vain a passage to the country in defence of whose rights his father found an untimely grave?"—"No, by Heavens!" said Murat, answering rather his own feelings than any plan he had conceived for the unfortunate widow's safety. "The King of Naples," observed Eugene, kindly explaining, "heads our cavalry, and, therefore, must be in the van of our army. The emperor's division leaves Smolensk on the 13th, mine will follow on the 14th; I offer you such protection as the commander of soldiers drooping with fatigue, shivering with cold, and harassed by a sleepless enemy, may tender. The divisions of Davoust and Ney will leave Smolensk yet later. You will thus gain a few days' farther shelter, but will be more exposed in the march that follows.—The rear of a retreating army holds out small guarantee for female safety. You have your choice." The helpless young mother instantly closed with the prince's offer; and unaccustomed to the world, or to camps, excited a smile in both potentates, by seeming to suppose that she was to prosecute her journey in the immediate company of the viceroy.—"Good, on my word," said the unkingly sovereign of Naples, laughing aloud. "Tete-a-tete, I suppose, all the way to Wilna—give you joy, Viceroy. Not a bad thing, by St. Denis—though, now I bethink me, *San Gennaro* were the more fitting saint in my mouth—forget all my Neapolitan good habits among these Scythian snows." The viceroy, without

paying much attention to the mirth of his regal companion, delivered, in Murat's presence, orders to his followers for the conveyance of his delicate young protegee in one of the military baggage-wagons, and authoritatively gave out, that he would hold both soldier and driver responsible for her safety and fair treatment. There are other female refugees from Moscow in Smolensk," he added; "let two or three of those hapless women find a place in the same vehicle as this lady; and if they reach Poland in safety, I will give five hundred francs with my own hand to each driver. Look to it." The grateful mother clasped her hands, and solemnly invoked a blessing on the generous prince. "God return, your Highness' kindness tenfold into your bosom," she ejaculated. "Amid public trouble and personal danger you have not closed your heart to the cry of the fatherless. May the Sovereign of earthly princes bring you in safety through the dangers that throng your path—may your dying bed be far from the field of blood, surrounded by faces of love, and smoothed by domestic tenderness—and when the son you best love clasps his father's knees, and looks up in his face for a blessing, let the boy whom you have saved return pleasantly on your memory." Eugene took the boy, and stooped over him for a moment, perhaps to hide the feelings which the unaffected warmth of this half-prophetic address excited. "Alas! good madam," he said, not without emotion, "I were worse than cruel to excite a confidence in your bosom which my want of power (for my will I dare boldly answer) may render groundless. I have said that I can only tender you the protecting swords of enfeebled arms, the shield of a tottering general, the precarious shelter of heavy vehicles, that may be abandoned in the persecuted and tantalized retreat we are entering on. To the God you have so feelingly invoked on my behalf, and to the waning power of an unfortunate general, you must trust yourself. Farewell." He courteously walked with her to the door of the apartment as he spoke.

"We must at all cost keep the Poles in good humour," he said, speaking half apologetically to his regal companion, and perhaps not unwilling to give an air of policy to an action which mainly resulted from feelings of humanity and benevolence. Alas! for human nature, which is only fairly drawn when either predominant selfishness, or alloyed benevolence forms the picture. "And now," added the viceroy, "adieu to your Majesty. I go to see the rations given out to my soldiers. This is no time to play the prince—scarcely the general—Eugene, at this moment, is only a soldier."—"Half starved like all his comrades," replied the fiery king. "Now by my good sword and uniform, (and I have none oath more solemn,) I swear, that were I in the place of these gallant Frenchmen, dragged—all flushed

with victory—to lose laurel after laurel amid these white wastes, I would take off my cockade, thus, and trample on it. He trampled indignantly as he spoke. “*Joachim Murat*,” said the viceroy, firmly, and, with an air of superiority, “there be fitter ears than mine for these ebullitions.” As he was quitting the apartment, the good-humoured and unregal monarch, half gaily, half bitterly, called after him—“Nay, viceregal kinsman, dine *en palace* with me to-day on regal viands—a fillet of horseflesh, a-la-Moscow, seasoned with gunpowder, and fricassee cats, are not fare to be run away from.”

It would be tedious to give a detailed account of the sufferings and privations of Aimee through the perilous journey she had undertaken. The Grand French Army—or rather its miserable and ghastly phantom—was now traversing snow-clogged and dismal forests, in order to attempt the famous, but fatal passage of the Beresina. The imperial order for the destruction of half the baggage-wagons, and the large demand for draught horses and oxen, destined to the higher task of bringing forward artillery, were so many obstructions to the progress of our young widow. But Eugene’s protection still secured her a vehicle; and the knowledge that they were fast nearing the frontiers of Poland, where she hoped to find friends, and a home for her boy, shed a sickly gleam of hope into a heart where earthly desires and expectations had one by one set in a night of the thickest dejection, yet the meekest resignation. Aimee sat erect in her heavy vehicle, listening to the shouts which hailed the arrival of the unexpected reinforcement of the army of Mareschal Victor. She administered a slight refreshment of black bread to her boy, whose sharp and lengthening features had lost the cherub roundness that formerly excited a mother’s pride. The child began to take his untempting food with the eagerness of hunger, which for several weeks had rarely received complete gratification, but, pausing for a moment, he looked his mother wistfully in the face, and laying his little emaciated hand on her wan cheek, said, fondly, “How is it that you are never hungry? I never see you eat. Surely God did not send *all* the food to me. Try to be hungry, and eat this morsel. See, it is as thick as your hand, and so good, that I am obliged to turn away my face lest I should eat it myself.” The mother’s tears, which had hitherto been a dried fountain, began to flow like a released stream, at this childish proof of affection and self-denial. While they were thus engaged, the grand army continued to file in spectral procession along the ranks of the newly-arrived battalions of Mareschal Victor. As they passed, a voice said, in *Polish*, “Forward, lancers!” Aimee started—she looked from the wain—then reseating herself, murmured, “What a delusion!” But the sight of the child—his food dropped, his head thrown back, and his finger on his lips, in the attitude

of a listener—was even more strangely starting to Aimee. She addressed the child, but he motioned silence, and with an ear still bent towards the passing troops, softly ejaculated, “*Father!*” The columns quickly marched on. The boy, with childish forgetfulness, resumed his food; and Aimee, after vainly essaying to question the drivers, or the passers, could only say, “Never did accents of the living sound so like the voice which is stilled in yon grave of snow-wreaths.” She paused for a moment; then, evidently answering her own thoughts, said again, “No—no—it is impossible. By what miracle could he have reached the army of Victor? The fortunate mareschal had left Smolenak ere our straggling, wretched hosts entered it.”

The French reached Studzianka, on the left bank of the Beresina. Aimee felt that the turning-point which must decide the fate of herself and her boy, was arrived. On the effecting of that passage depended all her hopes of freedom—of life; but still the thoughts of that voice haunted her mind. Unable to obtain any information from those wholly uninterested in her queries, she prepared her usual couch in the comfortless wain. All that night she could hear the noise of the workmen engaged in the fabrication of those bridges over which the troops were to effect their dangerous passage on the succeeding days. Aimee’s dreams were naturally of terror and blood; and, as a shout of triumph at length aroused her senses, her arms were instinctively twined round her child. She eagerly looked forth from their vehicle. The sun had scarcely risen; but by the faint rays of a dawn, whose twilight was rendered stronger by drear sheets of snow which covered the ground, she could descry the dreaded forces of the enemy in full retreat from the opposite bank of the river. Aimee fell on her knees; she poured out her heart in thankfulness; and taking the little wan hands of that wasted child, clasped them between her own, and held them together towards heaven with a speechless fervency of gratitude, which awed the boy into innocent and wondering silence. She continued to gaze on the hosts of cavalry who were crowding towards the Beresina, and, without waiting for the completion of the bridges, were swimming their horses across the river, in order to obtain such a footing on the opposite bank as should enable them to protect the passage of their comrades. At length the bridges were completed; and ceaseless files of soldiers continued to pass over them. Aimee watched them with a beating heart, hoping that the safe transfer of each column rendered so much nearer the time of her own passage. About noon, a shout proclaimed that the Emperor and his guard had gained the right bank of the Beresina. At this moment, the vanguard of the diminished army of Prince Eugene pressed towards the river; but ere their generous chief prepared for his own passage, he appear-

ed for a moment at Aimee's vehicle. Even in the hurry of that crisis, his brief word of inquiry after her welfare was addressed with his usual easy yet respectful courtesy; but there was less of the proud, military gloom of a defeated Frenchman, and more of hope and animation on his countenance, than Aimee had ever before marked in it. "A few hours of farther privation, Madam—a little more patience," he said, in a tone of manly encouragement—"and your troubles will, I hope, be ended. Yonder is the country of your brave husband's friends. Our adversaries have left the way to it clear. Ere sunset, I trust, you may find a situation better fitting your sex and rank. At present, farewell!—And do you, as French drivers, look to your conduct, and count on your promised reward."

The unexpected and impolitic retreat of the Russians, and the hitherto successful passage of the troops, now caused many a heart, which, on the preceding night had sunk in despondency, to beat with the renewed animation of hope. But these hopes became trembling and confused, when news arrived that the Russians, aware of their error in abandoning the advantageous point of the Beresina they had so recently occupied, were advancing in full force on both sides of the river. Terror now overpowered every consideration, either of cupidity or humanity, in the bosoms of Aimee's protectors. Several drivers entered the wain, and forcibly dragged from it all those shivering beings who had so long found it a refuge. Aimee remonstrated, and spoke of Prince Eugene; but was told that he was with his imperial father on the other side of the river, and had other things to do than to look after those who only encumbered the march of the army. Aimee, who had so often, either directly or indirectly, experienced the benefits of the Viceroy's protection, now began to feel herself wholly abandoned. She saw that it was idle to expect that the princely general, called on as he was by the imperious duties of his military office, could do more than issue orders for her safety, which, in the increasing confusion of the moment, might be disobeyed with impunity. Brutally forced from the refuge Eugene had assigned her, Aimee joined that crowd of hapless and despairing stragglers, of every age and sex, who thronged behind the forces of Victor, and, afraid either to remain on the fatal left bank, or attempt the crushed passage of the bridges, wandered, in shivering and desponding uncertainty, along the borders of the river. At this moment there was a peculiar and ominous movement in the French rear-guard. The yells of the approaching enemy were distinctly heard. Then came the heavy fire of the charging columns, returned in rolling thunder by the French lines of defence. These lines, however, still formed a barrier between the fugitives and the advance-guard of the Russians; and it was not until the former began evidently to give away, that Aimee

deemed all lost. The Russian cannon became nearer, deeper, and more incessant. To Aimee it seemed as if she were herself in the midst of the combat. The balls which passed through the French host whistled by her, and the shrieks of falling wretches rang in her ears.

It was now that that fearful and fatal rush of passengers to the bridges took place.—Aimee saw crowds of fugitives, abandoned by every feeling save that of wild personal terror, throng on those treacherous passages. Then came the well-remembered tempest, which—after slowly collecting its elementary fury in the early part of the day—at length burst from the indignant heavens, and held, as it seemed, a wild conflict for superiority with the rage of the battle-storm beneath. Each moment, when the hurricane, in its wild career, swept away the smoke of the contending armies, Aimee could see the feeble victims which choked the bridges gasping beneath the feet of the stronger passengers, crushed among heavy wains and artillery, or—more fearful still—hurled into the waters by the half-cruel, half-madly despairing struggles of those whose physical strength enabled them to fling aside all obstacles to their own passage. With the resolution of one who held life forfeited, Aimee resolved to remain in her present awful situation, rather than venture amid that despairing throng. She laid the boy down to avoid the balls, which fell thicker and thicker among the dispersing crowd, and threw herself almost upon the child. At this moment, the same voice that had before made Aimee's heart leap within her bosom, again reached her ear:—"Stand, Lancers, stand! Let not yon wolf-dogs drive your horses, over these miserable fugitives." Aimee looked up. Another fierce sweep of the tempest dispersed, as if in haughty scorn, the dense volumes of smoke which hung, like a black cloud, on the charging columns. God of mercy! Aimee beheld either the phantom or the living form of her husband! He was endeavouring to rally a regiment of his compatriots; and called on them, in the voice of military eloquence and high courage, to stand by their colours. His helm was up—his face warm with exertion; his eye shone—keen, bright, and stern, as if no gentler thoughts than those of war had ever animated that bosom. The flush of military spirit and physical exertion had banished, for the moment, the traces of wounds, fatigue, and privation. That eye alone was changed, and its stern, warrior glance, almost inspired with fear the gentle and enduring being who now strove to make her voice heard through the din of the fight, and the wild uproar of the elements.—"O Ladoinski—my love—my husband!—turn—turn! It is I—it is Aimee—it is your wife who calls on you!" She called in vain. Roman turned not—gazed not. The spirit of the soldier seemed alone awake in the Pole. He looked, at that moment, as if no tender feeling—no thought of Aimee, occu-

pied his bosom. For one instant, it almost seemed to the wife as if her husband *would* not hear. He rallied his broken forces, and called out gallantly, "Lancers! forward. For God and Poland! Remember her who now lies with a Cossack's pike in her breast beneath the snow wreaths!"—and he disappeared in the re-thickening smoke.

Day now waned; and the troops of Victor, after, having nearly accomplished their unparalleled task of protecting the famous retreat across the Beresina, at length began to give ground. Aimee saw that she must now, at all hazards, attempt the perilous passage, or remain behind a prey to the lawless Russian victor. With trembling and uncertain step, she endeavoured to gain the largest bridge—but the banks of the river were here so crowded that she drew back in consternation; and, again throwing the child on the ground, watched beside it, rather with the instinct of maternal tenderness, than with any fixed hope of ultimately preserving its life. Suddenly, the largest bridge was seen to give a fearful swerve—then a portentous bend towards the waters. A noise of rending, which made the ground tremble, succeeded; and Aimee beheld the fatal bridge, and all its living, shrieking burden, descend with crashing violence into the icy waters of the Beresina, while a stifled cry of wailing arose from those living descendants to a watery tomb—so wild, despairing, and fearful, that, for a moment, Aimee deemed the hour of man's final retribution at hand.

Night closed on the slayer and the slain—on the victor and the vanquished; but the thunder of the Russian artillery ceased not its dismal roll; while the noise of the French troops, still pouring in restless files over the remaining bridge, shewed Aimee that the desperate passage was still continued. She began to fear that her senses were fast yielding to the horrors that surrounded her; and she now no longer prayed for preservation, but for death.

A streak or two of dawn at length began faintly to light up the snow-covered margin of the river. The Russian forces were now so near the bridge that, perhaps, but a short half-hour's remaining opportunity of passage might be afforded her. Aimee once more endeavoured to gain the bridge; the falling balls of the foe again arrested her progress. Still—aware that the hour of irrevocable decision was arrived—she pressed forward. And now, mingled with the diminished fugitives, her foot was half on the bridge; but a sudden cry of warning arose from the last column of French which had gained the opposite banks: "Back—back! Yield yourselves to the Russians! Back—back!" Perhaps aware of the fatal meaning of their compatriots, or easily subjected to every new terror, the wretched refugees, cut off from their last hope, fell back with mechanic simultaneousness on the enemy; while a sound of grounding arms—voices

imploping mercy—stifled moans of victims who found none—and the close yells of triumph, told Aimee that they were at length among the Cossacks. She gave a last, a despairing look, towards the bridge; it was crackling and blazing in the flames, by which the French had endeavoured to cut off the pursuit of their enemy. In the unutterable hurly-burly which followed, Aimee, still pressing the child to her bosom, endeavoured to extricate herself from the shrieking victims and the ruthless conqueror; and, rushing precipitately along the borders of the river, sought a vain refuge in flight. The Cossacks, instead of pressing on their enemy, dispersed in every direction, more anxious to obtain solid booty than empty honour. Aimee, scarcely knowing what she sought—what she hoped for—continued, with some other hapless fugitives, her panting and useless flight along the margin of the Beresina. They were naturally pursued by the Scythian victor. Aimee, with desperate resolution, tied the child to her, and made towards the waters. They were deep;—no matter. The stoutest might scarce hope to gain the opposite bank;—she recked not. Anything was better than becoming the prey of the victor—anything preferable to life and separation from her child. She had nearly gained the fatal stream. Two other lives would that morning have been added to its fearful host of victims; but, overpowered by her own exertions and the weight of her precious burden, Aimee sank to the earth. Her person was rudely seized. Words, which seemed more appallingly barbarous from their utterance in a foreign tongue, sounded in her ears. She shrieked with a wild agony of terror to which she had hitherto been comparatively a stranger.—Perhaps her cries reached the chief of a small body of French cavalry, which had been the last in quitting the dangerous post of protecting the retreat, and were now plunging their horses into the Beresina, apparently preferring the danger of a swimming passage to the alternative of surrender and captivity. "What, ho, comrades!" exclaimed the voice of their chief, as wheeling his charger, he forced it, with returning step, up the left bank of the river;—"what, ho! charge these scattered plunderers! To the rescue! They are women that cry to us;—our horses are strong enough to bear such light burdens.—Back, back, lawless bandits!—To the river, brave comrades—to the river!" Like one in a dream, Aimee heard the parting hoofs of the dispersed Cossack-chargers—found herself placed on a horse before that gallant captain—and discovered, by a heavy plunge in the water, that she was about to make that fearful passage of the Beresina from which she had all hight recoiled with horror. Aimee's cloak had half-fallen from her shoulders. Her own countenance, and the face of the boy who was bound to her bosom, were revealed to her brave deliverer. She was deprived of speech—of motion. Shots rattled around her like

hail-stones, and fell with ceaseless pattering into the waters; while, from time to time, a heavier plash announced the sinking of some hapless being, the victim either of the enemy's fire, or of his own steed's exhaustion. The noble but half-worn-down charger of Aimee's protector sometimes gallantly battled with the current; sometimes so nearly sank beneath his burden, that the waters broke over his saddle-bow, and almost enveloped the persons of the mother and her boy. But Aimee—powerless, motionless—scarcely alive save to one absorbing emotion—felt that that swimming steed supported with its failing strength the whole family of Ladoinski; she felt that she was pressed to the bosom of her husband, while the child of so much care and anxiety reclined against her own. A consciousness of more straining exertion on the part of the animal that bore her, at length convinced Aimee that he was pushing his way up the long-desired right bank of the Beresina! The sound of plashing died away; and she felt that they were quitting its fatal margin forever.

It was about seven years after this period, that the narrator, travelling in one of the smaller principalities of Germany, obtained an introduction to Eugene de Beauharnois, the son-in-law of the mighty Emperor of the West, and the former viceregal possessor of the fair provinces of northern Italy. The prince was then residing in a private situation, but honoured with the respect and consideration of all parties. At his residence I met the Pole, his devoted wife, and their precociously intelligent son. From their own lips I received the particulars here related. They were given with glowing gratitude of expression, in the presence of the ex-Viceroy himself, through whose farther intervention Ladoinski and Aimee reached the Prussian frontier in safety. I have deemed it an act of justice to the fallen potentate to relate a circumstance, so honourable to his character, with as little departure from the dryness of truth as possible. Perhaps it is a fact not unworthy of record, that the drivers with the wain which should have conveyed Aimee across the Beresina, perished in that fatal crash of the larger bridge which precipitated such numbers into an icy grave. The manner in which Roman, (left for dead on the road to Smolensk) was resuscitated by a party of compatriots, and the mode by which he contrived to join Victor's division, would of themselves make a much better romance than the narrative just related. It is a singular fact, however, that Ladoinski was in Smolensk before the arrival of Aimee, and only consented to leave it when informed that her murdered body, with the corpse of his little son, was stretched, cold and stiff, on the fatal high-road from Moscow.—Roman followed the standard of his wife's protector, when Eugene, in his viceregal dominions, made head against the Austrians, whom Ladoinski

regarded as the joint-enemies with Russia of Polish independence; and when Beauharnois' unsuccessful campaign drove that prince into obscurity, Roman retired with him to the same privacy, and, peacefully occupied in the bosom of his family, determined only to resume his lance when it could immediately, and with rational prospect of success, serve the cause of his country.

From the Monthly Review.

ADDRESS TO A PRIMROSE.

FLOWER! thou art not the same to me
That thou wert long ago;
The hue has faded from thy face,
Or from my heart the glow—
The glow of young romantic thoughts,
When all the world was new,
And many a blossom round my path
Its sweet, fresh fragrance threw;
Thou art not what I thought thee then,
Nor ever wilt thou be again.

It was a thing of wild delight,
To find thee on the bank,
Where all the day thy opening leaves
The golden sunlight drank—
To see thee in the sister group
That clustering grew together,
And seemed too delicate for aught
Save summer's brightest weather,
Or for the gaze of Leila's eyes—
Thou happiest primrose 'neath the skies!

I know not what it was that made
My heart to love thee so;
For though all gentle things to me
Were dear, long, long ago,
There was no bird upon the bough,
No wild-flower on the lea,
No twinkling star, no running brook,
I loved so much as thee;
I watch'd thy coming every spring,
And hail'd thee as a living thing.

And yet I look upon thee now
Without one joyful thrill;
The spirit of the past is dead,
My heart is calm and still:
A lovelier flower than e'er thou art
Has faded from my sight,
And the same chill that stole her bloom
Brought unto me a blight,
'Tis fitting thou should'st sadder seem,
Since Leila perish'd like a dream.

From the Cambrian Magazine.

THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES. Illustrated by Anecdotes. VOL. II.

WE have seen but few works, among modern publications, possessing so useful a tendency as this admirable volume. We have elsewhere had occasion to speak of its worth, when reviewing the first volume, nor does the appearance of the second incline us to alter our opinion of its merits. To the student, who is endeavouring to surmount the difficulties which more or less will embarrass the progress,

of all who are in pursuit of knowledge, this must be an invaluable work. Here are instances produced, under circumstances the most depressing, in occupations the most unpropitious, and over impediments the most formidable, in which genius has triumphed, and learning has progressed. The unconquerable perseverance which triumphs over the disappointments and discouragements that too often are the stumbling-blocks over which genius and talent fall, to rise no more, is displayed with a spirit of philosophic philanthropy that must make a deep impression on the ardent and anticipating, and hold out the most encouraging prospect to the dissatisfied and despairing disciple of learning. When enthusiasm is the most prominent feature in the human intellect, it sometimes rises superior to all the disadvantages thrown in its progress; but too often, from the effects of some cruel disappointment starting up in the full career of its success or anticipation, it sinks into the most unbearable of all human evils—aberration of mind, or degenerates into the most pitiable of all maladies—mental imbecility. A persevering energy will always triumph when there is sufficient genius to direct its progress, but that ardent enthusiasm which generally accompanies a powerful genius, will often sink under difficulties, which perseverance of a patient and enduring character would have enabled it to surmount. Let all those who are eager to possess the advantages of learning, and yet would acknowledge themselves incapable of enduring the disappointments that may await them; and let those possessing intellectual gifts, perhaps of a high order, be not cast down by the discouragements that bar their progress, but learn from the numerous instances produced in these volumes, that, to persevere, is invariably to prosper.

In "The Pursuit of Knowledge under difficulties," many extraordinary instances of self-improvement are produced, among which are some, who, from the splendour of their talents, or the sublimity of their genius, reflect a glory upon the country of their birth—our own "Wild Wallia." Yet how few are they in comparison with the almost innumerable self-taught geniuses, whose homes were among the mountains of Cambria, but whose fame seldom proceeded beyond the boundary of their native hills. Wales is peculiarly characterized by the advances in the paths of science and learning made by the humblest of her children. In some respects there is an assimilation between the peasantry of the Highland districts of Scotland and those of Wales; similar impulses, acting with a similar degree of power, and developing that moral principle which gives to the human breast a desire of intellectual advancement.

From the illustrious men connected in any degree with the honour and glory of Cambria, who have found a biographer in the author of this cleverly written volume, we shall select

the celebrated William Edwards, whose works are imperishable monuments of his abilities as an architect and engineer. He was born in the parish of Eglwysilan, Glamorganshire, in the year 1719. Self-taught in every thing, except the acquirements of reading and writing his native language, he became a most important acquisition to the country that gave him birth. Even at an early age he excelled in the humble object of repairing stone fences; his workmanship was marked by a degree of expertness and skill which no other labourer possessed; it attracted the attention of the farmers and gentleman in the neighbourhood, and the daily labour of young Edwards enabled him to increase the comforts of his widowed mother, and her family, of which he was the youngest. The knowledge which became afterwards of so much value to him, was founded upon observation and experiments. He advanced, step by step, gaining more confidence as he proceeded, and learning the mysteries of masonry and architecture by continual practice and constant use of the materials used in his profession. From building stone fences, he was not long before he erected a house; succeeding in that, he undertook to build a mill, and that gave him an insight into many of the secrets of his art. But it was not before his twenty-seventh year that he attempted any of those extraordinary efforts of architectural skill which marked him as an original genius of the highest order—an example for succeeding generations to profit by.

"Through his native parish," says the author, "in which he still continued to reside, flowed the river called the Jaff, which, following a southern course, flows at last into the estuary of the Severn. It was proposed to throw a bridge over this river in a particular spot, in the parish of Eglwysilan, where it crossed the line of an intended road; but, to this design, difficulties of a somewhat formidable nature presented themselves, owing both to the great breadth of the water, and the frequent swellings to which it was subject. Mountains covered with wood, rose to a considerable height from both its banks, which first attracted and detained every approaching cloud, and then sent down its collected discharge in torrents into the river. Edwards, however, undertook the task of constructing the proposed bridge, though it was the first work of the kind in which he ever had engaged; accordingly, in the year 1746, he set to work, and in due time completed a very light and elegant bridge, of three arches; which, notwithstanding it was the work of both an entirely self-taught, and an equally untravelling artist, was acknowledged to be superior to anything of the kind in Wales. So far his success had been as perfect as could have been desired, but his undertaking was far from being yet finished. He had both, through himself and his friends, given security that the work should stand for seven years, and, for the first two years and a half of this term, all went on well; there then occurred a flood of extraordinary magnitude; not only the torrents came down from the mountains, in their accu-

tomed channels, but they brought along with them trees of the largest size, which they had torn up by the roots, and these detached, as they floated along by the middle piers of the new bridge, formed a dam there; the waters accumulated behind, which at length burst from their confinement, and swept away the whole structure. This was no light misfortune in any way to poor Edwards, but he did not suffer himself to be disheartened by it, and immediately proceeded, as his contract bound him to do, to the erection of another bridge, in the room of the one that had been destroyed. He now determined, however, to adopt a very magnificent idea—to span the whole width of the river, namely, by a single arch, of the unexampled magnitude of 140 feet, from pier to pier. He finished the erection of this stupendous arch in 1751, and had only to add the parapets, when he was doomed once more to behold his bridge sink into the water, over which he had raised it; the extraordinary weight of the masonry having forced up the keystones, and of course at once deprived the arch of what sustained its equipoise. Heavy as was this second disappointment to the hopes of the young architect, it did not shake his courage any more than the former had done: the reconstruction of his bridge, for the third time, was immediately begun with unabated spirit and confidence. Still determined to adhere to his last plan, of a single arch, he had now thought of an ingenious contrivance for diminishing the enormous weight which had formerly forced the keystone out of its place; in each of the large masses of masonry called the haunches of the bridge, being the parts immediately above the two extremities of the arch, he opened three cylindrical holes, which not only relieved the central part of the structure from all over-pressure, but greatly improved its general appearance, in point of lightness and elegance. The bridge, with this improvement, was finished in 1755, having occupied the architect about nine years in all, and it has stood ever since.

"This bridge over the Taff, commonly called the *New Bridge*, and by the Welsh, *Pont y Pridd*, was, at the time of its erection, the largest stone arch known to exist in the world; before its erection, the Rialto at Venice, the span of which was only ninety-eight feet, was entitled, as Mr. Malkin remarks, to this distinction among bridges, unless indeed we are to include the famous aqueduct bridge at Alcantara, near Lisbon, consisting in all of thirty-five arches, the height of which is rather more than 108 feet in width, and 227 in height. The bridge in Alcantara was finished in 1732. Since the erection of this bridge over the Taff, several other stone arches of extraordinary dimensions have been built, both in our own country, and in France. Such, for instance, as the five composing the splendid *Pont de Neuilly*, over the Seine, near Paris, the span of each of which is 128 feet; the central arch of the bridge, over the same river, at Mantes, which is of the same dimensions; the *Island bridge*, as it is called, over the *Liffey*, near Dublin, which is a single arch of 106 feet in width; the bridge over the *Tees*, at *Winston*, in *Yorkshire*, which is also a single arch of 108 feet, nine inches wide, and which was built in 1762, by *John Johnson*, a

common mason, at a cost of only £500; and the nine elliptical arches, each of 120 feet span, forming the magnificent *Waterloo bridge*, over the *Thames*, at *London*. But no one of these great works rival,* in respect of dimensions, the arch constructed by *Edwards*. The bridge over the *Taff*, we may add, rises to the height of thirty-five feet above the water, and is the segment of a circle of 170 feet in diameter. Buttressed as it is, at each extremity, by lofty mountains, while the water flows in full tide beneath it, its aspect, as it is seen rising into the air, may well be conceived to be particularly striking and grand.

"This bridge, which is looked upon as a wonder to this day, spread the fame of *Edwards* over all the country. He afterwards built many other bridges in *South Wales*, several of which consisted also of single arches of considerable width, although in no case approaching to that of the arch over the *Taff*. One which he erected over the *lawy*, near *Swansea*, had a span of eighty feet; another at *Landover*, in *Caermarthenshire*, was eighty-four feet wide; and a third, *Wychtree bridge*, over the *lawy*, was of the width of ninety-five feet. All the bridges that *Edwards* built after his first attempt, have their arches formed of segments of much larger circles than he ventured to try in that case, and the roads over them are consequently much flatter, a convenience which amply compensates for their inferiority in point of imposing appearance. He found his way to this improvement entirely by his own experience and sagacity; as indeed he may be said to have done to all the knowledge he possessed in his art. Even his principles of common masonry, he used himself to declare, he had learned chiefly from his studies among the ruins of an old Gothic castle in his native parish. In bridge building, the three objects which he always strove to attain, in the highest possible degree, were—first, durability; secondly, freedom for the passage of the water under the bridge; and, lastly, ease of traffic over it.

"In commencing architect, *Edwards* did not abandon the business of his forefathers; he was likewise a farmer to the end of his life. Nay, such was his unwearied activity, that, not satisfied with his week-day labours in these two capacities, he also officiated on Sundays as pastor to an Independent congregation, having been regularly ordained to that office, when he was about thirty years of age, and holding it till his death. He accepted the usual salary from his congregation, considering it right that they should support their minister; but, instead of putting the money into his own pocket, he returned it all, and often much more, in charity to the poor. He always preached in Welsh, although early in life he had also made himself acquainted with the English language; having embraced the opportunity of acquiring it under the tuition of a blind old schoolmaster, in whose house he once lodged for a short time, while doing some work at the

* A bridge is, however, being built at *Chester*, which is the largest single arch in the world, being 203 feet span. A bridge over the *Severn* lately built in *Gloucester*, is 150 feet span, and the arches of the new *London bridge* are larger than that of *Pont y Pridd*.

county town of Cardiff. He is said to have shewn all his characteristic assiduity of application in this effort, and to have made a corresponding rapid progress."

"This ingenious and worthy man died in 1789, in the seventieth year of his age, leaving a family of six children, of whom his eldest son, David, became also an eminent architect and bridge builder, although he had no other instruction in his profession than what his father had given him. David's eldest son is also said to have inherited the genius of his father and his grandfather."

We make no apology for the length of our extract; the interest of the subject must render such unnecessary; and in conclusion we must observe, that, besides the excellence of the matter it contains, this unpretending little volume is embellished with beautifully engraved portraits of Watt, the engineer, Barry, the artist, and of Sir Richard Arkwright, the ingenious inventor of the machine used in cotton manufactures; and possesses the advantage of being one of the cheapest volumes that has been produced in this age of cheap literature.

From the Cambrian Magazine.

EMIGRATIONS FROM WALES TO PENNSYLVANIA.

THERE are notices of several emigrations in ancient times from Britain, in the Triads, and other authorities. The one by Madog ab Owain Gwynedd and his followers, as recorded by Welsh historians, is not now believed to have any foundation, notwithstanding several late attempts to authenticate the narrative. The first emigration from Wales to America took place in the reign of the licentious Charles II. At this period, several Acts of Parliament compelled thousands of non-conformists, and especially members of the Society of Friends, to seek peaceful settlements beyond the Atlantic. The great William Penn was instrumental in sending ten thousand Welsh and English to colonize his well-earned *Sylvania*, on the banks of the Delaware: but Thomas Sion Evan, a native of the neighbourhood of Bala, Merionethshire, emigrated in 1681, the year before Penn himself went over, the second time, to lay the foundation of his future metropolis. About the year 1684, the Mervinian emigrant married, and became the father of eight children. In 1705, a relative of his in Merionethshire sent a letter with some of his neighbours, to be delivered to the son of the emigrant, born in Pennsylvania, and then about twenty years of age.—This Welsh letter was answered in due time, and in the same language, by the native of the American forest. This answer has already been published in its original dress in the *Greal*, (a London Welsh miscellany,) in 1806, and again in the *Gwylieddydd*, at Bala, in the Number for January last. As the writer

breathes the sentiments of filial piety, and manifests a feeling of respect for the *natale solum* of his parent, so very uncommon to be met with, or even heard of, among the misanthropic emigrants of later times; his letter, replete with simplicity, has been thought worthy of a translation into English for the *Cambrian Quarterly Magazine*; and if the editors of that interesting miscellany think it deserving of insertion, it is at their service.

SEISYLLT.

MY DEAR KINSMAN, HUGH JONES:

I received a letter from you, dated May 8, 1705; and I was glad to find that one of my relatives, in the old land of which I have heard so much, was pleased to recollect me. I have heard my father speak much about old Cymru: but I was born in this woody region, this new world.

I remember him frequently mentioning such places as Llan-y-Cil, Llan-uwchllyn, Llan Vair, Llan Gwm, Bala, Llangower, Llyn Tegyd, Arenig Vawr, Vrondderw, Brynllys, Pen-y-bryn, Cyffdy, Glan Llawar, Vron-Goch, Llaethgwm, Havod Vadog, Cwn-Tir-y-My-nach, Cwm, Glan Lleidiog, Traws Vynydd, Tai Hirion-ym-Mignaint, and many others.—It is probably uninteresting to you to hear these names of places; but it affords me great delight even to think of them, altho' I do not know what kind of places they are; and indeed I long much to see them, having heard my father and mother so often speak in the most affectionate manner of the kind-hearted and innocent old people who lived in them, most of whom are now gone to their long home; frequently, during long winter evenings, would they, in merry mood, prolong their conversation about their native land till midnight; and even after they had retired to rest, would they sometimes fondly recall to each other's recollection some man, or hill, house, or rock.—Really I can scarcely express in words how delighted this harmless old couple were to talk of their old habitations, their fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, having been now twenty-four years in a distant and foreign land, without even the hope of seeing them more.—I fear this narrative will be irksome to you; but I cannot forbear when I think of these innocent, artless old people.*

* As a striking contrast to the laudable spirit in which this letter is written, by an American-born son of an emigrant in the reign of Charles II. we here state the conduct of a son of another Welsh emigrant in the reign of George III.

The Rev. Goronwy Owain, A.M., was the son of a poor inhabitant of Anglesey. When a boy, the sagacious eye of Mr. Lewis Morris selected him, as a genius of the first order, from among the peasantry. Under his patronage, he acquired a classical education at Jesus College, Oxford, and was ordained a deacon in the year 1745. He was known and admired as a poet of very superior talent: but being worn out with unavailing expectations of obtaining some small preferment in his much beloved

And now, my friend, I will give you an account of the life and fortunes of my dear father, from the time he left Wales to the day of his death. He was at St. Peter's fair, at Bala, (July 10th,) when he first heard of Pennsylvania: three weeks only after this, he took leave of his neighbours and relations, who were anxiously looking forward to his departure for London on his way to America.—Here he waited three months for a ship; and at length went out in one bearing the name of William Penn. He had a very tempestuous passage for several weeks; and when in sight of the river Delaware, owing to adverse winds and a boisterous sea, the sails were torn, and the rudder injured. By this disaster they were greatly disheartened, and were obliged to go back to Barbadoes, where they continued three weeks, expending much money in refitting their ship. Being now ready for a second attempt, they easily accomplished their voyage, and arrived safely in the river Delaware on the 16th of April, being thirty weeks from the time they left London. During this long voyage he learned to speak and read English tolerably well. They now came up the river one hundred and twenty miles, to the place where Philadelphia is at present situated. At that time, as the Welsh say, there was *na thy nac ymgor*—(neither house nor shelter,) but the wild woods; nor any one to welcome them to land.

A poor look out, this, for persons who had been so long at sea, many of whom had spent their little all. This was not the place for remaining stationary. My father therefore went alone where chance led him, to endeavour to obtain the means of subsistence. He longed very much at this time for milk. During his wanderings he met with a drunken old man, who understood neither Welsh nor English, and who, noticing the stranger, by means of some signs and gesticulations invited him to his dwelling, where he was received by the old man's wife, and several sons, in the most kind and hospitable manner: they

ed native land, he resolved upon emigrating, with his family, to America: and thus, (says the learned author of the *Cambrian Biography*,) was "the fairest flower of British genius transplanted to wither in the ungenial clime of America. He emigrated in 1737, and settled, as a minister, at Williamsburgh, in Virginia: the last intelligence received from him was a most masterly piece of composition—an elegy on the death of his first patron, L. Morris, Esq., in 1767, which he sent over to his brother, Mr. Richard Morris, of the Navy office. About the year 1798, some members of the Gwyneddigion Society, in London, admiring, with enthusiasm, the talents of the author of such exquisite poetry, addressed a letter to his son, inquiring whether his father, the most favored son of the awen, were yet alive; but the son was, by this time, so much infected with the American spirit that he only answered, dryly, "Who will pay me for my trouble?" No further correspondence was practicable with such a brute.

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were Swedes: here he made his home, till he had a habitation of his own.

As you shall hear, during this summer, 1682, our governor, William Penn, Esq., arrived here, together with several from England, having bought lands here. They now began to divide the country into allotments, and to plan the city of Philadelphia, (which was to be more than two miles in length,) laying it out in streets and squares, &c. with portions of land assigned to several of the houses. He also bought the freehold of the soil from the Indians, a savage race of men, who have lived here from time immemorial, as far as I am able to understand. They can give no account of themselves, not knowing when or whence they came here; an irrational set, I should imagine; but they have some kind of reason too, and extraordinary natural endowments in their peculiar way; they are very observant of their customs, and more unblameable, in many respects, than we are. They had neither towns nor villages, but lived in booths or tents.

In the autumn of this year several from Wales arrived here: Edward ab Rhys, Edward Jones, of Bala, William ab Edward, and many others. By this time there was a kind of neighbourhood here, although as neighbours they could little benefit each other. They were sometimes employed in making huts beneath some cliff, or under the hollow banks of rivulets, thus sheltering themselves where their fancy dictated. There were neither cows nor horses to be had at any price. "If we have bread, we will drink water, and be content," they said; yet no one was in want, and all were much attached to each other; indeed, much more so, perhaps, than many who have every outward comfort this world can afford.

During this eventful period, our governor began to build mansion houses at different intervals, to the distance of fifty miles from the city, although the country appeared a complete wilderness.

The governor was a clever, intelligent man, possessing great penetration, affable in discourse, and a pleasant orator; a man of rank, no doubt, but he did not succeed according to his merit; the words of the bard, Edward Morys, might be applied to him:

"Ni chadwodd yr henddyn o'i synwyr
vriwsionyn:
Mi giliodd i ganlyn y golud."

At this time, my father, Thomas Sion Evan, was living with the Swedes, as I mentioned before, and intending daily to return to Wales; but as time advanced, the country improved. In the course of three years several were beginning to obtain a pretty good livelihood, and my father determined to remain with them.—There was, by this time, no land to be bought within twelve miles of the city; and my fa-

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ther, having purchased a small tract of land, married the widow of Thomas Llwyd, of Penmaen.

"Chwi glywsoch son yn Nyfryn Clwyd,
Am doinas Llwyd o Pen Maen."¹

He now went to live near the woods. It was now a very rare, but pleasing thing to hear a neighbour's cock crow. My father had now only one small horse; and his wife was much afflicted with the tertian ague. We might suppose that many things would be revolved in the mind of a man in such a situation as this; but I never heard him complain of the difficulties under which he laboured.—Every thing was agreeable to these innocent people: although in want of some present necessities, yet they were peaceable and friendly to each other. In process of time, however, the little which he had prospered, so that he became possessed of horses, cows, and every thing else that was necessary for him, or even that he wished; indeed he never coveted much. During the latter years of his life, he kept twelve good milch cows. He had eight children; but I was the eldest. Having lived in this manner twenty-four years, he now became helpless and infirm, and very subject to difficulty of breathing at the close of his day's labour. He was a muscular man, very careful and attentive to his worldly occupations. About the end of July, **** years ago, he became sick, and much enfeebled by a severe fever; but asthma was his chief complaint. Having been thus five weeks indisposed, he departed this life, leaving a farm each for my brother and self, a correspondent portion for my sister and a fair dower for my mother. My sister married Risiart ab Thomas ab Rhys, a man whom I much respected prior to his marriage, and still regard. My brother and I continue to live with our mother, as before, endeavouring to imitate our father in the management of his affairs; but we are in many respects unequal to him. Our mother is seventy-three years old, somewhat infirm; but enjoying pretty good health, considering her age.

And now, my kind friend, I have given you the history of my father and self and I hope you will be pleased with it. Do send me some news; if you should have anything remarkable to mention I shall be glad to hear it. I must conclude my letter.

Your kinsman,
HUGH JONES.

* This Penmaen is near Dolgellau. Thomas Llwyd was a bard of note in his younger days, before he was converted to the society of "Friends." There are excellent verses of his published in the *Gwyllydd*, for March 1824, on the subject of his conversion. It is probable that he died in Pennsylvania soon after his arrival, for, according to this letter, his widow married a second time in 1684, and was the mother of the writer, and still living in 1705.

From Fraser's Magazine.

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE ARABIC.

Two parts hath Life, and well the theme
May mournful thoughts inspire;
For ah! the past is but a dream—
The future, a desire!

From the British Critic.

LIFE OF LORD BYRON.*

WE do not know whether the public is one half so sick as we are of the apparently interminable inquest which has been sitting upon the case of this noble "Martyr of Genius," (as Mr. Moore is pleased to style him,) from the day of his decease unto the present hour. If we thought they were, we should most certainly abstain from the slightest notice of memoir, biography, or dissertation, which might have for its object this extraordinary specimen of the human race. If all that has been written about him were collected into one mass, we suspect that it would present to us such a monument of restless idleness as the world has seldom seen. We doubt whether the appearance of the wandering Jew would have caused such an epidemic eruption of morbid curiosity. We know not where to look for an adequate illustration of it, but to the pages of the veracious *Hofen Slawkenbergius*. The frenzy spread among the good people of Strasburgh, by the stranger's mysterious importation from the promontory of Nôses, is the only fit image of our universal fever of inquisitiveness. That the disorder is not yet materially abated seems pretty evident from the volumes now before us, more especially from the work of Mr. Galt. It really is a very curious and instructive phenomenon. A "*National Library*" is prepared for the edification of the people of England, under the conduct of a minister of the national church: and the very first number of the miscellany is to contain—a history of some eventful period, big with the fate of our civil or religious liberties?—a biography of some brave and elevated spirit who bore witness to the truth in the midst of persecution and torment? Nothing of all this. The opening article is a life of Don Juan! Other martyrs may, perhaps, follow in their turn: but the "Martyr of Genius" has, of course, the first claim on the admiration of the most intellectual public in the world. This claim being once satisfied, it was to be hoped that the public might have leisure for attending to a "*History of the Bible*," and to the labours and the lives of men of whom, the Bible tells us, "the world was not worthy."

* ART. I.—1. *Letters and Journals of Lord Byron: with Notices of his Life*. By Thomas Moore. In two volumes. London, 1831.

2. *The National Library*. Conducted by the Rev. G. R. Gleig, and assisted by various eminent writers. No. 1.—*The Life of Lord Byron*. By John Galt, Esq. London, 1831.

What can be more meet and right than that Childe Harold should take precedence of saints and apostles, of confessors and reformers? Do we not live under the dynasty of Intellect? and does not the sound of the sackbut and the psalterly summon us to fall down before the golden perfection which the monarch hath set up? And who is he that shall deliver us if we are disobedient to the mandate?

With regard to Mr. Galt, however, it is but common justice to allow, that his adorations are not, by any means, of so servile a cast as those of the multitude collected round the pedestal of this portentous image. He does not attempt to conceal from himself or the public, that the *fine gold* may conceal a variety of much less precious materials. What the crowd of worshippers will say to this we know not. The fiery furnace is blazing before him; and, perhaps, he may not escape without a slight experience of its fierceness. It is not our business, however, to bind him and cast him in. If his prostrations are not sufficiently humble, we must turn him over to the tender mercies of his brother hierophants, whose faith and zeal appear to be of much more unquestionable purity. For ourselves, we have only to say that the service in which he is engaged does not appear to us very happily adapted to his powers. Among the writers of fiction, indeed, who are now actually swarming about the warm shallows of our modern literature, he holds a rank of no ordinary distinction. Of one of his achievements, in particular, he has ample reason to be proud. With an egotism entirely pardonable, he informs us, that Lord Byron "read his novel of the Entail three times, and thought the old Leddy Grippy one of the most *living-like* heroines he had ever met with."^{*} We cannot forbear to pause one moment to express our own full and cordial assent to this encomium. We do honestly think that it would scarcely be too much to pronounce this character to be among the most extraordinary creations in the whole range of modern fiction. Our judgment has been formed chiefly from the effect we ourselves experienced from its powers of entertainment. After once becoming fairly acquainted with that most delectable of ancient dames, we never witnessed her *entry* on the stage, without feeling a sort of tickling anticipation of delight; a gentle agitation of the diaphragm, preparatory to its subsequent convulsions. At the very mention of her name our lungs were instantly in readiness to *crow*; just as the pit and gallery are always in readiness to *go off*, the moment that Liston's countenance emerges from the side-scenes, and before one syllable has issued from his lips. The man who would achieve this, can be much better employed than in compiling biography, or spinning a cocoon of quaint and whimsical criticism. Only see how the author of "the Lairds of Grippy" can write, when he quits the element in which he

is so thoroughly at home, and ventures into an entirely different region.

"There is no account of any great poet, whose genius was of that dreamy and cartilaginous kind, which hath its being in haze, and draws its nourishment from lights and shadows; which ponders over the mysteries of trees, and interprets the oracles of bubbling waters."

A dreamy genius is not, perhaps, altogether beyond comprehension. But what in the name of all that is dreamy and fantastical is a cartilaginous kind of genius? Again:

"It"—(the 'English Bards and Scottish Reviewers')—"was the first burst of that dark, diseased ichor, which afterwards coloured his effusions; the overflowing suppurating of that satiety and loathing which rendered Child Harold, in particular, so original, incomprehensible, and anti-social."

How could any writer think of patching up his composition with these vile rages from the hospital; these

PARA BAPUS TU VOTAMUS TALE.

And then, just conceive a poem rendered original, incomprehensible, and anti-social, by an effusion of *pus* and *gore*! But this is nothing to what follows. The author is speaking of Lord Byron on board ship.

"He was often strangely rapt—it may have been from his genius; and—had its grandeur and darkness been then divulged—*susceptible of explanation*; but, at the time, it threw, as it were, around him the *sackcloth of penitence*. Sitting amidst the shrouds and rattlings, in the tranquillity of moonlight, *churning* an inarticulate melody, he seemed almost apparitional, suggesting dim reminiscences of him who shot the albatross. *He was as a mystery in a winding sheet, crowned with a halo!*"

Now what on earth can be the meaning of all this? A moody, silent, and somewhat unsociable young man is humming a tune to himself on the deck of a packet; whereupon his companion invests him at once with the sackcloth of a penitent criminal. In the next sentence, however, the culprit becomes first a spectre—then a mystery—enveloped with a winding sheet, with a halo for his nightcap! Will any one be kind enough to render "*susceptible of explanation*" this most "incomprehensible phantasma"—(to use the author's own words)—which "hovered"—(not "about Lord Byron")—but about the cranium of his biographer? What would the *Leddy* say to all this? Would she not be more hopelessly lost in it, than ever she was even in "the bottomless pit of Lawyer Pitwinnoch's consulting room? We should, truly desire no better sport than that Mr. Galt himself should furnish us with a picture of the outbreking of her spirit, on hearing any one of her own nephews, nieces, or grandchildren giving vent to such fathomless and most prodigious nonsense!

We must, however, do him the justice to declare, that there is nothing else in the volume quite so bad as this. The work is, nevertheless, deformed, and rendered sometimes in-

^{*}Page 268.

sufferably tedious, by a perpetual affectation of saying all manner of fine, and deep, and original things; by a resolution to speculate and analyze through thick and thin, until the ultimate texture of the mind and character of the poet is laid bare to the inspection of the reader. One would imagine that it were possible to trace the whole process of assimilation, through which all the multifarious elements upon which it dieted, were converted into nutriment by this mighty genius. His lordship himself once asked his friend Mr. Thomas Moore, whether he did not find that feeding upon beef-steaks made him ferocious? Much in the same spirit his biographer seems to question whether the "murk and mist, and the abyss of the storm, and the hiding places of guilt," and a vast many other articles of mental luxury, might not contribute to render his hero a prodigy of all that is *incomprehensible and anti-social*. All that is gloomy or terrible in nature, or in man, is supposed to have been mixed up as it were by a sort of digestive energy, in the mental temperament and constitution of the bard. And the critic appears to be, throughout, so much in the secret of the whole proceeding, that he is continually interrupting his narrative in order to tell us how all this is; how it is that the ingredients of sublimity and grandeur are imperceptibly absorbed into the intellectual system; till we begin almost to fancy that we are on the very point of seeing the process by which a genius may become "dreamy and cartilaginous," or firm and vigorous, and full of muscle and tendon. The end however, usually is, that we carry away with us about as much satisfaction and instruction as we should from an anatomical lecture which should attempt to follow the fibres of the bullock's rump into all the recesses and labyrinths of the animal economy, and to show that the inevitable result must be toughness of sinew, and bloodthirstiness of temper.

But what shall we say to good Master Thomas Moore—most Corinthian of Poets—most silver-tongued of advocates and apologists—most delicate and velvet-fingered manipulator of tender characters? In sober verity we at first hardly knew how to trust ourselves within the sound of his syren cadences. We felt that as if it would be needful for us to guard our credulous facility against the smoothness of his cajoleries, especially whenever he appeared to be more than usually "graceful and humane." Happily, however, our vigilance and caution turns out to be much less needful than we had anticipated. It is true that he has poured out, in vindication of his friend, many a sentence of most sonorous melody, in ambitious imitation of a certain celebrated orator, the founder of that noble art which "makes the worse appear the better reason." But then, with matchless effrontery, or infatuation, he has provided us, in abundant measure, with the most infallible of all antidotes to this "delicious poison."

The correspondence, and the journals, and the secret memoranda of the hero, are perpetually confronting themselves with the pleadings of his apologist. The documents of the advocate are eternally giving the lie to his sophistry. The features and attributes of the client are constantly peeping forth, in most sinister contrast with the florid graces of his devoted rhetorician. And what is the inevitable result of all this, but to render indelible the very worst impressions which the public have ever received respecting this extraordinary being? If time was beginning to spread its moss over the characters which speak of his infamy, here is a sort of old (or middle-aged) Mortality, with his hammer and his chisel, to pick it out, and deepen the letters, till they challenge every eye by their sharpness and freshness. And who can rise from their perusal without a full persuasion that genius has rarely been seen in more degrading combination with selfish and odious passions. It is to no purpose whatever for Mr. M. to insinuate, that, in favour of high talent, darkness may, now and then, be put for light, and light for darkness, without any very mischievous compromise of the truth. Every one who hears him will instantly recollect the words wherewith Boswell was once smitten down by Samuel Johnson, when he endeavoured to palliate the infidelities of a married woman;—"Never accustom yourself, sir, to confound right and wrong; the woman's a whore, and there's an end on't." Even so, (while our liberal biographer is showing us that men of great intellectual powers are naturally haunted by ungovernable passions, and that stupendous genius may be allowed to confer some sort of privilege and immunity on atrocious wickedness)—even so will the facts and the records here produced, compel every honest man to exclaim, nearly in the words of Samuel Johnson—"the man's a profligate, and there's an end on't." That there was in his original nature much that is amiable and generous, it might be unjust and absurd to question. But the hideous part of his history is, that he outlived this better portion of himself, just as other people outlive their frailties and their faults; nay, that he seemed, at last, with the frightful perverseness of a maniac, to cauterize or cut away whatever was healthful in his system, and carefully to preserve whatever had been touched by the leprosy or the gangrene. He appeared to get more and more ashamed of virtue as he grew older; till, in his latter days, he used her as his bye word. "As ugly as virtue" was, in his mouth, a description of all that is homely and repulsive. The form of every thing that is morally beautiful and grand, indeed, never ceased to live in his mind; just as perfection lives in the imagination of any other artist. But in his own person, he came to shrink from the imputation of respectability and worth, as he would from that of mediocrity and dulness. We have been told, indeed, that there runs throughout his

character "a *zein of repentance*." We can perceive nothing of all this in the pages before us. If he repented of any thing, it was of the weakness of his early prepossessions in favour of what is *just and lovely, and of good report*. He resembled those persons who, receding constantly further from the excellence they once revered, were decorated by some ancient fathers with the unceremonious title of "*the Devil's penitents*." But let us, with the materials now supplied to us, venture on a rapid survey of the career of this singularly and most unhappily gifted being.

The founder of his family, Ralph de Buron, came with the Conqueror into England; and of this noble lineage the poet is said to have been prouder than of writing Childe Harold. His grandfather was the celebrated Admiral Byron. His granduncle achieved notoriety by slaying his relative and neighbour, Mr. Chaworth, in a duel, or a brawl; and his father became equally notorious as one of the most selfish and worthless prodigals in the annals of the polite world. He seduced the Marchioness of Caermarthen "under circumstances which have few parallels in the licentiousness of fashionable life. The meanness with which he obligated his wretched victim to supply him with money would have been disgraceful to the basest adulteries of the cellar or the garret. A divorce ensued; the guilty pair were married; but within two years after, such was the brutal and vicious conduct of Captain Byron, that the ill-fated lady died literally of a broken heart, after having given birth to two daughters, one of whom still survives."—(Galt, p. 9.) This achievement did not deter Miss Catharine Gordon, of Gight, from venturing on this incomparable Lothairo. She was a lady of honourable birth, respectable fortune, and most execrable temper. She married Captain Byron, and became mother of the poet. Her union was most inauspicious. It was the signal for a general invasion by the creditors of the bridegroom. Cash, Bank-shares, and fisheries, instantly were swept away. A voracious mortgage was fixed upon the land; and within a year afterwards the estate of Gight was swallowed up whole, or at least with the exception of a small trust in favour of Mrs. Byron, who was thus reduced from affluence to one hundred and fifty pounds a year. On the 22nd January, 1788, she gave birth to her only child, George Gordon Byron, who, it must be confessed, entered on this breathing world with no very promising omens. His father was a reprobate—his mother was a virago—his maternal inheritance was ruined—and (to complete the evil aspect of his nativity) his fair proportions were curtailed and mutilated. By an accident which occurred nearly at the time of his birth, one of his feet suffered a distortion which no surgical skill could ever remedy.*

* It is, however, the opinion of Mr. Millengen, that the defect was congenial.—*Memoirs on Greece*, p. 143.

His mother was excessively fond of him, but nevertheless, it would seem, tormented him almost beyond endurance. Her passions were often absolutely uncontrollable; and, in her paroxysms, she would sometimes taunt the unhappy boy with his deformity, thus adding venom to the sting of a misfortune which rankled bitterly in his mind till the end of his existence. At eight years old he was violently in love—so violently, that when he heard of the marriage of the young lady many years afterwards, the intelligence nearly choked him, to the horror of his mother, his own astonishment, and the incredulity of every one else. His other emotions were equally vehement; for Mr. Moore tells us that there exists at Aberdeen, to this day, a china saucer, out of which he actually had bitten a large piece, in a fit of rage, during his childhood.

In 1798 his granduncle died, upon which his mother removed with the young Lord to Newstead Abbey, which then presented an aspect of grievous desolation. After the fatal affray with Mr. Chaworth, the old peer had retired from the world, and fallen into a strangely eccentric, and unsocial course of life. During his latter years, his sole companions consisted of a colony of crickets, whose allegiance and fidelity he is said to have won so completely, that at the death of their patron, the despairing reptiles quitted the premises, in a body, chirping out, we may suppose, "*Eamus omnes execrata civitas*." Worse than all this, he converted the estate into an inheritance of ruinous litigation, and consigned its grounds to a state of neglect which rendered them unfit for any but crickets to inhabit. What, therefore, with a vixen of a mother—a mad, capricious savage for his predecessor—and a dilapidated property—together with a keen sense of the honours of high ancestry, it must be confessed that his lot was cast in an atmosphere and a soil much less happily fitted for the cultivation of the gentler qualities, than for the development of those moody eccentricities which afterwards separated him from his country, and almost from his species.

It may as well be noticed here, once for all, that his unfortunate lameness was probably at the bottom of those waters of bitterness which were in after life perpetually overflowing in his character. The anguish and humiliation occasioned by this deformity were such as he never had magnanimity enough to overcome. In one of his own memoranda, he describes the horror and mortification which came over him, when his mother, in one of her fits of passion, called him a *lame brat*. The same agony was constantly breaking forth throughout the rest of his days. It may be said that he never forgave Nature or Providence this fatal injury. It was one main, though secret cause, which armed his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him. He felt it as other people feel a wrong. It kept him, we are persuaded, in an almost perpetually vindictive frame of mind. It was the *thorn in the flesh*,

sent, like the messenger of Satan, to buffet him incessantly, and against which, unhappily, he was not provided with any defensive or antagonist principle. Other men, of no sluggish temperament, have been known to disregard their own personal blemishes, and even to convert them into occasions of merriment: and whenever this is the case, it is always considered as an indication of something amiable or noble in the character of the sufferer. It is hailed as a palpable victory over selfishness and egotism. But God help the man who is visited with any such defect or infirmity, if the necessity of perpetually shining in the eye of the public happens to enter into his scheme of happiness? Such a man is sure to be at the mercy of looks, and whispers, and shrugs, and monosyllables. He lives the life of a martyr; without the spirit of a martyr; and the consequence must naturally be, that he will never be thoroughly at peace with himself or with mankind.

In 1799, Byron was sent to school at Dr. Glennie's, at Dulwich, his mother having removed to London, for the benefit of the best advice for his lameness. The schoolmaster often found the parent more difficult to manage than the boy. Two years afterwards he was sent to Harrow, "as little prepared," says Dr. Glennie, "as it is natural to suppose from two years of elementary instruction, thwarted by every act which could estrange the mind of youth from preceptor, from school, and from all serious study." But here we must pause a moment, that we may not lose the benefit of Mr. Galt's speculations. Having first remarked that the childhood of Byron was not remarkable for any symptoms of generous feeling, and that "silent rages, moody sullenness, and revenge, are the general characteristics of his conduct as a boy," he proceeds to enrich the world with certain ingenious speculations on the mental character of the poet.

"Genius," he tells us, "of every kind, belongs to some innate temperament, and is an ingredient of mind more easily described by its effects than its qualities. It is as the fragrance, independent of the freshness and complexion, of the rose; as the light in the cloud; as the bloom on the cheek of beauty, of which the possessor is unconscious, until the charm has been seen by its influence on others; it is the internal golden flame of the opal; a something that may be abstracted from the thing in which it appears, without changing the quality of the substance, its form, or its affinities."

It is to be presumed that the reader, by this time, has a very distinct and vivid conception of what is to be understood when we talk of genius. If not, he must be pronounced to be absolutely metaphor-proof: and in that case we can do nothing for him. If, however, the above figures have duly discharged their office, it can hardly be doubted that they will enable him easily to see his way to Mr. Galt's obvious conclusion.

"I, therefore,"—(that is, *because* genius is like the fragrance of the rose, and the bloom of beauty, and the light on the cloud, and the flame of the opal)—"I, therefore, am not disposed to consider the idle and reckless childhood of Byron as unfavourable to the development of his genius; but, on the contrary, am inclined to think that the indulgence of his mother leaving him so much to the accidents of undisciplined impression, was calculated to cherish associations, which rendered them, in the maturity of his powers, ingredients of the spell that ruled his memory."

From all which, it clearly appears how thankful we ought to be that Lord Byron was a spoiled child, since otherwise, peradventure, he might have turned out a spoiled poet. With the profoundest gratitude, therefore, to the capricious fondness of his parent, we proceed with our tale.

At Harrow, according to his own account, Lord Byron was unpopular, capricious, turbulent and rebellious; impatient of continuous drudgery, but collecting large and various stores of information, by desultory exertion; reading *when* no one else read, and *what* no one thought of reading; betraying, to all appearance, the embryo powers of an orator rather than a poet; passionate alike in his friendships and aversions; but throwing out occasional flashes of magnanimity and heroism. In 1803, during his schoolboy days, he was seized with another violent fit of love, being the *third* affair of the heart with which he had been visited. The object of this attachment was Miss Chaworth, the heiress of Annesley, in the immediate neighbourhood of Newstead. The young lady was two years older than himself, and was but little impressed by the attention of her juvenile admirer. His manners were then rough and odd, and, combined with his personal defect, and his lack of years, rendered his passion hopeless, if not absolutely ridiculous. He, one night, overheard the damsel saying to her maid, "do you think I care anything for that lame boy?" This speech, as may well be imagined, was like a shot through his heart. Though the hour was late, he instantly darted out of the house, and scarcely knowing whither he ran, never stopped till he found himself at Newstead. One would suppose that this was a chilling blast, strong enough to extinguish the hottest passion. But it was not so. There is reason to believe that the fire was in his heart for the remainder of his days. "Our union," he says in one of his memorandum books, "would have healed feuds in which blood had been shed by our fathers; it would have joined lands broad and rich; it would have joined at least *one* heart, and two persons not ill matched in years;—and—and—and—what has been the result?" The result, if we are to believe him, was, that *her* marriage was anything but a happy one; and that his early disappointment gave a darker and more cheerless colouring to his whole existence.

There is something at once ludicrous and

frightful in the accounts preserved to us of his own temper about this period, especially when brought into collision with that of his lady mother. The explosions produced by the encounter of these hostile elements were occasionally quite terrific. Each, it seems, was fully aware of the presence of the electric principle in the other: and as a proof of this, it is told, that one evening, after a tempestuous eruption of tremendous violence, each party went, privately, to the apothecary, anxiously inquiring whether the other had been to purchase poison, and cautioning the vender of drugs on no account to attend to such an application, if made. On one occasion, the poker and tongs became the winged messengers of the maternal wrath, and nothing but a precipitate retreat could save the filial cranium from fracture. Of his residence at the university little is known that is eminently worthy of remark. It is said that he kept a bear, as a sort of satirical emblem of certain venerable personages *leant and couchant* in those retreats. Of his pursuits and recreations at this period of his life, however, this much at least is clearly ascertained;—that they betrayed a most incredible coarseness of taste. To use his own language, “the flash and the swell” seem to have exercised a most ignoble dominion over his fancy. Cock-fighting, pugilism, pistol-firing, and revelry, were the things which formed the chief solace of this haughty patrician. There was, even then, a taint of lowness about his pleasures, which we know not how to describe, but by applying to them the technical appellation of *verminism*; and which indicated a grossness and a rankness, at strange variance with that sensitive delicacy which has, sometimes, been described as the prevailing attribute of his character. It was at the university, too, that he surrendered up his faculties to the predominance of a well-known atheist and libertine, before whom, he confesses that his own genius stood rebuked, and whom, in one of his letters, he describes as formed “to display what the Creator *could* make his creature,” as having “the stamp of immortality in all he did or said,”—and the loss of whom he regarded as a bewildering dispensation, enough of itself to shake our trust in Providence! In 1807, he quitted Cambridge without any emotions of regret or gratitude; nay, with feelings of bitter aversion and contempt, if we may judge from a letter to his friend Mr. Harness, written afterwards, in 1809, in which he speaks of the university as an *injuncta noverca* and an old beldam! It is not easy to imagine any thing more despicably absurd than this eruption of petulance. For Lord Byron, of all persons in the world, to make such a complaint, must surely “have required impudence at least equal to his other powers. It is tolerably well known that his “Beldam Stepmother” was the never-failing object of his contumely and insult during the whole of his residence. What might be the

wrongs she inflicted on him it would puzzle the keenest ingenuity to divine, unless they were, that she refused to abandon her usages, or to remodel her institutions, in conformity with his profound wisdom and commanding range of experience. But he appears, very early in life, to have contracted a silly notion that every thing instituted must be wrong—the privileges of the aristocracy, and the *established* latitude of fashionable morality, always excepted.

But, however loose and desultory his intellectual habits may have been, he appears at this time to have amassed a stock of information that would have been extraordinary even for a youth of the most stubborn diligence. This may be learned from a list, scribbled hastily into his memorandum book, of the various writers he had then perused, in various departments of literature. The compass of his historical reading, more especially, is truly surprising. In divinity he enumerates only Blair, Porteus, Tillotson, and Hooker: “all,” he says, “very tiresome.” And then he adds, “I abhor all books of religion; though I reverence and love my God, without the blasphemous notions of sectaries, or belief in their absurd and damnable heresies, mysteries, and thirty-nine Articles;” a pretty vigorous *excursion* of all systems, for a mere stripling! The same sentiment is still more largely, though certainly not more powerfully developed, in a poem of his dated 29th December, 1806, entitled the Prayer of Nature, (vol. i. p. 106, 107,) but much too long for insertion here—and also in the following extract from another of his early poems, written in 1807, and, as it would seem, under the melancholy impression that he should soon die.

“Forget this world, my restless sprite,
Turn, turn thy thoughts to Heav’n;
There must thou soon direct thy flight,
If errors are forgiven.
To bigots and to sects unknown,
Bow down beneath th’ Almighty’s Throne;—
To him address thy trembling prayer;
He who is merciful and just,
Will not reject a child of dust,
Although his meanest care.
Father of Light! to thee I call,
My soul is dark within;
Thou, who canst mark the sparrow fall,
Avert the death of sin.
Thou who canst guide the wandering star,
Who calm’st the elemental war,
Whose mantle is yon boundless sky,
My thoughts, my words, my crimes forgive;
And, since I soon must cease to live,
Instruct me how to die. 1807.”

Both these are, assuredly, most remarkable performances. They exhibit that strange, unnatural phenomenon, an infidel or sceptical boy. At that early age, as Mr. Moore very justly observes, the passions are, in general, sufficiently disposed to usurp a latitude for themselves, without taking a license from infidelity to enlarge their range. But with

Lord Byron, he adds, "the canker showed itself in the morn and dew of youth," when the effect of such "blastments" is, for every "reason, most fatal." With regard to the spirit of "fervid adoration" displayed in these addresses to the Deity, strangely mingled up with his defiance of creeds, we apprehend it to be much the same thing with that, which is elsewhere termed by Mr. Moore, the "*poetry of religion*;" and which is well known to be a feeling entirely compatible with the wildest excesses of self-indulgence. A man may be lifted into extacies by the storied window and the dim religious light, by the pealing anthem and the full-voiced choir—or even by the prodigality and magnificence of visible nature; and the same man may, half an hour afterwards, be found in the gambling-house or the brothel. A man must be degraded almost to the level of a brute if he has no fits of religious emotion, no occasional stirrings within him which speak of something higher and holier than his mere animal nature; and what are these visitings, but *swift witnesses* against him, if he suffer their influences to waste themselves upon his nervous system, instead of taking them into the deepest recesses of his heart! As for the "defiance of creeds," it generally means neither more nor less than a defiance of the opinions, and a contempt for the understandings of mankind, coupled with a fixed purpose to live after the sight of one's own eyes and the devices of one's own heart. Such, most indisputably, was the meaning of the phrase in the present instance. The "spirit of adoration" soon began to "pale its ineffectual fires," while the spirit of resistance to creeds, and to every moral or mental restraint, continued to grow with his growth and to strengthen with his strength. Where the wind is sown, what but the whirlwind can be reaped? Let the harvest be described by Mr. Moore.

"To have anticipated the worst experiments both of the voluptuary and the reasoner, to have reached, as he supposed, the boundary of this world's pleasures, and see nothing but clouds and darkness beyond, was the doom—the anomalous doom—which a nature, premature in all its passions and powers, inflicted on Lord Byron."—p. 164.

The state of his feelings with regard to the university and its studies, and of his *opinions*,—if he can be said to have had *opinions*—respecting the national *superstition*, will be seen from the following letter:—

"To Mr. Dallas.

Dorant's, January 21st, 1808.

"SIR:

"Whenever leisure and inclination permit me the pleasure of a visit, I shall feel truly gratified in a personal acquaintance with one whose mind has been long known to me in his writings.

"You are so far correct in your conjecture, that I am a member of the Universities of Cambridge, where I shall take my degree of A. M.

this term; but were reasoning, eloquence, or virtue, the objects of my search, Granta is not their metropolis, nor is the place of her situation an 'El Dorado,' far less an Utopia. The intellects of her children are as stagnant as her Cam, and their pursuits limited to the church—not of Christ, but of the nearest benefice.

"As to my reading, I believe I may aver, without hyperbole, it has been tolerably extensive in the historical; so that few nations exist, or have existed, with whose records I am not in some degree acquainted, from Herodotus down to Gibbon. Of the classics, I know about as much as most school-boys after a discipline of thirteen years; of the law of the land as much as enables me to keep 'within the statute'—to use the poacher's vocabulary. I did study the 'Spirit of Laws' and the Law of Nations; but when I saw the latter violated every month, I gave up my attempts at so useless an accomplishment;—of geography, I have seen more land on maps than I should wish to traverse on foot;—of mathematics, enough to give me the headach without clearing the part affected;—of philosophy, astronomy, and metaphysics, more than I can comprehend; and of common sense so little, that I mean to leave a Byronian prize at each of our 'Almæ Matres' for the first discovery—though I rather fear that of the Longitude will precede it.

"I once thought myself a philosopher, and talked nonsense with great decorum: I defied pain, and preached up equanimity. For some time this did very well, for no one was in *pain* for me but my friends, and none lost their patience but my hearers. At last, a fall from my horse convinced me bodily suffering was an evil: and the worst of an argument overset my maxims and my temper at the same moment, so I quitted Zeno for Aristippus, and conceive that pleasure constitutes the *τὸ καλόν*. In morality, I prefer Confucius to the Ten Commandments, and Socrates to St. Paul, though the two latter agree in their opinion of marriage. In religion, I favour the Catholic emancipation, but do not acknowledge the Pope; and I have refused to take the Sacrament, because I do not think eating bread or drinking wine from the hand of an earthly vicar will make me an inheritor of heaven. I hold virtue in general, or the virtues severally, to be only in the disposition, each a *feeling*, not a principle. I believe truth the prime attribute of the Deity; and death an eternal sleep, at least of the body. You have here a brief compendium of the sentiments of the *wicked* George Lord Byron; and, till I get a new suit, you will perceive I am badly clothed. I remain," &c.—vol. i. pp. 134, 135.

This precious epistle is illustrated by a sage and ample commentary of the biographer. Its odious flippancy upon sacred subjects, Mr. Moore is half disposed to palliate as a little sally of sportiveness, prompted by a design to astonish and *mystify* his proxy correspondent and adviser, Mr. Dallas. He addresses himself with more solemnity, to the task of vindicating the language of scorn and aversion with which it assails the university; and he seems to find great comfort and contentment in the recollection that this feeling of distaste for his

"nursing mother" was entertained by his Lordship, in common with some of the most illustrious names of English literature. Milton hated not only Cambridge, but the very fields in its neighbourhood. Gray describes it as a place full of doleful creatures. The bigotry of Oxford was visited with the cool contempt of Locke: and Gibbon spat forth upon her the blistering venom of his malignity. All this is exceedingly consolatory; and the triumph is heightened by the facts, that Dryden had but little veneration for the university; and by the opinion of Bishop Hurd, that Addison was spoiled for a poet by "his constant and superstitious study of the old classics." Besides, Shakspeare and Pope, Gay and Thompson, Burns and Chatterton, &c. &c., attained their eminence without instruction or sanction from any college whatever. All which, we are told, demonstrates clearly, that a sort of inverse ratio may exist between college honours and genius, and "that a large subduction must be made from the sphere of that nursing influence which the universities are supposed to exercise over the genius of the country."

Now how it is that Mr. Moore, could thus give himself over to work all manner of imbecility with greediness, and to talk like a crude, ignorant, and shallow boy, utterly transcends our powers of comprehension! Certain highly-gifted individuals, it seems, have been known to vent some splenetic and hasty sentences against their Alma Mater; and these "follies of the wise" are to sanctify the petulance of all talented young gentlemen, and to arm them with a license to rail against discipline to the end of time! Again, to estimate highly the influence of the Universities over the national mind, is nothing better than a vulgar error; for, is it not undeniable that there are at least half a dozen great poets who never were at any University at all? Is it possible that the writer could be blind to the ignominious stolidity of all this pitiable drivelling? Has he yet to learn that Universities would still be exceedingly useful and valuable, even if it could be shown that they are not the best of all seminaries for the formation of poets; and that factious, moody, and self-willed young men may be intolerable nuisances, even though Milton and Locke may have despised authority, and spoken evil of dignities?

But we must hasten to the period which brought Byron before the public, and placed him eventually among the most splendid names of English literature. In 1803 came forth the "Hours of Idleness, by a Minor." The merciless and wanton chastisement of the Northern Inquisitor soon followed; and, assuredly, the soundest horsewhipping could not have roused the youthful patrician to more deep and deadly resentment. "A friend, who found him in the first moments of excitement, inquired anxiously if he had received a challenge—not knowing how else to account for the fierce defiance of his looks." The agony

of the moment demanded immediate relief. The wrathful *minor* accordingly called for claret, and swallowed three bottles to his own share! This, however, was only a transient mitigation of the anguish. Nothing could effectually assuage it but deeds of vengeance. He sat down to his satire, composed twenty lines, and—"found himself considerably better"! The blow he had received was like that of the hammer on the detonating pulvil. It brought out the fiery element that was latent in his composition; and the explosion which followed was heard throughout the realm. The critics had soon reason to repent of their rash severity; and, what is still more remarkable, the poet himself lived to repent of his revenge! On a copy of the satire, now in the possession of Mr. Murray, he afterwards wrote with his own hand the following sentence:—

"The greater part of this satire I most sincerely wish had never been written; not only on account of the injustice of much of the critical and some of the personal part, but the tone and temper are such as I cannot approve."

"Diodati, Geneva, July 14, 1816."

His satire, smart and successful as it was, afforded but slender promise of the wonders that followed it. The secret of his own strength was at that time probably unrevealed even to himself. It was amid influence of foreign scenery and manners that he first began to explore the depths of his genius. Mr. M. does not suffer him to depart on his wanderings without some fifteen pages of exceedingly diffuse and whimsical meditation. He gives us much grave speculation on the disappointed loves of the schoolboy—a (a disaster probably experienced by some nine schoolboys out of ten)—and much profound research respecting the revolution which was now taking place in the character of his hero. All this is treated with nearly as much solemn prolixity as if the progress of a national revolution, or the vicissitudes of a great empire, were the subject of investigation. The case of Lord Byron (if we are to trust his biographer) is precisely exhibited by Shakspeare's fancy, of "sweet bells jangled out of tune." His early disadvantages and mortifications had turned the original harmonies of his character into discord; his very virtues and excellencies ministered to the violence of the change. The ardour that burned through his friendships and loves, now fed the fierce explosions of his indignation and scorn; and—and—a great deal more to the same purpose. In all this we are able to discern little but the workings of intense egotism and undisciplined passion; and we suspect that many others will be tempted to the same view of the matter when they see the result of all this furious fermentation, exhibited to us as it is by Mr. Moore himself, when he tells us, that the "martyr of genius" was hurried at last, "by his hatred of hypocrisy, and his horror of all pretensions to virtue, into the still more dangerous boast and ostentation of vice." It is,

in the first place, but a poor symptom of true vigour and elevation of mind, when a man fancies (as Lord Byron seems to have fancied) that the world is in a sort of conspiracy against him: and as for *hatred of hypocrisy*, why, truly, the phrase is a phrase "of exceeding good command;" eminently serviceable and full of excellent accommodation whenever we get weary of the restraints of virtue. We have then only to look upon those who maintain a form of righteousness and godliness, while they deny the power thereof: and what shall we do to avoid the guilt of that odious masquerade? what, but cast away both the form and the power together? We shall then be no hypocrites, but brave and gallant spirits, superior to vile artifice and contemptible dissimulation. And who can grudge that such spirits should obey the noble energies inherent in their very composition?

"Thou, Nature, art their Goddess! to thy law Their services are bound: wherefore should they Stand in the plague of custom?"

It is needless to dwell on the peregrination of the bard. The pilgrimage of Childe Harold is known to all the world. It gives Mr. Moore, however, another opportunity for some very fine writing, of which the following is a specimen:

"Having traversed Acarnania, the travellers passed to the Ætolian side of the Achelous, and on the 21st of November reached Missolonghi. And here—it is impossible not to pause, and send a mournful thought forward to the visit which, fifteen years after, he paid to this same spot—when, in the full meridian both of his age and fame, he came to lay down his life as the champion of that land, through which he now wandered a stripling and a stranger. Could some Spirit have here revealed to him the events of that interval—have shown him, on the one side, the triumphs that awaited him, the power his varied genius would acquire over all hearts, alike to elevate or depress, to darken or illuminate them—and then place, on the other side, all the penalties of this gift, the waste and wear of the heart through the imagination, the havoc of that perpetual fire within, which, while it dazzles others, consumes the possessor—the invidiousness of such an elevation in the eyes of mankind, and the revenge they take on him who compels them to look up to it—would he, it may be asked, have welcomed glory on such conditions? would he not rather have felt that the purchase was too costly, and that such warfare with an *ungrateful* world, while living, would be ill recompensed even by the immortality it might award him afterwards."—vol. i. pp. 211, 212.

We confess that there is a good deal more in all this than has ever been dreamed of in our narrow and antiquated philosophy. For instance, we doubt whether we correctly apprehend what can be meant by "the waste and wear of the heart through the imagination, and the havoc of the perpetual fire within, which, while it dazzles others, consumes the possessor." We are apt to surmise that this is an audaciously dithyrambic version of the

plain fact—stated by the biographer himself elsewhere—that "all that was bad and irregular in the nature of this individual burst forth together with all that was most energetic and grand." If his imagination had power to waste his heart, it probably was because it was lighted up by the "*strange fire*" of unhallowed passions. The flame of genius seldom destroys or injures the shrine in which it burns, unless it be nourished by some ingredients of most deadly and corrosive quality. Minds of the very highest order experience but little of this internal *havoc*. Whenever tempestuous desires are united with mighty powers of conception, we may indeed reasonably expect volcanic heavings, and "lava floods," and all those terrible phenomena which minister so amply to the eloquence of Mr. Moore. But we do not believe that the most ferried poetical temperament is ever fatally adverse to the peace of its possessor, unless combined with elements of a pernicious and explosive nature. What did Shakspeare or Milton know of the devastation of those hidden fires which we are required to believe, converted their late countryman into a perpetual holocaust, and sent up a lurid flame which consumed the poet himself, while it shed a disastrous splendour on the world? We, for our parts, are obstinate in our persuasion, that in the present instance the waste of heart is easily accounted for. When this man was admitted, if we may so speak, to the apocalypse of his own intellectual domain, the sight raised within him no thought of gratitude to the giver; and the blessing was then, as might be expected, turned almost into a burning curse. He discovered the secret of his capacities, but he did not discover the use to which they should be consecrated. We heartily wish that the present generation would learn what that use is, from one whose title to instruct them can never be questioned, even by the most insane and superstitious of Lord Byron's fire-worshippers.

"These abilities," says Milton, "are the inspired gift of God, rarely bestowed; and are of power to inbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility—to allay the perturbations of the mind, and settle the affections in a right tune—to celebrate, in glorious and lofty hymns, the throne and equipage of God's Almightyness, and what he works, and what he suffers to be wrought, with high providence, in his Church—to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of Christ—to deplore the general relapses of kingdoms and states from justice and God's true worship. Lastly, whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime—in virtue amiable or grave—whatsoever hath passion and admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune, from without, or the wily subtleties and refluxes of man's thoughts from within—all these things, with a solid and treatable smoothness, to paint out and describe; teaching over the whole book of sanctity and virtue, through all the instances of

example, with such delight—to those, especially, of soft and delicious temper, who will not so much as look upon truth herself, unless they see her elegantly dressed.)—that, whereas the paths of honesty and good life appear now rugged and difficult, though they be indeed easy and pleasant, they will then appear to all men easy and pleasant, though they were rugged and difficult indeed!"*

Such are the oracles which came forth from the sanctuary of the heart of Milton. Is it possible that the age in which we live can be so villainously degenerate as to listen, with these words of sanctity ringing in their ears, to the periods of an effeminate and fantastic sophistry!

But the most prodigiously impudent and absurd sentence, in the paragraph above cited from Mr. Moore is, that in which he speaks of the warfare of the poet with an *ungrateful* world! We should be glad to learn what Lord Byron did for the world, for which he did not receive from the world the most ample and generous retribution? The world heaped admiration and renown upon him in full and prodigal measure; and if gold had been his object, the liberality of the world was sufficient to have raised him from indigence to affluence. It is true that when he wantonly spurned at all that the best and wisest of mankind hold sacred, the voice of loud reprobation was lifted up against him; and the cry which deepened at his heels may have raised within him a spirit of proud and almost ferocious defiance. But though he was, at last, villainously out of humour with the world, and in fiery wrath against his own country more especially, nothing (we are persuaded) ever entered his head so immensely ridiculous as to charge the world with *ingratitude*. This strain of "poor, unmanly, melancholy" whining, was reserved for his biographer; and if the defunct bard were to chastise the indiscretion of his friend, by *haunting* him a little, as he is said to have threatened to *haunt* his valet, old Fletcher, it would be a very proper punishment for coupling his name with so much wretched imbecility.

Lord Byron having solemnly abandoned the vocation of authorship, and having repeatedly expressed his utter contempt for a life of scribbling, as compared with a life of action, returned to England in an agony of impatience—to print! The success of his lampoon had persuaded him that satire was his *forte*; and he was languishing to be prosperously delivered of a poor paraphrase of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, which he had completed during his late travels. He was preserved by Apollo, in the shape of Mr. Dallas, who promised him immortality if he would but publish *Childe Harold*. For some time he stoutly resisted, being smitten with parental infatuation in favour of his satire, and with deep distrust of the merit of his stanzas. At length he consented to the ano-

nymous appearance of the poem, and the effect was, (to use his own expression,) that "*he awoke one fine morning and found himself famous.*" From that moment he was numbered among the grandest luminaries in the firmament of our modern literature—a wandering star of lurid and most disastrous brightness, whose appearance was

—"as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vised city hang his poi-
son
In the sick air."

The appearance of *Childe Harold* instantly threw open to him all the saloons of fashionable voluptuousness, and all the haunts of political liberalism. The brilliant world of dandyism and licentiousness was disclosed before him. He entered, of course, "nothing loath:" and, for a time,

"——— he followed
The sugared game before him;"

unchilled, indeed, by the "icy precepts of respect," but not without frequent disturbance from fits of insufferable weariness and disgust. By these he was driven occasionally back into the solitude which he naturally loved, and from which he continued to fling, with careless profusion, a succession of splendours which kept the world perpetually on the gaze. The period of his familiarity with the *Paradise of Folly*, into which his fame had introduced him, was an important one in his history. It was in this limbo of "vain and transitory things," that he seems chiefly to have wrought himself into that bitter contempt for his species, that scornful and incurable disbelief of the reality of virtue, which was at length engrained into his whole constitution, and became, as it were, "bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh." It is melancholy to think, that the mysteries of fashionable and patrician life should have made him an accomplished adept in the vile freemasonry of this heartless scepticism. In the world of dukes, and duchesses, and exquisites, and exclusives, and senators, and statesmen, it was, that he contrived to collect the materials of his eternal libels on human nature, and to prepare his genius for tricks of audacity and desperation which finally made him "an astonishment" and, almost, "a curse." One thing, however, is truly remarkable; that although he steeped himself to the very lips in the dissoluteness of the circle around him, he never appears to have deeply imbibed the spirit of its elegance and refinement. He never lost the "twang of the borrachio" which he contracted in his earlier years. It was said of Socrates that he resembled the Sileni—certain grotesque figures, which, on being opened, were found to inclose images of the Gods. Alas! we fear the case was grievously reversed in the instance before us. The exterior was, in an eminent degree, courtly and engaging; but there was agrin-

* Milton on Church Government, book ii.

ning satyr within; a lurking goblin of impurity and grossness; a low, fleshly, ruffian sort of incubus, that sat mocking at the show of refinement and dignity without. In plain round terms, his whole history affords us too much reason to believe that, with him, the impress of gentleman never descended very deeply below the surface. With all his bitter contempt for vulgarity—that is, for the affectation of *shabby-genteelness*—there is little doubt that he had, at bottom, a sneaking kindness, if not an inveterate passion, for coarseness and *blackguardism*, respecting which he observes, in one of his letters,* that “it comprehends wit, humour, and strong sense, at times.” And hence it is that, with so much haughtiness and fastidiousness, there never was, perhaps, a character with so little of genuine dignity and delicacy.

We pause here a moment to notice an event to which Mr. Moore attaches great importance, if we are to judge by the unmerciful length at which he has been pleased to relate it. “Can none remember?—yes, we know all must,”—the tremendous critico-martial encounter at Chalk Farm, hitched into rhyme by the provoking pleasantry of the Noble Satirist. Relative to this matter, some correspondence, of rather a polemical cast, ensued; and the whole of it is here printed, for the purpose of honouring the good sense, self-possession, and manly frankness of Lord Byron. We do not profess to be judges of such affairs; but, in our simple apprehension, the matter might have been settled in two words. Instead of this, a circuitous and wary correspondence takes place, conducted according to the most approved forms of the world’s conventional diplomacy. Fortunately, the event was bloodless. The heroes approached, each through an admirable series of parallels. “Their hearts were mighty, their skins were whole, and burnt sack,”—or, at least, abundance of good companionship—“was the issue.” The high contracting parties exchanged assurances of their most distinguished consideration. From that time Lord Byron and Tom Moore were sworn brothers; and an intimacy was struck up, which has eventually invested the latter with the office which is now his delight, his glory, and—we may reasonably presume—his gain.

In one of Lord Byron’s letters to another correspondent, this year, we have a magnificent specimen of his qualifications for judging on questions connected with religion or the Scriptures.

“I have gotten,” he says, “a book by Sir W. Drummond, entitled *Œdipus Judaicus*, in which he endeavours to prove the greater part of the Old Testament an allegory, particularly Genesis and Joshua. He professes himself a theist, and handles the literal interpretation very roughly. I wish you could see it. Mr. W. has lent it to me; and I confess, to me, it is worth fifty Watsons!”

Of course, it was worth fifty Watsons to

him, or to any man who, like him, loved darkness better than light. It was better, not only than fifty Watsons, but better than the whole army of mighty intellects who have done valiantly in behalf of the Truth; better than the Halls, and the Taylors, and the Barrows, and the Bacons, and the whole host of them put together. The performance of Sir Wm. Drummond, it is well known, was scarcely outdone in extravagance by the wildest absurdities of the Rabbinical writers; and it soon fell into contempt and oblivion. But it was a laudable effort to establish freedom of thought, and therefore it threw into the shade the prodigies of erudition, and of eloquence, and of reasoning, which had been lavished for ages in the cause of *superstition*! This incredible sally of impudence and folly, be it remembered, is addressed to a gentleman designed for *holy orders*; and it finds a place in a publication put forth by an intimate of the Noble Genius, with the express purpose of disabusing the public mind of its prepossessions to his disadvantage. All this irresistibly reminds us of the text, “Let the dead bury their dead;” and not only bury them, but pronounce their funeral oration, and embalm their memory, and hand down their excellence to the imitation of a grateful posterity; yea, let them do this, after that very fashion, of which a noble specimen is to be found some pages onward.

“The world,” says the biographer, “had yet to witness what he was capable of when he emancipated from this restraint”—(the *prejudices* of society.) “For graceful and powerful as were his flights, while society had still a hold of him, it was not till let loose from the leash that he rose into the true region of his strength”—(the region peopled with Cain, Don Juan, &c. ;) “and though, almost in proportion to that strength was, too frequently the abuse of it, yet so magnificent are the very excesses of such energy that it is impossible, even while we condemn, not to admire.”—vol. p. 254.

Why, aye,

—“e’en let the Devil
Be, some time, honoured for his burning throne.”

For the controul imposed upon him by the “meddling world” during his confinement within its rules, he partially and imperfectly indemnified himself by pouring out the secrets of his spirit in his *Journal*, which was to him as a confidential and familiar friend, and afforded him vast relief when his soul was labouring with the *magnanimities* of impiety. And this is the fashion in which, as appears from his *log-book*, (as he terms it,) he communeth with his own heart:

“All are inclined to believe what they covet, from a lottery-ticket up to a passport to Paradise—in which, from description, I see nothing very tempting. My restlessness tells me I have something within that ‘passeth show.’ It is for Him, who made it, to prolong that spark of celestial fire which illuminates, yet burns, this frail tenement, but I see no such horror in a

* Vol. ii. p. 478.

'dreamless sleep,' and I have no conception of any existence which duration would not render tiresome. How else 'fell the angels,' even according to your creed? They were immortal, heavenly, and happy as their *apostate Abdiel* is now by his treachery. Time must decide; and eternity won't be the less agreeable or more horrible because one did not expect it. In the meantime, I am grateful for some good, and tolerably patient under certain evils—grace a Dieu et mon bon temperament."—vol. i. p. 455.

Again—

"To-day responded to La baronne de Stael Holstein, and sent to Leigh Hunt (an acquisition to my acquaintance—through Moore—of last summer) a copy of the two Turkish Tales. Hunt is an extraordinary character, and not exactly of the present age. He reminds me more of the Pym and Hampden times—much talent, great independence of spirit, and an austere, yet not repulsive, aspect. If he goes on, *qualis ab incepto*, I know few men who will deserve more praise, or obtain it. I must go and see him again;—the rapid succession of adventure since last summer, added to some serious uneasiness and business, have interrupted our acquaintance; but he is a man worth knowing; and though, for his own sake, I wish him out of prison, I like to study character in such situations. He has been unshaken, and will continue so. I don't think him deeply versed in life;—he is the bigot of virtue, (not religion,) and enamoured of the beauty of that 'empty name,' as the last breath of Brutus pronounced, and every day proves it. He is, perhaps, a little opinionated, as all men who are the centre of circles, wide or narrow—the Sir Oracles, in whose name two or three are gathered together—must be, and as even Johnson was; but, withal, a valuable man, and less vain than success and even the consciousness of preferring the right to the expedient, might excuse."—*ibid.* p. 58.

The exquisitely ludicrous comparison of Leigh Hunt to the men of the grand Rebellion, almost indemnifies one for the worthless and puerile cant about "*virtue, that empty name*," and so forth. Shades of Pym and Hampden, look from your present abodes, and contemplate your antitype in the sage and poet of Coacaine!

Let us take another specimen of these comfortable and high-minded soliloquies:

"I wonder how the deuce any body could make such a world; for what purpose dandies, for instance, were ordained—and kings—and fellows of colleges—and women of 'a certain age'—and many men of any age—and myself, most of all!

'Divesne prisco et natus ab Inacho,
Nil interest, an pauper, et Infima
De gente, sub dio moreris,
Victima nil miserantis Orci.

Omnes eodem cogimur.'

"Is there any thing beyond?—*who* knows? He that can't tell. Who tells that there is? He who don't know. And when shall he know? Perhaps, when he don't expect, and generally, when he don't wish it. In this last respect,

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however, all are not alike: it depends a good deal upon education—something upon nerves and habits—but most upon digestion."—vol. i. p. 500.

Much in the same spirit of almost fiendish mockery is a good deal of his *communing* with his friend and biographer, whom he appears to have used quite as unceremoniously and confidentially as he did his Journal: for instance—

"I have also, more or less, been breaking a few of the favourite commandments; but I mean to pull up and marry, if any one will have me. In the mean time, the other day, I nearly killed myself with a collar of brawn, which I swallowed for supper, and indigested for I don't know how long. All this *gourmandise* was in honour of Lent; for I am forbidden meat all the rest of the year—but it is strictly enjoined me during your solemn fast."—vol. i. p. 540.

"My great comfort is, that the temporary celebrity I have wrung from the world, has been in the very teeth of all opinions and prejudices. I have flattered no ruling powers; I have never concealed a single thought that tempted me. They can't say I have truckled to the times, nor to popular topics (as Johnson, or somebody, said of Cleveland,) and whatever I have gained has been at the expenditure of as much *personal* favour as possible; for I do believe never was a bard more unpopular, *quoad homo*, than myself. And now I have done;—'ludite nunc alios.' Every body may be d—d, as they seem fond of it, and resolved to stick lustily for endless brimstone."—vol. i. p. 541.

Here again be "excesses of energy which it is impossible, even while we condemn, not to admire!!!"

The log-book, however, has occasionally better things than these. For example, we find there the following very just *censura* of Lewis's Monk.

"Redde," (the poet was sometimes ambitious of spelling better than his neighbours)—*Redde* a good deal, but desultorily. My head is crammed with the most useless lumber. It is odd that when I do read, I can only bear the chicken broth of—*any thing* but Novels. It is many a year since I looked into one (though they are sometimes ordered, by way of experiment, but never taken) till I looked yesterday at the worst parts of the Monk. These descriptions ought to have been written by Tiberius at Caprea—they are forced—the *philtred* ideas of a jaded voluptuary. It is to me inconceivable how they could have been composed by a man only twenty—his age when he wrote them. They have no nature—all the sour cream of cantharides. I should have suspected Buffon of writing them on the death-bed of his detestable dotage. I had never redde this edition, and merely looked at them from curiosity and recollection of the noise they made, and the name they have left to Lewis. But they could do no harm except

Here, we suppose, there follows something in the MS. quite unfit to be *redde* or uttered. It may be remarked here, that these mysteries *lacuna* are of very frequent occurrence, both

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in the extracts from the log-book and the correspondence. They are often found where the writer seems advancing towards the regions of blasphemy or obscenity; and, in such cases, our conductor generally brings us just to the "*fauces graveolentis Aeterni*," but, very wisely and humanely, does not suffer us to step into the pestilential gulf.

The following passage is worth citing, as recording a curious fact, and containing a just observation.

"Allen (Lord Holland's Allen—the best-informed and one of the ablest men I know—a perfect Magliabecchi—a devourer, a Helluo of books, and an observer of men) has lent me a quantity of Burns' unpublished, and never-to-be published, Letters. They are full of oaths and obscene songs. What an antithetical mind!—tenderness, roughness—delicacy, coarseness—sentiment, sensuality—soaring and grovelling, dirt and deity—all mixed up in that one compound of inspired clay!

"It seems strange; a true voluptuary will never abandon his mind to the grossness of reality. It is by exalting the earthly, the material, the *physique* of our pleasures, by veiling these ideas, by forgetting them altogether, or, at least, never naming them hardly to one's self, that we alone, can prevent them from disgusting."—vol. i. p. 469.

This remark shows how deeply, even at that early age, Byron had studied the *philosophy* of vice. The above fragment contains the best explanation that, perhaps, can be given of the anomalous and monstrous union which sometimes we see exemplified of gross sensuality with the highest powers of intellect. It is impossible to peruse it without recollecting the admirable and almost prophetic felicity, with which the same sentiment has been expanded by the author of the Night Thoughts:—

"The fact notorious, nor obscure the cause,
We wear the chains of Pleasure and of Pride.
These share the man, and these distract him too.
Pride, like an eagle, builds among the stars;
But Pleasure, lark-like, nests upon the ground.
Joys shared by brute-creation, Pride resents,
Pleasure embraces. Man would both enjoy,
And both at once: a point how hard to gain!
But what can't Wit, when stung by strong desire?

Wit dares attempt this arduous enterprise.

Wit calls the Graces the chaste zone to loose,
Nor less than a plump god to fill the bowl.

Pleasure and Pride, by nature mortal foes,
At war eternal, which in man shall reign,
By Wit's address patch up a fatal peace,
And hand in hand, lead on the rank debauch,
From rank, refined to delicate and gay.
Art, cursed Art wipes off the indebted blush
From Nature's cheek, and bronzes every shame.
Man smiles in ruin, glories in his guilt,
And infamy stands candidate for praise!"—

—Night v.

One more dip into the log-book!

"Last night I supped with Lewis; and, as

usual, though I neither exceeded in solids or fluids, have been half dead ever since. My stomach is entirely destroyed by long abstinence; and the rest will probably follow. Let it: I only wish the pain over. The 'leap in the dark' is the least to be dreaded."—p. 460.

Such are the feelings with which a being—gifted with powers which must have continually spoken to him of immortality—could stand upon "this bank and shoal of time," and look upon the stupendous ocean of eternity that surrounds it! And then—think of the self-denial which this scorner of human virtue could exercise, in order to avoid the horrors of obesity. He could *entirely destroy his stomach by abstinence* rather than endure the slightest loss of personal activity and grace. And yet he had always a sardonic sneer in readiness to wither the *hypocrisy* which could cant and prose about counting all things as loss compared with that hope which is the only anchor of the soul! Of a truth, the martyrs of incredulity are but a feeble and unsteady folk when brought to the stake of common sense. And fitly, indeed, are they rewarded, *even here*, for the base fidelity they show to their cause. If any one doubts this, let them learn it from our biographer.

"Finding Lord Byron," says Mr. Moore, "invariably lively when we were together, I often rallied him on the gloomy tone of his poetry, as assumed; but his constant answer was—(and I soon ceased to doubt of its truth)—that though thus merry and full of laughter with those he liked, he was at heart, one of the most melancholy wretches living." vol. i. p. 356.

The truth is, that he knew nothing of what Jeremy Taylor calls the "*perpetual festivities*" of a heart at peace with itself. Hence the volcanic fires within, and the superficial bloom and verdure without. This contrast was afterwards very clearly discerned by one who was most interested in observing it, as will appear from a fragment of his own:

"People have wondered at the melancholy which runs through my writings. Others have wondered at my personal gaiety. But I recollect once, after an hour in which I had been sincerely and particularly gay, and rather brilliant in company, my wife replying to me when I said (upon her remarking my high spirits), 'And yet, Bell, I have been called and mis-called melancholy—you must have seen how falsely, frequently?'—'No, Byron,' she answered, 'it is not so: at heart you are the most melancholy of mankind; and often when apparently gayest.'"—Moore, vol. i. p. 649.

This is the blessedness of him who has, on one hand, a genius that can work miracles at his capricious bidding, and on the other hand, passions that laugh at all restraints, divine and human! These are the wages of the adventurer who takes service with these noted and inseparable brethern, Sans-joy, Sans-foy and Sans-joy!

It was thought by several of Lord Byron's friends that matrimony afforded him the only chance of deliverance from this vile society. He seems to have thought so himself; for he says, somewhere in his *log-book*—"a wife would be the salvation of me." It was hoped, at least, that marriage might do for him what a legitimate despotism sometimes does for a nation harassed and torn to pieces by a rapid succession of revolutionary tyrannies. That he thought the experiment, at all events, worth trying, is evident from the fact, that he had once already offered his neck to the yoke of wedlock. He had, actually, been a suitor to Miss Milbanke, the present Lady Byron. But his hour was not yet come. The lady, with every imaginable assurance of friendship and regard, had declined the proposal. She had, however, accompanied her refusal with the expression of a wish that their correspondence should be continued—alas! *periculosa plenum opus alea*! For, as his lordship shrewdly observed, *friendship*, with young ladies, is but love full-fledged, and only waiting for a fine day to fly. This intercourse of *friendship* was kept up for about two years; during which period the sentiment had been gaining strength of opinion for its adventurous and most disastrous flight. At last, the critical moment arrived, and in Sept. 1814 the lady was addressed with a renewed offer of allegiance. The circumstances which led to this step shall be described by Mr. Moore.

"A person, who had for some time stood high in his affection and confidence, observing how cheerless and unsettled was the state both of his mind and prospects, advised him strenuously to marry; and after much discussion, he consented. The next point for consideration was—who was to be the object of his choice: and while his friend mentioned one lady, he himself named Miss Milbanke. To this, however, his adviser strongly objected—marking to him, that Miss Milbanke had at present no fortune, and that his embarrassed affairs would not allow him to marry without one; that she was moreover a learned lady, which would not at all suit him. In consequence of these representations, he agreed that his friend should write a proposal for him to the other lady named, which was accordingly done; and an answer, containing a refusal, arrived as they were, one morning, sitting together. 'You see,' said Lord Byron, 'that, after all, Miss Milbanke is to be the person;—I will write to her.' He accordingly wrote on the moment, and, as soon as he had finished, his friend, remonstrating still strongly against his choice, took up the letter—but on reading it over, observed, 'Well, really this is a very pretty letter;—it is a pity it should not go. I never read a prettier one.' 'Then it shall go,' said Lord Byron, and in so saying, sealed and sent off, on the instant, this fiat of his fate."—*Moore*, p. 580, 581.

Now is not this, we would ask, a right merry-conceited and most delectable scene? What might not be made of it, in the hands of an artist of any dramatic powers? A young gen-

tleman wants to be married. His guide, philosopher, and friend, for the time being, violently remonstrates against his choice, because the lady has plenty of learning in possession, but fortune only in expectancy. The lover, however, sits down and writes; his sage and faithful counsellor, retaining all his objections to the person addressed, nevertheless gives his sanction and approbation to the dispatch; and Miss Milbanke is invited to become Lady Byron because—it is a pity that a *pretty letter* should not go!—Could the genius of urbane comedy have suggested a happier incident? How shall the laughter-loving portion of the most discerning public in the world express their obligations to the candour and impartiality which has furnished them with it; and this, too, in magnanimous disregard of certain *tragic* reminiscences which the scene must inevitably call up in the minds of some surviving individuals? For ourselves, if we could imagine any thing to heighten the comic interest of the *situation*, it would be to have placed the lady behind a skreen, where she might have witnessed the extremely pleasant consultation which was to dispose of her future destinies; and then to exhibit the enviable feelings of the noble adventurer, on being consigned (as, in that case, he most undoubtedly would have been consigned)—for the second time, to the long list of rejected aspirants! The affair, however, was ordained to have a different termination.

"On the day of the arrival of the lady's answer, he was sitting at dinner, when his gardener came in and presented him with his mother's wedding ring, which she had lost many years before, and which the gardener had just found in digging up the mould under her window. Almost at the same moment, the letter from Miss Milbanke arrived, and Lord Byron exclaimed, 'If it contains a consent, I will be married with this very ring.' It did contain a very flattering acceptance of his proposal, and a duplicate of the letter had been sent to London, in case this should have missed him."—*Memoranda*, *Moore*, vol. i. p. 582, note.

The following is one of the various letters in which he announces his success. It would be amusing and laughable enough, if one could but dismiss all recollection of the sequel.

"TO THE COUNTESS OF ———"

"Albany, October 5, 1814.

"DEAR LADY ———"

"Your recollection and invitation do me great honour; but I am going to be 'married, and can't come.' My intended is two hundred miles off, and the moment my business here is arranged, I must set out in a great hurry to be happy. Miss Milbanke is the good-natured person who has undertaken me, and, of course, I am very much in love, and as silly as all single gentlemen must be in that sentimental situation. I have been accepted these three weeks; but when the event will take place, I don't exactly know. It depends partly upon lawyers, who are never in a hurry.—One can be sure of nothing; but, at present,

there appears no other interruption to this intention, which seems as mutual as possible, and now no secret though I did not tell first—and all our relatives are congratulating away to the right and left in the most fatiguing manner.

"You perhaps know the lady. She is the niece to Lady Melbourne, and cousin to Lady Cowper and others of your acquaintance, and has no fault, except being a great deal too good for me, and that I must pardon, if nobody else should. It might have been *two* years ago, and, if it had, would have saved me a world of trouble. She has employed the interval in refusing about half a dozen of my particular friends, (as she did me once by the way,) and has taken me at last, for which I am very much obliged to her. I wish it was well over, for I do hate bustle, and there is no marrying without some;—and then, I must not marry in a black coat, they tell me, and I can't bear a blue one.

"Pray forgive me for scribbling all this nonsense. You know I must be serious all the rest of my life, and this is a parting piece of buffoonery, which I write with tears in my eyes, expecting to be agitated. Believe me most seriously and sincerely your obliged servant,

"BYRON.

"P. S. My best rem. to Lord ** on his return."—*Moore*, vol. i. p. 583, 584.

Byron was now a doomed man: and his friend and biographer—who had long entertained such sanguine hopes of the transforming efficacy of wedlock—began to look forward with dismay to the consequences of the irrevocable step, very soon after the poet had resolved upon it. He was assailed, he tells us, with certain doubts and misgivings as to the fitness of the gifted man for the matrimonial tie, under any circumstances whatever; and was "filled with a foreboding anxiety as to his fate, which the unfortunate events that followed but too fully justified." And the discovery of Childe Harold's disqualification for "the calm affections and comforts which form the cement of domestic life," seems to have led to a still wider range of speculation; the result of which is, that "men of the higher order of genius" have, in all ages and in all countries, been found to labour under a similar sort of inaptitude. The most illustrious sages, we are reminded, have lived single lives; married poets have seldom been happy in their homes; and, to the most conspicuous instances of this infelicity—Dante, Milton, Shakspeare, and Dryden, "we have now to add, as a partner in their destiny, a name worthy of being placed beside the greatest of them—Lord Byron." What may be the authority for numbering Shakspeare among the victims of matrimony, we are unable to divine. But, however that may be, Shakspeare and his mighty brethren together, supply Mr. Moore with materials for no less than eight quarto pages of most mellifluous and solemn disquisition; the moral of all which is, that intellectual mediocrity is one of the indispensable ingredients of conjugal bliss! surely, it is a pity that these profound meditations did

not occur to him, for the benefit of his noble friend, before he joined in urging him to a matrimonial adventure, and in representing such a measure as affording the best hope of reclaiming him from those eccentricities which are incident to the planetary path of every distinguished genius! As it is, the speculations of the biographer are not a little curious. At first, he is persuaded that domestic peace is the pole star which is to regulate the course of this mighty intellect. But no sooner does he find that this hope is treacherous, than he resolves that his hero shall, at least, be ruined in good company. He accordingly ransacks all literary history; and his researches are rewarded with the seasonable and consoling discovery, that many a renowned adventurer has made shipwreck of peace and happiness in the same perilous navigation!

With these illustrious authorities for the domestic infelicity of genius, we are duly fortified and prepared for the issue of the adventure in question.

"Accordingly, at the end of December, accompanied by his friend, Mr. Hobbouse, he, (Lord Byron) set out for Seaham, the seat of Sir Ralph Milbanke, the lady's father, in the county of Durham, and on the 2d of January, 1815, was married."

The poetical history of this event is as follows:—

—"I saw him stand
Before an altar with a gentle bride;
Her face was fair, but was not that which made
The Starlight of his Boyhood;—as he stood
Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came
The self-same aspect, and the quivering shock
That in the antique Oratory shook
His bosom in its solitude; and then—
As in that hour—a moment o'er his face
The tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced—and then it faded as it came,
And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke
The fitting vows, but heard not his own words,
And all things reel'd around him; he could see
Not that which was, nor that which should have
been—

But the old mansion and the accustom'd hall,
And the remember'd chambers, and the place,
The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade,
All things pertaining to that place and hour,
And her, who was his destiny, came back,
And thrust themselves between him and the
light:—

What business had they there at such a time?"*
Moore, vol. i. p. 599.

The above visionary representation of the matter is here "introduced historically," as closely agreeing with the *prose* account of the same affair in the Memoranda of the bridegroom, in which he describes himself

"as waking on the morning of his marriage, with the most melancholy reflections, on seeing his wedding suit spread out before him.—In the same mood he wandered about the grounds alone, till he was summoned for the ceremony, and joined, for the first time on that

*A Dream.

day, his bride and her family. He knelt down—he repeated the words after the clergyman; but a mist was before his eyes—his thoughts were elsewhere; and he was awakened by the congratulation of the by-standers, and found that he was—married!

About a month after this most joyous enterprise, we find him writing thus from Seaham.

"Since I wrote last I have been transferred to my father-in-law's, with my lady, and my lady's maid, &c., &c.; and the *treacle-moon* is over, and *I am awake*, and *find myself married*. My spouse and I agree to—and in—admiration. Swift says, 'no wise man ever married;' but for a fool, I think it the most ambrosial of all possible future states.

"I wish you would respond, for I am here *oblitusque, memorem, oblitiscendus et illis*. Pray tell me what is going on in the way of intrigue, and how the w—s and rogues of the upper Beggar's Opera go on—or rather go off—in or after marriage; or who are going to break any particular commandment. Upon this dreary coast we have nothing but country meetings and shipwrecks; and I have this day dined upon fish, which, probably, dined upon the crews of several colliers lost in the late gales. But I saw the sea once more in all the glories of surf and foam—almost equal to the Bay of Biscay, and the interesting white squalls and short seas of Archipelago memory.

"My papa, Sir Ralpho, hath recently made a speech at Durham tax-meeting; and not only at Durham, but *here*, several times since, after dinner. He is now, I believe, speaking it to himself (I left him in the middle) over various decanters, which can neither interrupt him nor fall asleep, as might probably have been the case with some of his audience."—"I must go to tea: d—tea! I wish it was Kinnaird's brandy, and with you to lecture me about it."

Now here we must pause, for one moment, to contemplate the glorious liberty wherewith the sons of genius are made free from the yoke which hangs about the neck of quotidian and prosaic respectability! Of the dissolute levity of this epistle we say nothing; but here is a man received with confidence and hospitality by the father of the woman whose feelings he is bound by every tie to spare and to respect; and yet, within a *little month*, he is found making himself merry with his familiar friend, at the expense of his unsuspecting host. But this, it may be said, is nothing more than a transient sally of humour, or of spleen bursting out in the unrestrained flow of confidential and private correspondence. Well—on this point we are all liberality and acquiescence! Be it even so. But what, then, shall we say of the violation of this privacy and confidence? What shall we say of this exposure, which, while the widow is still surviving, holds up the deceased parent to public derision? We do not ask the world to abide by the sentence of ancient and censorious dotards like ourselves; but we appeal to every man, every woman, and every child, brought up with the commonest feelings of delicacy and kindliness,

whether they can contemplate this disclosure without indignation? Can any thing be well more unmanly, more heartless, more ungenerous?

It will be some relief to introduce here, from the "Detached Thoughts" of Lord Byron, certain very diverting recollections of his acquaintance with the interior of a theatre—a dangerous episode in the life of a married man.

"When I belonged to the Drury Lane Committee, and was one of the Sub-Committee of Management, the number of *plays* upon the shelves were about five hundred. Conceiving that amongst these there must be some of merit, in person and by proxy I caused an investigation. I do not think that of those which I saw there was one which could be conscientiously tolerated. There never were such things as most of them! Mathurin was very kindly recommended to me by Walter Scott, to whom I had recourse, firstly, in the hope that he would do something for us himself, and secondly, in my despair, that he would point out to us any young (or old) writer of promise. Mathurin sent his Bertram and a letter *without* his address, so that at first I could give him no answer.—When I at last hit upon his residence, I sent him a favourable answer and something more substantial. His play succeeded, but I was at that time absent from England.

"I tried Coleridge too, but he had nothing feasible in hand at the time. Mr. Sotheby obligingly offered *all* his tragedies, and I pledged myself, and notwithstanding many squabbles with my Committed Brethren, did get 'Ivan' accepted, read, and the parts distributed. But lo! in the very heart of the matter, upon some *tediousness* on the part of Kean, or warmth on that of the author, Sotheby withdrew his play. Sir J. B. Burgess did also present four tragedies and a farce, and I moved Green-room and Sub-Committee, but they would not.

"Then the scenes I had to go through!—the authors and the authoresses, and the milliners, and the wild Irishmen—the people from Brighton, from Blackwall, from Chatham, from Cheltenham, from Dublin, from Dundee—who came in upon me! to all of whom it was proper to give a civil answer, and a hearing, and a reading. Mrs. * * * father, an Irish dancing-master of sixty years, called upon me to request to play Archer, dressed in silk stockings, on a frosty morning, to show his legs (which were certainly good and Irish for his age, and had still been better)—Miss Emma Somebody, with a play entitled 'The Bandit of Bohemia,' or some such title or production.—Mr. O'Higgins, then resident at Richmond, with an Irish tragedy, in which the unities could not fail to be observed, for the protagonist was chained by the leg to a pillar during the chief part of the performance. He was a wild man, of a savage appearance, and the difficulty of *not* laughing at him was only to be got over by reflecting upon the probable consequences of such cackinnation.

"As I am really a civil and polite person, and *do* hate giving pain when it can be avoided, I sent them up to Douglas Kinnaird—who is a man of business, and sufficiently ready with a negative—and left them to settle with him; and as the beginning of next year I went

abroad, I have since been little aware of the progress of the theatres.

"Players are said to be an impracticable people. They are so; but I managed to steer clear of any disputes with them, and excepting one debate with the elder Byrne about Miss Smith's *pas de*—(something—I forget the technicals,) I do not remember any litigation of my own. I used to protect Miss Smith because she was like Lady Jane Harley in the face, and likenesses go a great way with me. Indeed, in general, I left such things to my more bustling colleagues, who used to reprove me seriously for not being able to take such things in hand without buffooning with the histrions, or throwing things into confusion by treating light matters with levity.

"Then the Committee!—then the Sub-Committee!—we were but few, but never agreed. There was Peter Moore, who contradicted Kinnaird, and Kinnaird who contradicted every body: then our two managers Rae and Dibdin; and our secretary, Ward! and yet we were all very zealous and in earnest to do good and so forth. *** furnished us with prologues to our revived old English plays, but was not pleased with me for complimenting him as the '*Upton*' of our theatre, (Mr. Upton is, or was, the poet who writes the songs for Astley's,) and almost gave up prologuing in consequence."—*Moore*, vol. i. pp. 631, 632.

We have neither the right nor the wish to dwell in any detail upon the disastrous issue of Lord Byron's matrimonial experiment. The solution of the whole affair probably is, that his lady, after living a twelvemonth with him, became strongly impressed with the belief that he was scarcely in a state of mental sanity; and that, under the influence of this persuasion, she conceived herself justified in consulting her own peace and safety; and that she accordingly effected her retreat from him by what, when unexplained, might have the appearance of a sort of stratagem. There probably was enough in his demeanour to produce an impression that his mind had lost its equilibrium. He confesses, himself, that the confusion of his affairs and the consequent disorder of his health and distraction of his mind, frequently drove him into excess, and disqualified his temper for comfort; and he further allows, that something is to be attributed to his strange and desultory habits, brought on by early release from discipline and restraint. One eruption of his "perturbed spirit" is mentioned by Mr. Moore as having powerfully aided the suspicion that his faculties were in a state of dislocation. In a fit of vexation and rage, brought on by some of those humiliating embarrassments to which he was almost daily exposed, he took a favourite old watch, which had been his companion from boyhood, and had gone with him to Greece, furiously dashed it on the hearth, and ground it to pieces among the ashes with the poker! In this paroxysm of almost frantic violence might

be discerned a strong symptom of alarming and habitual excitement; and it may easily be imagined that a few more explosions, at all resembling this, might render his society absolutely intolerable to a woman of refined notions and habits, unless she happened to be gifted with nerves of steel. Her own representation of this matter is now before the public, and is printed by Mr. Moore in the Appendix. The upshot of it may be stated in two words. Either Lord Byron was mad, or he was not. If he was mad, he could not be a very comfortable sort of person to live with. If he was not mad—and if Lady Byron was to consider his past conduct as that of a person in his sound mind—nothing (she avows) could induce her to return to him, and place herself once more in his power. What the particulars of that conduct were, she has thought it proper to abstain from describing. She has declined, as she had a most unquestionable right to decline, the obtrusive and impertinent cross-examinations, which have been administered to her through the press, relative to the merits of the case between herself and her husband. She has confined herself chiefly to the solemn assertion, that, whoever may have been to blame in the affair, her own parents stand entirely clear of imputation; and she has been prompted to break silence at all, solely by her desire to vindicate their memory from insult. With regard to the causes of the separation, she has contented herself with printing the following letter from her professional friend and adviser, Dr. Lushington:—

"MY DEAR LADY BYRON:

"I can rely upon the accuracy of my memory for the following statement. I was originally consulted by Lady Noel on your behalf, whilst you were in the country; the circumstances detailed by her were such as justified a separation, but they were not of that aggravated description as to render such a measure indispensable. On Lady Noel's representation, I deemed a reconciliation with Lord Byron practicable, and felt most sincerely a wish to aid in effecting it. There was not on Lady Noel's part any exaggeration of the facts; nor, so far as I could perceive, any determination to prevent a return to Lord Byron: certainly nonewas expressed when I spoke of a reconciliation. When you came to town in about a fortnight, or perhaps more, after my first interview with Lady Noel, I was for the first time informed by you of facts utterly unknown, as I have no doubt, to Sir Ralph and Lady Noel. On receiving this additional information, my opinion was entirely changed: I considered a reconciliation impossible. I declared my opinion, and added, that if such an idea should be entertained, I could not, either professionally or otherwise, take any part towards effecting it. Believe me, very faithfully yours,

"STEPHEN LUSHINGTON.

"Great George Street, Jan. 31, 1830."—*Moore*, vol. ii. p. 816.

We will give no utterance to the various surmises which irresistibly rush into the mind

on the perusal of this letter. Thus much, however, at least, is evident, that either Lady Byron was guilty of most flagitiously deceiving her legal advisers—which is absolutely incredible—or, that the friends of Lord Byron, if they have the slightest regard for his memory, must never stir this question more while they live!

For ourselves, forbearing all further inquiry into the causes of Lady Byron's separation from her husband, there is, nevertheless, some questions which we are irresistibly impelled to ask, though we fear it will be thought most detestably illiberal: namely, what right had any man so deeply involved in pecuniary difficulties to engage in matrimony at all? It appears, from Mr. Moore's own statement, that "on Byron's arrival in London, in December, 1814, he found his affairs in so utterly embarrassed a condition, as to fill him with some alarm, and even to suggest to his mind the *prudence* of deferring his marriage." *The prudence* of deferring it! We should rather say, the imperative and irresistible duty of deferring it—unless, indeed, the lady, on a full and frank disclosure of circumstances, should generously choose to insist on an immediate completion of the engagement. But, in our judgment, the peculiar turpitude of the transaction lies much deeper than this. For our lives we cannot understand how a ruined man can dare to propose an alliance with any woman on earth, whether an heiress or not, without first telling her that he is a ruined man. Now it is evident, from the tenor of the narrative before us, that at the very time of his offering himself to Miss Milbank, Lord Byron must have distinctly known that this, or something very like this, was his own condition. He knew that his affairs had long been falling into a state of almost desperate confusion. We therefore ask, with all dutiful submission to more youthful and enlightened minds, how it was that he, or any honourable man, could endure the thought of committing the woman of his choice and attachment, even to the chance of all the misery and all the humiliation incident to such a state of things? And when, at last, he fully learned the ruinous extent of the evil, we should like to know the process by which he contrived to satisfy himself that he was not behaving almost like a scoundrel, in going to the altar without making known to the other parties the whole reality of his condition, leaving to them the option of a postponement or dissolution of the contract? The consequences of his rushing into new and heavy responsibilities, with all this load of debt about his neck, is formidably, but very justly, described by his devoted biographer. "His marriage (from the reputation, no doubt, of the lady being an heiress) was, at once, a signal for all the arrears and claims of a long accumulating state of embarrassment to explode upon him. His door was almost daily beset by duns, and his house nine times during that year in possession of bailiffs." And what other earthly result was to be ex-

pected? Is it credible that the "thriving wooer" himself can, at any moment of his wooing, have been wholly blind to the futurity which awaited his success? Can he have supposed it possible that the faintest rumour of his prosperity would fail to environ him with the *Alastor* of Law and Justice, and (to use his own expression) "to shiver his household gods around him: And yet, with these certainties before his eyes, he invites a virtuous, exemplary and happy woman to share his destinies, and to stand exposed to "the slings and arrows of his own outrageous fortune!" We care not one single rush whether the man who does this be an illustrious bard, or the most empty-headed walking gentleman, who burdens and afflicts with his leaden presence the routs and the club-houses of the metropolis. It is the vilest and stupidest of all despicable cant to tell us that grand and capacious faculties are to exempt a man from the dominion of those rules, the breach of which exposes all the ordinary sons of men to contempt and reprobation. If any obscure individual were to carry into the daily transactions of human life such principles as these, or rather, such utter disregard and oblivion of all principles, what would be his portion but ignominy and scorn? But the aristocracy of rank and of genius, it seems, are to pursue their glorious trajectory far beyond the disturbing force of all vulgar moralities:

"Nam vos Trojugenæ vobis ignoscitis; et quæ Turpia Cerdoni, Volesos Brutosque decebunt?"

All the world knows the tempest which burst on the head of "the martyr" on his rupture with his wife. The winds of obloquy seemed to be let loose to fight against him from every corner of the heavens. In the first place there was the deep-mouthed indignation of wise and virtuous men. The cry, however, it may be allowed, was probably much aggravated by the yells of envious, malignant and despairing mediocrity, and by the vile yelpings of low ill-nature and reptile uncharitableness. But, however that may be, the clamour at last became utterly intolerable, and drove the illustrious delinquent from his *ungrateful* country, secretly exclaiming, perhaps, like Coriolanus to the Roman rabble,

"Ye common cry of curs—I banish you!"

Mr. Moore has judged wisely in abstaining from any further allusion to these particulars. Time and justice, he conceives, are doing more in favour of Lord Byron's character, than could be effected by any gossiping details. We should apprehend that, of the two, Time is by far the better friend to his Lordship's memory. "Who now asks," says Mr. Moore, "whether Dante was right or wrong in his matrimonial differences? or by how many, whose fancies dwell fondly on his Beatrice, is even the name of his Gemma Donati remembered? Why, then, should any friend of Lord Byron deny him the benefit of the same

softening influence which melts down the fiery colours and harsh lineaments of distant greatness? Why will they not leave his character to rest, and be content to let nothing but his genius fly abroad? Why will they persist in dragging him once more before the bar of public inquisition, and provoking examination into his misdeeds, by pleadings like the following:—"During the lifetime of a man of genius, the world, is but too much inclined to judge him rather by what he wants than by what he possesses"—(as if any thing could supply the place of virtue!)"—"and, even where conscious, as in the present case, that his defects are among the sources of his greatness, to require of him, unreasonably, the one without the other. If Pope had not been splenetic and irritable, we should have wanted his *Satires*; and an impetuous temperament, and passions untamed, were indispensable to the *conformation* of a poetlike Byron." Why then, would to Heaven, we say, that his *conformation* had never taken place at all! The curse of his example never can be redeemed by the splendour of his genius; nay, the curse and the splendour, in this case, unhappily go together; for the genius has here been too often employed to perpetuate the pestilence of the example. Really, if Poetry cannot spring up in a soil that is not blasted by volcanic fires, and scorched by "*lava floods*;" if it languishes and dies under the sunshine of goodness and of piety; if it cannot live and ripen under the milder influences which gladden our homes and shed peace and comfort *about our path and about our bed*; if this be so, it were devoutly to be wished that all Christian states, like Plato's republic, should be purged for ever of this pernicious growth. It were better that poets were banished from the land, if it be true that "the materials of order and of happiness" are not to be found in a bosom from which genius is constantly pouring forth its rivers of flame! But all this is not true. Poetry is not a Moloch, which demands the sacrifice of all that is dearest and most sacred to the human heart. Genius is not a gift for which a man must necessarily *exchange his own soul*. To talk thus, is to slander the highest endowments of our nature, and, in truth, but little less than to blaspheme the Giver of them. It was, literally, no more necessary to the poetical triumphs and achievements of Byron that he should be an infidel, or a scoffer, or a libertine, or a bad husband, than it was that he should be an incendiary or a buccaneer. Vice, it is true, may, for wise and unsearchable reasons, be sometimes invested with the splendours of genius; but how does it follow from this, that vice and genius have any native elements in common with each other? Satan, we know, can assume the attributes of an angel of light; but how does this impeach the purity of those bright Intelligences, those celestial Sanctities and Virtues, which surround the throne of Omnipotence?

We are accustomed to hear a great deal of the cant of hypocrisy, and the cant of bigotry, and prejudice; but we think it may very safely be averred, that the cant and the pedantry of liberalism are, to say the least, quite as intolerable. If, however, there must be canting, we do not see why the men of liberality should, on this occasion, have it all to themselves. We shall, accordingly, produce a sample of that commodity, which we hope will be found at least as palatable as that which has been, so elaborately, prepared for us by Thomas Moore.

"Strong links and mutual sympathies connect
The moral powers, and powers of intellect.
Still these on those depend by union fine,
Bloom as they bloom, and as they fade decline.
Talents, 'tis true, gay, quick, and bright, has
God

To virtue oft denied, on vice bestowed:
Just as fond nature lovelier colours brings
To paint the insect's than the eagle's wings.
But, of our souls the high-born loftier part,
Th' ethereal energies that touch the heart,
Conceptions ardent, labouring thought intense,
Creative Fancy's wild magnificence,
And all the dread sublimities of song,
These, Virtue, these to thee alone belong.
These are celestial all; nor kindred hold
With aught of sordid or debasing mould.
Chilled by the breath of Vice, their radiancies die,
And brightest burns when lighted at the skies.
Like vestal flames to purest bosoms given,
And kindled only by a ray from heaven."

And so much in answer to the raptures of Thomas Moore;

"Nay, an he'll mouth, we'll rant as well as he;"

and, as we trust, somewhat more to the purpose. For our own part, we fear not to avow that, in our judgment, the highest glories of *creative fancy* belong not to Childe Harold. The brightest heaven of *imagination* he never climbed. Mr. Galt has said very truly, though in his odd and quaint manner, "No characteristic action distinguishes one of his heroes from another; nor is there much dissimilarity in their sentiments. They have no individuality. They stalk and pass in mist and gloom; grim, ghastly, portentous, mysterious shadows; entities of the twilight; weird things, like the sceptred effigies of the unborn issue of Banquo." All this sameness, and monotony, and indistinctness, is the consequence of his inability to penetrate into the various depths and recesses of human character; and he who is unable to do this, has no title to the very first honours of genius. He may read and transcribe nature, as she has impressed herself on the face of the material creation; or he may trace the lines and furrows which have been ploughed into the character by the force of the more impetuous and keen emotions; but he has never been initiated into those *greater mysteries* which impart to the mightiest adepts almost the stamp and aspect of divinity.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* Mr. C. Grant.

From the Metropolitan Magazine.

THE CALL TO POLAND.

HAVE ye sharpen'd your swords? for the battle
is nigh—

The morn of the conflict is breaking:
O dark is the dawn, but slaughter's red eye
Shall enlighten the path you are taking,
Bright hope in your bosoms awaking,
That the vengeance which slept under Musco-
vite sway,

The treasure of years shall be kindled to day.
'Tis Freedom that calls you! though dim be
the sun,

The darkness around you dispelling;
Though death-fires enshroud you, and waste is
begun,

She to deeds of high worth compelling,
Points to every loved altar and dwelling,
And demands from the sons of the noble in
fame,
If the hell-mark of slave must still blacken
their name!

By the glory your tyrants would quench, but
in vain—

By the shades of your heroes departed—
By him who, undaunted, again and again
For the goal of victory started,
Kosciusko the lion-hearted—

By all that is worthy in man's little day,
Go dare as your fathers, or perish as they.

HAVE ye sharpen'd your swords for the banquet
of death?

HAVE ye made the blood-deep adjuration?
HAVE ye dared on the hazard the stake of your
breath!

Again ye shall be a free nation—
Not vain shall be the invocation:
The call of each sword upon Liberty's aid
Shall be written in gore on the steel of its
blade!

n.

From the Metropolitan Magazine.

THE EXECUTION OF CALAS.*

MY DEAR SPANGHIER, I took up my pen
yesterday to write to you, but could not; it
was not that I wanted matter to relate, but firm-
ness to relate it. Now don't be frightened by
this, nor suppose some calamity has befallen
yours or mine; though indeed the murder of
the innocent is your affair, and mine, and every
one's. I think you once congratulated me, or

* Calas was a merchant at Toulouse, of the re-
formed religion, broken on the wheel upon a false
accusation, originating in his supposed hatred of his
son (who had committed suicide) for being of the
Catholic religion, and, on that account, accused of
murdering him. The story of the protection of his
family by Voltaire, and of the reversal of the infa-
mous sentence upon him, must be familiar to our
readers.—We think of the execution of Riego when
we read this.

† This, says the chronicle, is the name of the ec-
clesiastic in the canton of Berne, to whom this let-
ter was written, and by whom it was communicated.
The writer was the famous cavalry officer, Le Fu-
alde Conte, mentioned by Frederic in his History
of the Seven Years' War.—This is the first time
we have seen this letter in an English garb.

reproached me with, (I forget which) my strong
nerves. Had you seen me yesterday, you would
never again do so; strong as they might be,
poor Calas proved too strong for them. You
must have heard his execution was determined
on; and you have probably heard it was de-
served. Oh, my friend! you did not see him
die—I did, and in his death, his acquittal.
Guilt could never yet so mimic innocence, but
that the last scene would lift the mask; never,
if death be a cheat, did he look so honest as
here. What a grievous thing to have the
weight of innocent blood to account for! yet
surely Calas' judges have that to answer for.
A thousand exchequers, to my thinking, could
not buy out a drop of it; a thousand battles
could not show horror equal to it. When jus-
tice is guided by bigotry to the destruction of
innocence, she well deserves to be painted
blind; and antidote becomes a poison; a cure,
a plague; and a blessing, a bitter curse. I
thought I had so often looked death in the face,
that his ugliest grimace could not scare; and
that after having so often dared him and seen
him dared, so often inflicted him and seen him
inflicted, I must have met him in his worst
form. But, no! I had not seen virtue fall by
the hand of power, without the consolation of
a tear, without the reputation of a martyr.
Time, they say, wears out all sorrows; but
his art must exceed my faith, if he can ever
efface the sorrow of good Calas broken on the
wheel! The effect on me was such as I can-
not express. It is so deeply fastened in my
breast, that I cannot lay it upon my paper; nor
can I turn my thoughts from it. It is still ob-
truding itself upon my imagination. You
know how you feel after reading a horrible ro-
mance; that may give you a faint idea of my
state—one painful thought suggests a worse.
When I think on Calas, I think of his grey
hairs—then of his words—then of his groans—
but a truce to sentiment—I will describe.

Obligated to join my troop, which were at-
tending the execution, I mounted Fontabres
more tardily than I should have done for a
charge, hoping all might be over when I re-
ached the square; but, alas! the genius of cruel-
ty is too subtle a planner to be overreached by
plain thinking, too skilled an epicure to devour
her food; she loves, by mumbling it, to prolong
her pleasure, yet is she not to be satisfied with
a bare taste! but, enough! She may, be said,
without a metaphor, to gnaw the very bones:
she was this time too cunning for me; she
had but just lifted the curtain when I took my
seat. When I reached the square, I found it
blockaded by persons of all ranks, for this trial
had excited universal admiration. The great
majority, however, were of the lower order,
and of them the plurality were women, for I
have always remarked, the fair sex, though
averse perhaps to the acting of a tragedy, are
greedy of its representation. My uniform,
however, was my passport, and, making way
on all sides, they suffered me to canter up to

my post at the head of the squadron, that lined the scaffold. Fronting me stood the instrument of torture ; but as such a thing, I am sure, never yet met the eyes of the pastor of Rulligen, a description may be necessary. Imagine a wheel of iron about two feet in diameter, so broad that a man could lie on it, and yet not broad enough for him to lie easily, the circumference grooved cross-wise at regular intervals, so that the blow from the crow-bar of the executioner might be the more certain to break the limb or splinter it more effectually ; this wheel raised above the level of the scaffolding half a foot by means of chains made fast from the axis, at either side, to iron posts at the interval of six feet. The wheel is of hammered iron, and so weighty that though elevated as I mentioned, it requires no inconsiderable force to swing it. It is elevated in order to enable the criminal's body to perform the circuit of the machine, and an apparatus is provided for stretching the human body to the completion of the circle. This engine was further defaced by the gouts of blood and mouldering flesh which the last occupant had left as his memorial on its circumference. In the back ground two inferior artists in death held between them the manacled culprit. A chubby-faced mayor, in whom custom and obesity seemed to have stifled all painful feelings, sat erect in his chair to the right, with watch in hand, awaiting the moment to begin the torture. On the other side, a tall monk of the order of La Trappe, whose stern but contemplative countenance formed a powerful contrast to the city magistrate, was silently surveying the preparations, sometimes casting a searching look to the criminal, sometimes muttering an articulate prayer from the missal which he held in his bony hand. The executioner, a horrid fellow, with a face veritably a hangman's, was busied in his appalling preparations. His dress, his make, his physiognomy, all were in unison with his character. His dress, like his bloody trade, was scarlet, closely fitted to his trunk, and setting in the fullest light the gigantic proportions of his frame—his heavy and unwieldy feet, his tremendous arms and brawny shoulders. His country I understand is Germany, and, indeed, his face presented the beau ideal of a German, given by the most violent libellers of the nation. Insensibility and brutish stupidity vied in his countenance with a ferocious admiration of sottish enjoyment ; such a man as would break you on a wheel for his amusement, and drink himself into insensibility for his pleasure. His face, which seemed to have been supernaturally enlarged at the lower extremity for the reception of a hideous mouth, was roughly shaved for this occasion save under the chin, from which the shaggy and unkempt hair luxuriantly hung in filthy curls so as to conceal completely his bull-like neck. Gradually narrowing to the top, what should have been his forehead formed the peak of a cone, in which two closely-set eyes rolled palely and leeringly on their sunken axis

with an unfeeling glare and celerity of evolution, which formed a striking contrast to the unwieldiness of his other motions. His very name, Hans Boucher, was in character, and must excite an association even in a man not given to punning. He was occupied in binding his victim with no gentle grip to the hellish machinery I have been describing, and binding his legs above the ankles to the iron with such pressure that the blood stood black in the extremities of his feet : he returned to his stool waiting for the next signal of the magistrate to bind his hands. There was a mighty feeling in the crowd against the condemned man ; "The murderer of his son" resounded from all sides, and the gamut of exultation broke sullenly in varied cadence from the mass of beholders, at the prospect of his approaching punishment. I was anxious to observe the behaviour of the criminal : it was not that of a man conscious of an unpardonable crime. He turned his swimming eyes and hoary locks to the crowds and blessed them. The magistrate gave the signal and the unhappy sufferer was made fast to the engine by his dreadful attendant, and so stretched that his body, his hands and feet meeting, describe the circumference of the wheel. The man of death then stood beside him awaiting the signal to begin his horrible chastisement. The monk, who had been for some time engaged in prayer, rose from his knees, and thinking this a fit time to address the criminal when death had made sure of him, ere it began its operations, slowly approached and coldly bade him think upon his sins. I think I shall be able to give you the conversation as it fell from them, for it made too great an impression on me to be soon forgotten. "I have thought on them, father," returned Calas, "for could I think I had none, I would lie here entirely happy, although," added he, looking round, "happiness does not often make her couch thus."—"We are all sinners," replied the friar, "but thou art a mighty one." "I acknowledge it," said Calas, "but I thank Heaven, I can never acknowledge the crime for the which ye have brought me here."—"Sinful brother," answered the monk, "thy debt is grievous, and thy creditor is urgent, thy time is short, but thy account is long." "I know it," replied Calas, "and therefore will not plunge myself into deeper embarrassment by acknowledging an item more monstrous than all that debt ; well I know my time is short, for were it stretched out until that sun, which is now shedding his last beams upon me, should have reverted from his travel to the spot he now holds in heaven, it would be too little to clear the arrears which have been gathering on this head during sixty-five such courses ; well I know that my time is short."—"Clear as that sun-light which thou blasphemously call'st to witness, and certain as the death which surely awaits thee, thou man of sin, is the truth of thy horrible crime in the eyes of all men. What a fool art thou then,

when all men are justly thine enemies, to refuse the peace of one whose friendship is yet open to thee, and to reject that balm which can alone sooth thy broken bones! Know'st thou not, how all hate thee? feel'st thou not that thou deserv'st all hatred? and dost thou, for the forlorn hope of deceiving men, cast away the true stay of the Almighty, who has given to his ministers the power of absolving sinners, though dyed, if possible, deeper than thou art." "I see," replied the Protestant, "that all men hate me, and that I can still pray for them suggests a hope that I am not so abandoned of God's spirit as thou wouldst have me think. I cannot, my good father, accept of thy mediation, nor acknowledge thy ministry; yet may I thank, and I do thank, thy good intentions; but death, though he meet me in fouler raiment than he," turning his eyes towards the executioner, "has clad him in, cannot be avoided when the alternative is perjury."—Here the conversation was interrupted by the magistrate's signal to the deathsmen to begin his murderous work. The giant lifted a club of iron, and with it struck the extended limb of his victim. Never till that moment did I understand the full force of the text which says, "the iron entered into his soul." You cannot conceive the intense suffering depicted through the heaving trunk, and on the convulsed features, by this bruising between iron and iron. The blow took effect at the knee-joint, and, though given with force was not intended quite to break the leg, but merely to try the spirit of the sufferer, and to give a specimen of what was to follow. The mayor, however, seemed afraid he had begun too violently, and beckoning Boucher, said in an under tone, "Unless you make the culprit last the two hours, you lose your place." Boucher replied with a leer of horrid purport, which triumphed in gauging human suffering, and, resting on his arms, stood awaiting further orders. However, the sufferer resumed his composure, the monk his lecture. "Think, my son," said he in a softer tone, "how little able art thou in this case of flesh and blood to abide the torments this worm of the earth can inflict; how then will thy immortal spirit, and sensitive essence endure the eternal bruises of God's wrath? Repent, my son, while there is a way left, or one to show it thee. Thou art one of the many who have lived in abominable heresy, and one of the few who have taken life from them to whom under God thou gavest it. Living thus, and doing this, thou couldst not be saved unless by a double repentance. Oh then, how doubly damned thou diest—a heretic in creed! a murderer in heart! Murderer of a son, I will reconcile thee to thy Father." As the man of God proceeded, a temporary enthusiasm animated his features; the salvation of a sinner so far overcoming the apathy with which he usually looked on earthly things, as partly to dispel the sullenness which commonly wrapped his mind, in

the same degree as you may suppose his solitary lamp to have illuminated the cold damp walls of his monastery, as he glided to vespers. With kindling animation he ran through his discourse, urging all the arguments that memory could supply, or imagination suggest, for the conversion of the sinner, or the terror of the heretic. "I thank thee for thy honest pains," said in answer the patient Calas, "but the terms I accept not; though it might procure me a quiet death, it would not insure me a more peaceful grave. I thank my God, I am of a sect which does not think them damned who do not in all things like themselves; and I thank my conscience that it acquits me of the foul crime for which, if committed, damnation were my due." "Obstinate heretic!" muttered the father; and the second blow fell with a heavy hand. I had turned away, not equal to the sight, when the din of the iron against the bone, and the groan which followed, convinced me it had been more violent than the first; in truth, it had completely broken the leg at the tibia: so exquisite was the torture, that he fainted instantly, but as quickly recovered. He uttered no articulate complaint, and it was only by the painful compression of his lips, and the starting of his eyeballs, that the agony of his spirit could be discerned.

But I must, my dear Spalingrrier, pass quickly over this distressful tragedy, which was two hours in the acting. The blows occurred at regular intervals of fifteen minutes, with such direful effect that, after the eighth stroke, every joint in his body was dislocated, and every bone broken. He frequently fainted, and was as often recovered by the diabolical skill of his tormentor, who employed all the arts of the most practised physician to detain the last flickering beam of exhausted nature. I think he looked less horrible when engaged in the open functions of his office, crushing flesh and marrow, than when employing all the most refined arts of usual kindness for the prolongation of misery; nor can I ever forget the smile with which he ushered in returning sense after the eighth horrible interval. The stern disciple of La Trappe looked at the opening eyes of the tortured, and saw that in ten minutes they were to close for ever. He kneeled beside him, and conjured him to sever himself from his sin. The old man, with a voice firm as heretofore, turned himself, as far as he was able, to the confessor, "Think'st thou, my father," said he, "that it were worth my while for these shreds of being, these rags of existence," moving as he spoke his shattered right arm, "to throw myself impetuously into the furnace that ever burneth? Of what service is concealment now to me? it cannot conciliate the good-will of man, it must have already doubled the anger of God; it cannot bring me back to my family, and much I fear," said the good man, with the first tear I had seen him shed, "it will not

save my family from following me. Of what service the further concealment?"—"For Heaven's sake then," cried the monk in a voice tremulous with emotion, "confess and be saved, for your last minute is counting." "Were my life to be granted me," continued Calas calmly, "what boon would it be? what, but to transport these fragments of a man to a more languishing couch? What, but to change this decisive physician for a tedious death-bed, and to barter the strokes of the iron for the loathsomeness of the gangrene? I wish not for this—I will make my dying confession."—"Do for God's sake," reiterated the friar. "But wilt thou trust to it utterly?" said Calas.—"Though it were to contradict my firmest thoughts," replied the friar, stooping towards the dying man, "I would not doubt it." "I am innocent!" answered Calas, and grasping the friar's fingers in his clammy hand, he swooned away. A tear forced itself from between the sunken lids of the ecclesiastic, unused to such moisture since he had first stooped within his narrow cell; it stood upon his pale cheek for a moment as if doubting how to shape its course over so unknown a track, or as if frozen at its source by the severity of his brow. He shed but that one tear! but it was the widow's mite! it was all he had!

Lifting his eyes towards the magistrate, he muttered a request for the Coup-de-grace. The magistrate nodded to the executioner, and Boucher again heaved his weapon. The weight of the iron and the force of the blood burst at once all the arteries of the stomach, and crushed the vertebrae: the blood gushed in torrents from his eyes, his mouth, his ears—a gasp convulsed his frame—a groan—one gasp more—and he had ceased to suffer. The man of God eyed for a moment the bleeding visage, where blood had not quenched the gentle flame of resignation; then threw his look upwards, then downwards on the assembly, and, with finger slowly raised, and voice of thrilling expression, declared—"A righteous soul has taken flight!"—"Voilà l'ame du juste qui s'envole!"

From the Englishman's Magazine.

PROGRESS OF THE INDIAN CHOLERA.

"The city lies sleeping;
The morn to deplore it,
May dawn on it weeping;
Sullenly, and slowly,
The black plague flew o'er it—
Thousands lie lowly;
Tens of thousands shall perish—
The living shall fly from
The sick they should cherish."

BYRON.

POETS are not the only persons who have personified the Plague. In early youth, before the professional mantle had descended upon us, we beheld in the union of the portentous letters P.L.A.G.U.E., the verbal representative of some shapeless monster endued with hominivorous propensities. To strip the Typhon of the unearthly exterior, to reduce it to tame re-

ality, was the necessary result of later experience. Touching this subject, we shall make a few remarks for the benefit of general readers; also, to clear their vision for the more facile impression of facts, the mysteries of a medical nomenclature shall be, as far as possible, omitted.

The family of diseases commonly called plagues or pestilences, are neither more nor less than a variety of fevers, with or without eruptions on the skin, which have, from time to time, by spreading epidemically,* thinned the ranks of mankind. These fevers appear under different types, or degrees of immediate severity. The inflammatory type is indicated by a strong pulse and highly excited system; the typhoid, by a weak pulse and great debility. There is an intermediate type, partaking of both these extremes. They have received different names often deduced from some peculiarity in the symptoms of each particular disease; but occasionally suggested by the caprice or the peculiar views of the author who may have descanted upon them.

Europe, though less favourable than other quarters of the globe to the generating of the elements of contagion in the first instance, or to the induction of an epidemic state of the atmosphere, has been frequently visited by pestilential diseases.

In 1348, the reign of Edward III., a plague called the "Black Death" raged in England. It had originated in China, and travelling westward, it committed great havoc throughout Asia, and the whole of Europe. In addition to violent fever, the disease was at first remarkable for a strong disposition to destroy the lungs. After a time, it assumed the common aspect of the Egyptian plague, which, to a low debilitating fever, adds swellings in the groins and armpits, leading, when favourably disposed, to suppuration. In London fifty thousand persons died of this disease. In Florence! the mortality amounted to sixty-thousand.

In 1486, our island was traversed by another species of pestilence, the Sweating Sickness. Believing it to be of English growth, and not of foreign introduction, authors give it the name of *Sudor Anglicus*. With occasional intermissions, the malady remained with us forty years. In 1525, it extended to the continent, and passed, in five years, over nearly all Europe. The more prominent features were a low or typhus fever, and profuse perspirations which continued to the end of the disease. It was unaccompanied by swellings, or spots on the skin.

In 1665, began the "Plague of London," the last instance in which England was subject to epidemic pestilence in the Egyptian

* Any disease affecting numbers of people in or about the same time and place, if not dependent upon local and limited circumstances, is called an epidemic, or is said to act epidemically.

† Antoninus.

form. In the autumn of that year its violence was greatest, eight thousand persons having died in one week within the bills of mortality.

The origin of some plagues is so ancient, or their history is so obscure, that we are totally in the dark with respect to their earlier career. Of this class is the small-pox, supposed to have sprung up in Eastern Asia, and which has since ravaged almost every region on earth.—Many pestilences, moreover, that formerly triumphed in desolation, have ceased to terrify mankind, leaving nothing, save meagre description, to supply their places; others again are comparatively modern productions, as the Syphilitic Virus and Yellow Fever, shewing that even diseases themselves are subject to a progressive cycle of maturation and decay.

Indian or Spasmodic Cholera, which gives a name to, and forms the immediate object of this paper, is also a plague of modern origin. This disease is in its principal symptoms altogether unlike the *English Cholera*, yet many persons, not acquainted with the nature of both species, have confounded them. In Hindostan, Spasmodic Cholera has probably always existed as a comparatively mild climatic disease, affecting, at certain seasons of the year, a small number of individuals in various parts of the country. This opinion is countenanced by Hindoo authority.* But there is no evidence to shew that it ever bore the epidemic character until the year 1817, unless we admit the statements of Mr. Scott,† who considered the cases that occurred towards the close of the last century sufficiently numerous, and the sweep of country travelled by the malady sufficiently large, to warrant the conclusion. However this question may be disposed of, it is at least certain that the Indian Cholera was not entitled to be classed with pestilential scourges of the worst description, previous to the beginning of August, 1817, when it suddenly broke out with unprecedented malignity.

Commencing among the inhabitants of Jessore, a town one hundred miles N. E. of Calcutta, in less than a month it travelled along the course of the river to that city, having desolated the intervening villages. Before the expiration of August, the native population of Calcutta were attacked, and early in September the disease was also manifested among the Europeans.

From January to May, 1818, the pestilence raged with extreme violence, extending its destructive influence across Bengal, from Silhet to Cuttack; and towards the interior, from the mouth of the Ganges to its confluence with the Jumna, a space including four hundred and fifty square miles.

Leaving Bengal, the disease retired for some time to the western bank of the Ganges and Jumna. In its most malignant form it appeared at Benares, where in two months fif-

teen thousand persons perished. At Allahabad forty or fifty died daily. To other localities, situated on either bank, the disease soon spread, and the mortality was equally great. In the district of Gorakhpore thirty thousand were carried off in a month. Then suffered in succession Lucknow, Cawnpore, Delhi, Agra, Muttra, Meerat and Bareilly.

Between the 6th and 7th of November,* the epidemic had reached the grand army, which, on the approach of the Pindarreewar, had been concentrated at Jubbulpore, Mundellah and Sauger, under the command of the Marquis of Hastings. It consisted of ten thousand troops and eighty thousand followers. To the different divisions of this force the Cholera proved more fatally effective than could the shot of the enemy in a well-contested field. In twelve days nearly nine thousand men had fallen to rise no more. At this time the thermometer ranged from ninety to one hundred degrees Fahrenheit. The heat was moist and suffocating, and the atmosphere a dead calm. The progress of the Cholera in the centre division of the army was as follows:—After creeping insidiously for a few days among the lower classes of the camp followers, it seemed instantaneously to gain fresh vigour, breaking out with irresistible force in every direction. Previous to the 14th, it had overspread the camp sparing neither age nor sex in the indiscriminating violence of its attack. The old and the young, the European and the native, fighting men and camp-followers were alike selected, and all equally sank within its death-grasp.—From the 14th to the 20th, the mortality had become so extensive that the stoutest hearts were yielding to despair. The camp wore the aspect of a general hospital. The medical officers, night and day at their posts, were no longer able to administer to the numerous sick who continued to pour in from every quarter. At this time the scene was strikingly contrasted to what it had been a few days before. The noise and bustle almost inseparable from the presence of a multitude of human beings, had nearly subsided in the stillness. Nothing was to be seen in motion, save a solitary individual, here and there anxiously hurrying from one division of the camp to another to enquire after the fate of his companions: Nothing was to be heard but the groans of the dying, or the wailing for the dead. The natives perceiving the only hope of safety in flight, now deserted in crowds. But their speed frequently deceived them. The fields and highways for miles round were covered with the bodies of many who had carried with them the seeds of the distemper.

It was evident that such a state of things could not continue much longer. Unless an immediate check were given to the malady, it would soon depopulate the camp. In this emergency, it was fortunately determined by the commander-in-chief that change of locality

* Ancient medical work ascribed to Dhanwantari.

† On the Epidemic Cholera. Madras, 1824.

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* Bengal Medical Report.

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should be tried as a last resource. The division accordingly moved in a south-easterly direction. In a short period the Marquis of Hastings was enabled to transmit a despatch to the government, intimating that having marched fifty miles, he had at last fixed upon a dry and elevated soil where the pestilence rapidly declined.

The Cholera now directed its course across the Deccan, advancing, in many instances, at the rate of fifteen or eighteen miles a-day, and remaining at various posts during a period of from two to six weeks. In this way it reached Husseinabad, where the mortality was frightful for several days. It then followed the banks of the Neabuddah to Tanah, and afterwards traversed Aurungabad, Ahmednugger, and Poonah. Taking the direction of the coast, it arrived at Bombay,* August, 1818, having crossed the Indian peninsula in twelve months from the date of its appearance in Calcutta.

We have thus been able to trace the footsteps of this destructive traveller through the country of its birth. Its measured rate of progression, and the occasional halts which it made for definite periods in thickly inhabited towns, are worthy of remark, as the epidemic still retains these characteristics. Like a nascent river, its course has been at times direct or devious, uniform or temporarily interrupted; appearing at various places, not at the same period, but in succession, either by the gradual advance of the main current, or of some of its distributive branches.

While the interior of Hindostan was submitting to this, the pestilence had spread along the coast of Malabar and Coromandel, reaching Madras † the 8th of October. With its progress here, a new and alarming feature was developed. The possibility of transporting the contagion by sea was evinced in its transit from Coromandel to the island of Ceylon. In Candi, the capital, it broke out, December 1818, with even greater violence than upon the Continent.

By the 15th September, 1819, Mauritius was included in the islands infected. The disease did not appear until after the arrival of the *Torpaze* frigate from Ceylon, where the epidemic was then raging. The vessel, at the time of sailing, seemed healthy, but during the passage the Cholera had appeared among the crew. In Port Louis fifty persons died daily. The lady, however, was chiefly confined to the coast; for though the deaths in the hospital of the town amounted to ninety-four cases out of one hundred and thirty-three, on the plantations the mortality was not higher than ten or fifteen per cent.

In the adjacent island of Bourbon, the disease began early in December, 1819. The governor had adopted measures to interdict all communication with Mauritius; but notwith-

standing this, two boats from the different islands held clandestine intercourse, and the contagion was imported. Of two hundred and fifty-seven persons seized with the distemper, one hundred and seventy-eight died.

During the last six months of 1819, the Cholera, pursuing its route to the south and east, had also invaded the Indo-Chinese Peninsula. Siam received more than a proportional share of misfortune. In Bankok alone forty thousand individuals are said to have fallen victims. The contagion marched onwards to Malacca and Singapore. By the end of April it was announced on the northern coast of Java. During May it extended with violence in the interior of this island.

Cochin-China and Tonquin were invaded in 1820. In December, of the same year, it entered China, beginning its ravages at Canton. Peking admitted the enemy in 1821, and during that and the following year* the mortality was so enormous, that coffins and other funeral requisites were necessarily furnished at the expense of the public treasury, for the interment of the poorer classes. Numbers of people engaged in the pursuits of business or pleasure, riding or walking, were seen to fall in the streets, exhausted by the sudden impression of the disease, which carried them in a few hours afterwards to eternity.

We shall now return to Bombay, and describe the course which the epidemic took to the north and west, in its approaches from that island towards the confines of Europe; and the route by which at last it was enabled to traverse the Russian Empire, threatening, in the present day, the neighbouring European states.

In July, 1821,† through the intercourse maintained by ships trading between Bombay and Muscat, in Arabia, the contagion was exported to the latter. Here the disease destroyed sixty thousand persons. Many expired ten minutes after the accession. The Cholera now spread to different parts of the Persian Gulf—to Bahrein, Busheer, and Bassora. In Bassora, eighteen thousand individuals perished, of whom fourteen thousand died in a fortnight.

From the Persian Gulf—the Cholera extended inland, in two directions, following the line of commercial intercourse. On one hand, it ascended the Euphrates, traversing Mesopotamia, into Syria; and the Tigris, from Bassora to Bagdad. On the other, the disease was propagated into Persia. In the city of Shiraz; the population of which is forty thousand, there died sixteen thousand in the first few days. Among the victims was the East India Company's Resident, Claudius James Rich, Esq. He had retired to rest but slightly indisposed. In the morning he was found dead in his bed.

* Report of Dr. Woizekofsky, Physician to the Mission at Peking.

† Letters from the East.

‡ Letters from J. Cornick, Esq., dated Tabriz, Persia, 1822.

* Bombay Medical Report.

† Madras Medical Report.

Extending through Persia, the contagion visited several districts in the north and south of the kingdom. Ispahan escaped in consequence of the caravans from Shiraz being prohibited from entering the city. The route that was substituted lay through Yezd. This town paid dearly for the vicarious visitation, as seven thousand persons were afterwards swept away by the Cholera. During the succeeding winter, the contagion became dormant both in Persia and Syria.

In the spring of 1822 the Syrine and Persian streams of contagion had their frozen energies restored to activity. They quickly spread in their primitive vigour. Mosul, Beri, Aontab, and Aleppo, were infected. In Persia, during September, the disease spread to the northward of Teheran, throughout all Kurdistan and Tauris.

In the spring and autumn of 1823, Diarbekr and Antioch* were attacked, and the disease ravaged many of the towns along the Asiatic side of the Mediterranean. It also extended in an opposite course, attaining, in the month of August, Baku, upon the border of the Caspian Sea. At length, in September, it reached the Russian city of Astracan, at the mouth of the Volga. It first broke out in the marine hospital. From the 22d of Sept. to the 9th Oct. there died one hundred and forty-four patients, nearly two-thirds of all who had been attacked. Rigorous measures were enforced by the authorities for checking the contagion, but it continued to manifest itself until the severity of winter had set in. During the ensuing summer it did not return. The winter of this year was also destructive of the Syrian branch before it could reach Egypt. Sanatory precaution, however, in expectation of its arrival, had been prescribed by the viceroy.

Although Europe was relieved from the impending danger, by the complete destruction or exhaustion of those parts of the contagious currents which had penetrated to Astracan, and to the borders of Egypt, yet the Cholera continued to reappear, every summer, in many of the countries previously infected, shewing that the cold of winter had, in general, power to check its morbid influence upon the human body, but not to destroy the miasm altogether.

In 1822 it reappeared in Java† and carried off one hundred thousand people. After visiting Ternat, Celebes, and Banda, in 1823, it first reached Amboyna. The inhabitants had no recollection of the disease ever having been in the Spice Islands before. Afterwards it committed great havoc in Timor. For several years the Cholera pursued its destructive course through China.‡ After desolating several cities in Mongolia, it had reached the frontiers of Siberia at the end of the year 1826. In February, 1827, the disease fortunately received a check during the prevalence of a strong north wind.

* Letter from J. Barker, Esq., Consul in Syria.

† Statement of Lesson. ‡ Allgemeine Zeitung.

After the first invasion, Persia had several returns of Cholera. In October, 1829, a very serious inroad commenced in Teheran, the royal residence. But the occurrence of winter stopped its progress for the time. The contagion, however, was again resuscitated towards the middle of June, 1830, in the provinces of Mazanderan and Shirvan, upon the southern shore of the Caspian Sea. From the latter it passed through the town of Tauris, and destroyed five thousand of its inhabitants. Crossing the Russian frontier, it rapidly advanced towards the interior. In two provinces four thousand five hundred and fifty-seven persons were seized with the malady, of whom more than a third died. The 8th of August it entered Tiflis. The population was soon diminished from thirty thousand to eight thousand, by deaths, and migration to avoid the distemper. To avert the spreading mortality, the inhabitants, had recourse to religious ceremonies and processions, which, by collecting crowds, only served to extend the disease.

In the mean time, by the first of July, the malady had reached Astracan. Ten days afterwards one thousand two hundred and twenty-nine individuals had been seized, of whom more than a third died, including the civil governor, and nearly all the officers of the police.

This was the second time the devoted city of Astracan had been visited by the contagion. It was decreed, however, that the present attack should not yield so readily as the former had done seven years before. The resistless progress which the malady has since made from this locality, over a vast portion of Russia, has served to fix the attention of professional men in every part of Europe, and to excite rational alarm in the minds of the enlightened members of the general community.

The contagion in penetrating to the heart of the Russian empire, from Astracan, pursued the course of the Volga, which spreads its navigable waters over the most populous provinces. Considerable havoc was made among the Cossacks of the Don. The capitals of the several districts between that and Moscow were ravaged in succession. In this city the appearance of the destroyer was announced the 28th of September, having travelled from Astracan, a distance of nine hundred miles in less than three months.*

In Moscow, energetic measures were instantly instituted by the government to afford every assistance to the sick, and to oppose the progress of the malady. The city was divided into forty-seven departments, completely insulated one from the other by barriers and guards. Restrictions and precautions heretofore found serviceable in neutralizing or excluding the contagion of Egyptian plague, were rigidly enforced upon all ranks of the people. The 11th of October, twelve days after

* Russian Medical Reports, by Dr. Rehman, Physician to the Emperor.

the invasion, two hundred and sixteen cases of Cholera had occurred, and of these seventy-six were fatal. The mortality, however, exceeded even the preceding proportion with the extension of the disease. By the 10th of Nov. five thousand five hundred and seven cases were returned, and the deaths amounted to two thousand nine hundred and three, or more than a half.

By letters of a recent date (January, 1831) we learn that latterly the malady had greatly declined in Moscow, but that it had appeared to a limited extent among the troops marching to the reduction of Poland. Report says that it was carried thither by some regiments which the necessity of the occasion had summoned from the provinces previously infected.

Before closing the account of the progress of Indian Cholera, and in order to submit to a glance the magnitude of the evil, we shall point out the geographical limits of its past career in the various directions along which it has been propagated. From Bengal, its aboriginal province, it travelled *southward* to Mauritius and to the island of Timor, near New Holland; *eastward* to Kuku-choton, a Chinese town situated east of Pekin; *northward* to the frontiers of Siberia and to Astracan; *westward* to the city of Moscow, a portion of the globe, in extent, about equal to seventy degrees of latitude, and one hundred degrees of longitude.

In the pathological features of the epidemic, there is nothing more remarkable than the large proportion of deaths, and the rapidity with which its victims fall beneath the attack. Even climates distant and dissimilar to that of Bengal, have not diminished the mortality, as compared with the number of the infected. In Moscow half the sick perished, yet in general the winter commences there in November, and the cholera was not developed until the 28th of September. The early part of the season, however, is said to have been unusually mild; and, as mild winters in cold latitudes are the least preservative of health, this circumstance may partly account for the very deadly effects of the disease.

At present, we have only space further to observe, that the history of this awful visitation forces the conviction upon us, that with the melting of the snows of winter, and the return of summer in Russia; the contagion will revive and spread through Poland, adding the horrors of pestilence to famine and war, and that it will probably also extend over the whole of Europe. In what consecutive order of time and place it may travel hither it is hard to conjecture. The intimate connexion maintained by shipping and the messengers of commerce between England and the large towns of the continental kingdoms, renders this land, perhaps, peculiarly vulnerable to infection. Countries less distant from the immediate seat of distemper may find, in their infrequent intercourse, complete or partial exemption, or at least a considerable respite.

We call then upon the English Government

not to rest the general safety upon the adoption of precarious half-measures in the shape of quarantine precautions. Let competent physicians—not mere travelling companions, or the hungry dependents of men in office—be despatched on the national service, while yet the danger sleeps, to ascertain whether the symptoms and proper manner of treatment still exactly correspond with those of the Indian Cholera, and to investigate the best means of barring its advances to our own shores, should this giant pestilence unhappily rise invigorated from its temporary slumber.

The Nature and Cure of the Indian Cholera.

The generic appellation, *Cholera*,* is radically derived from the Greek word *χολη*, signifying bile. The title was appropriated in consequence of one of the most prominent symptoms being either a redundant flow of bile into the intestines, accompanied with evacuations of a *bilious fluid* characterising *Bilious Cholera*; or a total absence of bile in the intestines, with evacuations of a *watery fluid*, characterizing *Spasmodic Cholera*. These symptoms are so completely opposed to each other in the quality of the fluid discharged, that, attending to them alone will, in general, preclude the possibility of confounding the two species.

In this country, the more severe forms of Bilious Cholera usually occur in the latter end of summer, or the beginning of autumn. At these periods, the extreme heat of the sun stimulates the liver to an increased secretion of bile, which, flowing in excess through the biliary canals, accumulates within the intestines. In the condition of health, a certain quantity of bile is a necessary adjuvant to the perfecting of the digestive process; but, like other natural secretions, when above or below the salutary measure, it becomes the cause, or the indication of diseased action.

The opening symptoms of Bilious Cholera, are simply the efforts of nature to expel the superfluous bile from the system. The patient complains of nausea and universal languor, to which retchings and evacuations of a bilious fluid quickly succeed. There is also thirst, restlessness, and pain. In many cases occasional cramps are experienced in the limbs, resulting doubtless from the irritating effects of the bile upon the internal surface of the intestines. Of spasmodic action, induced in distant parts of the body in an analogous manner, there is conclusive evidence. In children, convulsions are often excited by the irritation of worms, or indigestible matter lodged in some part of the alimentary canal.

A knowledge of the nature and seat of a disease, will lead to a judicious plan of medical treatment. The course to be adopted here is very obvious. There are two objects to be obtained. One, to dilute and remove the irritating fluid from the bowels; the other, to allay the thirst, pain, and spasms. The first

* *Cholera Morbus*, the vulgar name, is an absurd pleonasm

indication is followed in the free exhibition of mucilaginous liquids, and the use of an occasional purgative; to compass the second, anodyne medicines and refreshing drinks should be administered. When properly treated in the beginning, it is very seldom indeed, under ordinary circumstances, that cases of Bilious Cholera prove fatal. The disease is acute for the time it endures, but generally it is subdued in three or four days, and the patient recovers with nearly the same rapidity that he fell sick. There are periods upon record, however, in which the malady assumed a more dangerous tendency, in consequence, probably, of a peculiar constitution of the atmosphere with regard to heat, moisture, &c., or properties unknown. In 1669, Sydenham describes the Bilious Cholera as unusually prevalent and severe, carrying off many victims in the space of twenty-four hours.

Spasmodic Cholera is strongly distinguished from the preceding species by the intractable nature of the malady itself, and by the greater intensity of some of the symptoms common to both, as well as by the features, which confer upon it a distinct specific existence.—*Spasmodic Cholera* is practically unknown in England, but in India it is indigenous. The attack is usually most insidious and sudden.—Persons who may have felt perfectly well during the day, in the course of the night, or early in the morning, are seized with a feeling of uneasiness, which is at first rather a general sensation than referable to any particular part. To this succeed, at irregular intervals of time, a sensation of heat in the region of the stomach, nausea, constant evacuations from the stomach and bowels of a fluid bearing a striking similitude to water in which rice had been boiled, cramps of the muscles of the fingers and toes, which gradually ascend along the limbs to the trunk. Finally, the muscles of the chest and belly are included in the circle of spasmodic movement, the more violent symptoms continue to persecute the patient, until his strength is unable longer to sustain them. In the last stage of the disease he is emancipated from the vomiting and spasms, through the complete exhaustion of physical power. With this change, however, he expresses himself greatly relieved, and he may yet survive for a considerable period, his mind remaining unimpaired amid the wreck of the corporeal functions.

A physician conversant with cases of *Spasmodic Cholera*, will often be competent to recognize an approaching attack in the expression of the patient's face, before that he is himself conscious of the least alteration in his appearance or sensations. His features seem sharper than natural, and there is an air of repressed anxiety in his countenance. If his attention be called to the fact, he will then perhaps say that he does not feel altogether as easy as in general, but that he cannot account for the impression. The changes which the

pulse and skin undergo, in the more obvious stages of the malady, are very remarkable, and will not fail to strike the attention of the most superficial observer. At first, the pulse is rapid, small and weak. When the spasms are established, it becomes, during the paroxysms, imperceptible in the limbs, and for some time before death no pulsation can be detected in these parts. The inability to carry on the circulation in the superficial textures allows the blood to accumulate and oppress the internal organs. On *post mortem* examination the different viscera, particularly the liver and lungs, are found gorged with thick, dark-coloured blood, shewing that the eliminating processes of respiration and secretion had been very imperfectly performed.—The surface of the body, at the commencement of the disease, is pale, chill, and clammy. In the advanced stages it is quite cadaverous.

The first case of *Spasmodic Cholera* that challenged our professional skill, occurred in Calcutta. The symptoms were sufficiently marked to make a lasting impression upon the mind of a practitioner hitherto practically unacquainted with an enemy so obstinate and so accustomed to triumph.

The patient, Mr. A——, an European, only a few months transplanted from England, was a middle-aged man, of spare but muscular proportions. The evening previous to the attack, he had been abroad enjoying the society of some friends, and, contrary to his general habits, he had indulged in the rather free use of spirituous liquors. The party separated about one o'clock. Mr. A——, the distance being short, travelled home in a palankeen. Upon reaching his residence, he did not retire directly to bed, but took a seat in the verandah "to cool himself." In this state of exposure to the night air he fell asleep. He slept soundly until awakened, an hour afterwards, by his servant, who reminded him of the propriety of going to bed. Either from the disease not being perceptibly manifested, or from impaired sensibility, Mr. A—— was not then conscious of any morbid affection. After slumbering in bed, however, for a couple of hours, he awoke suddenly with a start, complaining of mental anxiety, and a feeling of uneasiness at the region of the stomach, which he attributed to unpleasant dreams, and to the effects of the wine. But the anxiety increased, and the uneasiness changed into a feeling of burning heat. In the lapse of four hours, evacuations of the portentous fluid, like rice water, followed, from the stomach and bowels, to which were soon superadded distressing cramps, affecting the muscles of the toes.—The character of the affection was now evident to the patient himself, though almost a stranger to the climate and its diseases. To afford medical assistance, we were immediately summoned. The summons was quickly obeyed, but, in the interim, the advance of the disease had surpassed our rapidity.

On our arrival, we found that the patient had been unable longer to endure confinement to bed. The cramps had extended upwards to the calves of his legs; they were also simultaneously experienced in both arms. So violent were the spasms, that he had rolled in torture upon the floor. At the time we entered he was gathered into a corner of the apartment, and he presented an appalling spectacle of internal agony. His person, sparingly concealed in a night-garment, bore in its spasmodic contractions, a resemblance to the letter S. Assisted by a couple of servants, and by pressing his bent extremities against the angular walls, he laboured in the extreme exertion of voluntary force to subdue the involuntary action of the rebellious muscles. The expression of his face at that moment, lives distinct in our recollection; and even there, though seen through the mist of receding years, it is painful to dwell upon.

To convey to the reader a faint idea of the death-struggle then maintained, we would liken Mr. A—— to a traveller, who, falling unwarily upon the tiger's lair, rallies every nerve to secure a temporary respite. His inevitable fate is briefly procrastinated by the convulsive grasp which holds the throat of the savage in momentary subjection. Such was the danger—such the desperation stamped upon the countenance of our patient. His features were sharp and hollow. His teeth clenched in breathless agony. The blood had retreated from his cheeks and lips. His limbs were doubled resistlessly by the remorseless spasms.

In a few minutes a remission brought partial relief. In occasional snatches of expression, he gave us to understand that he was now able to answer the interrogatories we might think proper to propose, with respect to the inward symptoms. These symptoms were the usual concomitants of Spasmodic Cholera in the intermediate stage of its violence. His stomach felt as if it contained a furnace. The thirst was unslakable. And so complete was the feeling of exhaustion during the interval of mitigated suffering, that he felt unconscious of possessing the slightest control over the motions of any part of his physical structure.

Medical men have been collectively accused, by the indiscriminating multitude, of defective sympathy towards the sons and daughters of bodily affliction. Habituated, it is said, in their daily avocations to the appeal of the unfortunate, they are at last led to conceive the heart-pang of the patient to be as unsubstantial as the words in which it is expressed. The charge is untrue. In no class of educated people will there be found a greater proportion of "hands open as day to melting charity," than might be discovered among the members of the medical profession, were their kind acts performed in the market-place, instead of the gloomy recesses of morbid destitution. Men in the general walks of life may annually ex-

hibit their measured benevolence in public places, and shed the infrequent tear of commiseration in their hasty transit through an hospital; but it is the province of the practitioner to do something more than this. It is his duty to linger long with the distressed, to bind in solitude their bleeding wounds, and when hope has departed, never to return, to wear her cheering portraiture, that the abrupt and rugged path leading to dissolution, may not too hastily reveal the extremity of danger.

To our patient, labouring under a violent and advanced attack of Spasmodic Cholera, no solid expectation of recovery could be extended. Every means, however, sanctioned by recorded experience, was tried to compass a favourable change. Respecting the final issue, he was himself little if at all solicitous. The immediate suffering, particularly from the spasms, absorbed both sense and soul. He prayed imploringly to be relieved, either by energetic treatment or by death, from the intolerable cramps that threatened to tear him into pieces.

Brief was the interval between supplication and repose. The resources of nature were exhausted in detail. The spasms which had eventually ascended to the body, finally yielded to debility, that proved alike prostrating to the actions natural and diseased. The vomiting ceased to harass; the pulse was no longer perceptible in the limbs; even the motion of the heart—that citadel of life—was feeble and indistinct. The surface of the body felt cold and clammy like a corpse, presenting on the hands and feet a corrugated and macerated appearance, as if it had been steeped in water for some days. The breath grew chill. The eye was glazed. In this state, notwithstanding, he lived several hours, and then expired without a struggle.

The case of Mr. A—— is a common specimen of the progress of the disease to a fatal termination. It included thirteen hours from the first feeling of uneasiness, until he breathed his last. Cases, however, are continually occurring in which the duration of the malady extends to twenty-four hours. Some beyond that. On the other hand, many patients are carried off with singular rapidity. In the history of the Epidemic, instances are numerous of soldiers falling in the line of march and dying instantly, as if seared by lightning, without having uttered a previous complaint. Mechanics have perished with their working implements in their hands; the Brahmin, also, at his beads, and the Ryot at his plough.

Before noticing the principles hitherto most successfully pursued in the medical management of Spasmodic Cholera, we shall briefly advert to some of the opinions entertained respecting the causes, remote and immediate, of that terrible distemper. That the reader may comprehend our technicalities of causation, the application of the terms employed shall be explained.

The causes of disease admit of two chief di-

visions. The *remote*, and the *immediate* or *proximate*. It may be permitted for our purpose to illustrate these in the following manner. A man receives a blow from a stone; the part stricken is bruised; inflammation of the part succeeds. Here the propelled stone is the remote cause of the mischief; the bruise is the proximate cause; and the consequent inflammation forms an array of symptoms, or what is commonly called the disease. In strictness of language, however, we should not call the inflammation, or third stage, the disease itself; it is merely symptomatic of the previous organic change comprised in the second stage. The proximate cause, therefore, is the real disease, the parent of all that follows. Applying this mode of investigation to the English or Bilious Cholera, it will appear that the heat of the sun is the remote cause of the affection, for, during the maximum of its annual range, the heat stimulates the liver to increased action, and its function becomes accelerated. This functional derangement is the proximate cause; and the augmented flow of bile is merely one of the primary symptoms which, in its turn, gives rise to the secondary train, nausea, vomiting, &c.

As in the two examples just given, every malady will have for its proximate cause either an organic change, or a functional derangement of some part of the body. But in many cases we are not aware of the precise nature of that change or the exact seat of that derangement. It is also often impossible, from the minuteness of the field of research, and the imperfection of our senses, to ascertain by observation or dissection, whether the proximate cause of certain maladies should be referred to alteration of structure or to supernatural action alone. To this order belong a numerous family of fevers, which are developed in the system spontaneously, or through the influence of a deleterious miasm. The difficulty to which we have alluded, accounts for the various controversies maintained of late years, among medical writers, regarding the primary seat of fever. Some attempted to prove portions of the nervous, others, of the vascular system, to be the first link in the chain of febrile transition. A third party, observing that the brain in persons who died of fever, frequently presented the aspect of recent inflammation, hastily referred the proximate cause to inflammation of the brain. A fourth, for similar reasons, found it in the lining membrane of the stomach. The more enlightened view, however, of the pathology of fever, demonstrates that the inflammatory appearances observable after death, are the *effects* and not the cause of the disease. An opinion, consequently, has been with reason entertained, that the nervous system, not in part, but as a whole, is the radical seat of the morbid phenomena.

The recorded history of Spasmodic Cholera, does not reveal to us the reason of the disease changing its character in 1817. Why it should

have assumed, at that period, an aspect of extraordinary malignity, has not as yet been satisfactorily explained. The remote and proximate causes of the epidemic are still open to investigation, though several authors have attempted to point them out. Mr. Annesley* seems to think that the remote cause was a peculiar state of the atmosphere, with regard to its electricity; that the air was negatively electrical, and that this induced a great diminution of the nervous fluid in the human body, which is in his opinion the proximate cause of Epidemic Cholera.

Thirteen years have elapsed since Cholera commenced its ravages, and a single experiment cannot be adduced to countenance the existence of the peculiar non-electrical state of the atmosphere. Holding, therefore, his opinion to be perfectly gratuitous, we shall leave Mr. Annesley to the enjoyment of the more solid honours which have been awarded him in the practical department.

Several theoretical writers agree with the practical, in supposing that immediate and increasing diminution of the nervous energy, is the proximate cause of the malady. Dr. Good† does not express his sentiment fully and explicitly upon the subject, but from the little that he says, and as he leaves the opinion uncontroverted, it may be presumed that he was inclined to the same conclusion. Of the remote cause, Dr. Good offers no solution.

To dissent from highly respectable authorities, may be considered in us an act of temerity, both on account of the difficulties appertaining to the question itself, as well as the numerical danger incurred in opposing, to the opinion of the many, that of an individual. Appealing, however, to facts admitted by all, and elucidating these through the light of a clear analogy, we hope to be able to shew that, during the first stage of Spasmodic Cholera, the nervous energy is not in a state approaching to exhaustion; but, on the contrary, that it is *locally in excess, and to the influence of this excess upon certain parts of the body, should the phenomena be ascribed, which externally mark the disease.*

The prevalent opinion, that debility is the immediate cause, probably originated in the medical observers drawing their conclusions erroneously from the effects of the symptoms of Cholera, as had previously been done by others with regard to fever. But it is evident, that in quest of the fountain we should not follow the river to the sea. In whatever stage of the disease the investigation be commenced, we must take the symptoms individually, and ascertain their relations and priority of origin. Guided in this way by the landmarks of observation, we shall finally arrive at a knowledge of the first sensible indication of the morbid

* Sketches of the most prevalent diseases of India. London: 1829.

† Study of Medicine, by John Mason Good, M.D. 1829.

action which had been excited within the body, and the next step will be to determine, with the assistance of experience and analogy, the nature of the insensible or hidden derangement, which constitutes the proximate cause.

If general nervous debility be the cause of the symptoms, we would ask how it comes to pass that the mind of patients, labouring under Spasmodic Cholera, remains perfectly clear and collected to the last, after the pulse has ceased to vibrate in the limbs, and when death has crossed the threshold of existence? In typhus fever it is otherwise. Here the decline of the cerebral function is evinced in low muttering delirium; in the loss or perversion of the external senses. The ear is mocked by the imaginary fall of waters; the eye deceived by the unsubstantial creations of the brain. The medical treatment also, found most efficacious in opposing the onset and progress of Cholera, demonstrates that general nervous debility cannot be the cause of the earlier symptoms. When a patient is first seized, a copious bleeding from the arm, and a large dose of laudanum, are the remedies chiefly to be depended upon, and these, if resorted to on the approach of the malady, will be generally successful in checking or moderating its progress.

It may be alleged, "the principle of this curative process is decidedly stimulant; the abstraction of blood instead of depressing the powers of life, tends to strengthen them, breaking the chain of diseased action, and relieving the heart, already oppressed, of a portion of its circulating load; brandy, laudanum, and other narcotics," it may be continued, "are stimulants in the first instance, their narcotic influence being a secondary effect, and therefore they are often successful in counteracting debility in diseases, of which nervous prostration is, doubtless, the most prominent feature." In reply to these arguments, we can perceive no parallel existing between the treatment suited to a disease of strict nervous debility, such as typhus fever, and that of Spasmodic Cholera. In the cases of the former, where the putrid tendency is developed with the accession, to resort to blood-letting will diminish the chances of recovery to almost nothing. The copious and repeated administration also of narcotic medicines, that prove our sheet-anchor in withstanding the inroads of Cholera, would rapidly extinguish the flickering ray that sheds vitality in typhus.

That local excess of nervous energy is the cause of the symptoms, is supported by the pathology of Cholera. The localities in which this excess is generated, appear primarily to be the nerves connected with the liver, stomach, and bowels. The nerves of the limbs and of the other parts, subjected to spasm, are probably secondarily affected. The stomach, and the patient's face wears the anxious and shrunk expression common to severe abdominal distempers. The canal, along which, in health, the

bile freely travels to the intestines, is closed by the constriction of cramp. The spasms soon extend to the stomach and bowels, and they, in consequence, are compelled to evacuate their contents. The patient now complains, for the first time, of extreme exhaustion. This is worthy of special remark as corroborative of our views, that debility is an effect, and not the cause, of the earlier symptoms.

The character of the attendant spasms would not lead us to suspect a diminution of energy in the nerves distributed to the muscles affected. They are of the rigid kind. Is inordinate and continued action, then, the result of debility? Does deficiency of stimuli excite muscles to extraordinary contractility? Surely not.—That the patient will be reduced to a state of helpless exhaustion, is no reason against entertaining the previous redundancy of nervous influence. The concord of the animal functions, voluntary and involuntary, which characterises health, is broken by the undue accumulation of energy in any one of the textures subservient to them. Nor do the instances in which Cholera proves almost instantaneously fatal, militate against our position. They only shew that a stimulus, which in a common degree of activity excited undue action alone, will, in a greater measure, completely destroy it. Thus electricity, in graduated shocks, may recruit, or derange, or destroy the body. In the same way, cold, under ordinary circumstances, is a bracing stimulant, but in excess it is dangerous to life. Mr. Scott has recorded a curious case, which, in so far as the nerves of the extremities are concerned, bears hard upon the doctrine of debility. It is that of a man who had been subject to paralysis and total numbness of his limbs. In addition, he had the misfortune to be seized with Spasmodic Cholera, when, to the surprise of his attendants, his limbs became the seat of spasms, and also exquisitely sensible.

The possibility of effecting a cure in Spasmodic Cholera, greatly depends upon the time in which the patient is submitted to medical management. Should the disease be allowed to completely develop itself before advice is obtained, it will frequently baffle the exertions of the most skilful practitioner, and prove rapidly fatal. But if the physician be consulted when the symptoms are moderate, when uneasiness and anxiety are chiefly complained of, after the use of the customary remedies, strong hopes of recovery may be indulged.—Blood-letting, and a large dose of calomel, should be immediately prescribed. To these should succeed constant frictions of hot flannel to the skin. Internal prescriptions of laudanum, brandy and water, and other sedative anti-spasmodics, to be used at such intervals of time, and in such quantities as the physician may consider best fitted to the peculiarities and urgency of the case. The signs of returning health will be recognized in the re-appearance of the bile in the evacuations. The se-

cretions of saliva and of urine, which had been suspended during the severity of the attack, will be again restored. The breath and the skin will gradually recover their natural heat; and, in short, every function of the system will return to the salutary standard.

Should the patient delay application for advice until the disease has advanced considerably into the second stage, venesection will generally prove useless or injurious. The cramps are established, and they should be alleviated by friction, and the exhibition of anti-spasmodic medicines. If the third or last stage have set in, a discriminating judgment must also be exercised. As debility has now become our only opponent, the sedative preparations are to be modified accordingly, so as to produce little more than a stimulant effect; for the use, at this period, of laudanum, &c., in quantities suited to the treatment of spasms, would render the catastrophe inevitable.

Although we are unacquainted with the individual remote cause that imparted to Spasmodic Cholera the epidemic and fatal character which it assumed in the town of Jessore during 1817, it is clear that it must have depended upon one of the three following circumstances:—1st. Either some peculiarity in the condition of the atmosphere; 2nd, Or some peculiarity in the condition of the human body; 3rd, Or upon a peculiar condition of both.—As the various writings upon the subject do not rise above speculation, we shall pass them over to enquire in what manner the disease is propagated in the present day; whether it is communicated from one person to another by contagion? Or whether the atmosphere is the sole remote agent in exciting the distemper?

A few years ago Dr. Maclean divided the medical world into contagionists and non-contagionists. Our sentiments are decidedly opposed to those of Dr. Maclean; yet, notwithstanding, we suspect that the attention he received at the hands of the College of Physicians, was not commensurate to his abilities. The public, moreover, through sheer ignorance of the steps leading indirectly to the temple of science, whilst it swallows with avidity the monsters of quackery practice, is ever ready to raise an idle clamour against theories—medical theories in particular.

"To doubt the sun's a sea-coal fire,
Would mightily displease
Some folk, who think the whey-faced moon
Is made of recent cheese."

"In the world of wisdom theories abound."—Prosecuted by men of abilities, even false theories are often productive of much good. The hasty growth of the structure, lacking bone and muscle, either destroys itself, making men wiser by experience; or it demonstrates how far the theory, which has entered upon the right road, may be received. Dr. Maclean failed to prove the non-contagious nature of Egyptian plague, but the College of Physi-

cians were obliged to admit that some modification, advantageous to the interests of commerce, might be made in the quarantine laws.

The fundamental error which governed Dr. Maclean was, an extravagant love of uniformity. He forgot that Nature, while she carefully preserves the family likeness, frequently leaves details to the "beauty of contrast."—His first grand position* was, that fevers truly contagious could not affect the same person more than once in a natural life. Therefore, Egyptian plague and typhus fever were non-contagious. Secondly, that epidemics are not propagated by contagion but depend upon atmospheric causes. Unmindful that he was himself the maker of these "laws," he called them fixed and unchangeable.

The distinction drawn between epidemic and contagious diseases, was altogether fanciful. The fact is, that contagious diseases may become epidemic; and epidemic diseases, originally dependent upon atmospheric causes, may become contagious. Scattered cases, for instance, of small pox—a disease, the contagion of which is unquestioned, are constantly occurring in various parts of England; but occasionally, it attacks great numbers of children, about the same time and place, or, in other words, it assumes the epidemic form.—The contagious fever of measles is obedient to similar laws.

Contagious diseases are communicated from one person to another in two ways, either through the medium of contact, or by close exposure to exhalations emanating from a person infected. To avoid a war of words, these affections may be said to have an *animal origin*. Diseases, on the other hand, that spread, independent of contact or animal exhalations, may be said to have an *atmospheric origin*.—The task of arranging these maladies under two distinct heads, in relation to their causes, appears to the uninitiated a work of extreme simplicity. But it is not so; for, as we stated above, they do not always retain the identical character that distinguished their first appearance. Several fevers vary in their cause. The same disease may at one time be referred to the atmospheric, at another to the animal origin.

Egyptian plague furnishes an example of the variable remote cause to which we allude. This disease prevails during the winter half of the year in Lower Egypt. It is highly contagious; but though communicated rapidly from individual to individual, by exposure to pestiferous contact or exhalation, there is sufficient evidence to show, that persons resident there may contract the disease without having undergone any such exposure, and that afterwards they may, by contagion, transmit it to others. Now, a physician who had witnessed a few of the spontaneous cases, if we may so call

* Dr. Maclean on Epidemic and Pestilential Diseases, 1817. Ditto on the Evils of Quarantine Laws, 1824.

them, judging from his own limited experience, might ascribe every instance of the disease to an atmospheric origin exclusively; while another, who had only met with instances the result of contagion, might ascribe every case as exclusively and with equal justice to an animal origin. This view of the matter may diminish the astonishment with which the public behold the discrepancies of medical evidence.

The admission of a variable remote cause for some contagious diseases, is forced upon us at home in the history of typhus fever. It is commonly propagated by a specific contagion; yet certain external circumstances are sufficient of themselves to generate the disease in the human body. These are damp houses, ill-ventilated, and crowded with inhabitants; wet winters, scarcity of food, and all the depressing concomitants of poverty. In this way have originated hospital, camp and jail fevers, which are of a contagious nature, and may be collectively included under the appropriate name of *typhus*.

The digression upon the animal and the atmospheric origin of Egyptian plague and typhus fever, was introduced to prepare the reader for a few observations regarding the origin of Spasmodic Cholera. While the disease was restricted to Hindostan and its neighbourhood, the members of the medical profession in India, endeavoured to discover the medium through which it was propagated. A large majority, more particularly of the Bengal Presidency, declared the disease to be non-contagious. But, in Bombay, the contrary conclusion was ably maintained. In justice to the early advocates of non-contagion, it should be observed, that the question, at the period to which we refer, wore a somewhat different aspect from that which it assumed under the impression of later events. The progress of Cholera had then scarcely exceeded the boundaries of Hindostan, and here the mild and malignant varieties were indigenous. The non-contagionists might, therefore, reasonably ask, "why a disease which began at Jessore independent of contagion, should not likewise be generated in other localities under the influence of atmospheric causes?" We believe that it was so generated in many instances, and upon the strength of this admission, we would reconcile several apparently conflicting statements; the leading features, however, developed in the history of the malady cannot be satisfactorily explained, in the absence of contagion, on any known accidental condition of health and of the atmosphere. These features are—

1st.—Epidemic Cholera* has travelled as often against, as with the course of the winds. In the very face of a strong S. W. wind which blew in that direction for some months, it passed from Bengal to the Deccan. It has prevailed

in every kind of weather common to the climates affected. In the driest weather, and during the deluge of periodical rains; in storms, and in calms; under the scorching sun of Arabia, and amid the snows of Russia.

Opposed as are these facts to the usual progress of maladies, the extension of which depend solely upon the atmosphere, the character of the succeeding favours in a still greater degree, the existence of a contagious power.

2nd.—Epidemic Cholera has in general rigidly followed the great highways of human intercourse. Pursuing the line of navigable waters, and the route of caravans, it entered or traversed the different countries. Through India it extended along the rivers Ganges, Hooghly, Jumna, and Nerbudda. Arabia, Persia, and Syria, were penetrated by the Persian Gulf, the Tigris, and the Euphrates. Moscow received the disease by the route of the Volga. China, other parts of Eastern Asia, and the various islands were infected over sea, as appears from the Cholera making its earliest ravages in the port towns and maritime districts. Agreeing with the disposition of contagious diseases, the Cholera has been most virulent wherever human beings were numerous and concentrated. In densely-peopled cities; in armies encamped, or upon the march; in localities unfavourable to free ventilation—as low, sheltered grounds, narrow streets, close, dirty houses. The slow rate of progression at which the epidemic advanced from place to place in succession, and the temporary halts which it occasionally made, perfectly agree with a contagious origin; but they cannot be reconciled to an atmospheric. It travels, on an average, at a rate varying between ten and eighteen miles a day. But often, in particular instances, much less. Within the Zillah of Nellore it proceeded thirty-two miles in twelve days; in the next twenty-seven days, eighty miles.

Writers who deny the contagious nature of Cholera, rest their belief chiefly upon the circumstances, that many persons were attacked without having had previous intercourse with the sick. This objection brings little weight with it. In Hindostan such cases may have, at times, arisen from external causes, as at Jessore; but in other countries, where Spasmodic Cholera had never been known until the Indian invasion, we would refer them to contagion, for it is notorious that contagious exhalations may be carried about in merchandize, clothing, &c., their infecting energy remaining for a considerable period unimpaired.

The Russian government was of opinion that the Cholera, during 1829, had entered the province of Orenburg with the caravans trading between Orenburg and Boukhara, the commercial entrepot of Central Asia. The Russians, indeed, have uniformly treated the disease as if contagious. The medical council of Petersburg, issued quarantine orders, under which every patient was to be strictly prohi-

* *Vide* the different Reports compiled by order of the East India Company; and also the Publications of individuals upon the subject.

bited from holding close communication with persons in health. Even the Emperor Nicholas, who, to encourage the inhabitants, visited Moscow during the prevalence of the Cholera, underwent, before his return to Petersburg, the usual ordeal of purification in quarantine. How far these precautions are productive of benefit, it is difficult to say. The disease was equally mortal in Russia as elsewhere, comparing the number of deaths with the number of the diseased; but it is a remarkable fact that fewer of the people by far were attacked there than in southern countries. Whether this partial immunity resulted from the influence of climate, and the stronger constitutions of the Russians, or the rigid quarantine, or from a combination of these three circumstances, it is, perhaps, impossible at present to decide. In the island of Bourbon, however, where sanatory regulations were prescribed and enforced, the malady spread less extensively than in the neighbouring island of Mauritius, in which these things were neglected. As the character of the inhabitants and of the climate is similar in both islands, this fact is in favour of the utility of quarantine; but the strongest evidence in support of contagion, and the propriety of enforcing quarantine, is, that the appearance of the disease in one country or district, has been generally shown to have soon succeeded to the arrival of persons from another, in which the epidemic had prevailed. In Persia, the gates of Ispahan were closed against the suspected caravan. It consequently passed through Yezd. Shortly afterwards the Cholera destroyed seven thousand of the inhabitants of Yezd, while the former city escaped.

Cholera is capricious in the selection of its victims. The infirm and debilitated are its favourite subjects. Yet the best state of health will not ensure exemption. This is not opposed to our view of the proximate cause; debility renders the system more susceptible of morbid impressions—be they sedative or be they stimulant. The black population suffers in a greater proportion than the white. It is calculated that four millions of the natives of India have been swept away by the scourge since 1817. A share of the mortality, however, may be fairly attributed to partial or total want, in a multitude of instances, of medical assistance. In one district, the population of which is about two hundred thousand souls, the cases of Cholera amounted to fifteen thousand nine hundred forty-five; of these, one thousand two hundred and ninety-four had been without medicine or medical aid, and there is reason to believe, that of the number every individual perished. When proper remedial means could be supplied at an early period, and their use continued, the result was gratifying to the friends of humanity; and creditable to the profession, if the intractable nature of the malady be taken into account. The Madras army consisted of eighty-three thousand three hundred and thirty-six men, Eu-

ropean and native. During 1818, and the four succeeding years, there died five and one third per cent. of the whole force; or twenty three and three-fourths per cent. of those who had been attacked by the epidemic.

The laws of Cholera bear the impress of that presiding Intelligence who has described a circle, beyond which every species of physical evil must cease to mar the harmony of life. Were the disease to continue its ravages in the same place uninterruptedly for a series of years, it would depopulate the world. Few localities have suffered longer than four or six weeks, at a time, under the worst form of the distemper, and to this succeed long intervals of safety more or less complete. It does not, moreover, promise to be a plague that will descend a miserable inheritance to many generations. Some countries, formerly afflicted, are even now returning thanks for permanent relief; and in most, the destroyer has relaxed its severity. Wherever it may next direct its course, the principal danger is to be apprehended. May its footsteps be averted from the dwellings of the poor in Great Britain and Ireland!

From the Metropolitan Magazine.

TO NATURE.

"Rura mihi, et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes!
Flumina amem, sylvasque, inglorius!"

GREAT daughter of the Sire Supreme!
In whose reflective charms we see,
Unscathed, the mitigated beam
Of viewless Deity.

O, lead me, Nature, to thy shade!
Far from life's varying cares and fears;
Affections spurn'd and hopes betray'd,
And naught unchanged, but tears;

And guide me on, through sun and storm,
With thine immortal steps to range;
In variation, uniform;
Immutable in change.

Oh! teach me, on the sea-beat hill,
Or by the mountain torrent's roar,
Or in the midnight forest still,
Thy great and awful lore!

Nor less, beside the calm clear sea,
Or, in the leafy cool reclined,
With thine own greenwood minstrelsy
Restore a wearied mind:—

And grant my soul a bliss to own
Beyond earth's mightiest to bestow,
Which love himself might give alone,
If Love be yet below.

Oh! I have loved thee from a child!
And sure, on childhood's rapturous hour,
Thine eye of loveliness hath smiled,
With most approving power:—

For in that season bright and sweet
Roams the blest spirit pure and free,
Ere woman's art, or man's deceit,
Hath stol'n a thought from thee.

And I would be thy child again,
Careless, and innocent, and still :
Oh ! snatch me from mine own wild reign
To heed a holier will !

Oh ! sadly is the soul unblest,
That ne'er the sacred joys hath known,
Of those who in thy temple rest
Majestically lone !

And smit with a celestial love,
In secrecy converse with thee,
And hear thee bring them from above
Thy wondrous history !

How, when the great Omnific word
Through the far halls of Chaos rang,
And life the dark cold billows stirr'd,
Thy charms to order sprang—

Forth danced, thy genial steps beneath,
Herbage and flower ; to weave thy pall,
Campania brought her painted wreath ;
Her roseate treasures, Gaul.

Recount thy Sire's unbounded power,
Recount his unexhausted love,
Who sent thee, from this cloudy hour,
The shadows to remove—

And teach me, in thy still recess,
To search a clearer page than thine,
Where Mercy, Wisdom, Faithfulness,
Illumine every line !

So when I cease on thee to gaze,
May I thine Author's glory see,
In realms whose voice shall chant his praise,
When thou no more shalt be !

From Blackwood's Magazine.

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.

The Statesman.

AMBITION!—Its sweets and bitters—its splendid miseries—its wrinkling cares—its wasting agonies—its triumphs and downfalls—who has not, in some degree, known and felt them? Moralists, Historians, and Novelists, have filled libraries in picturing their dreary and dazzling details ; and yet Ambition's votaries or rather victims, are as numerous, as enthusiastic, as ever!—Such is the mounting quality existing in almost every one's breast, that no "Pelion upon Ossa" heapings, and accumulations of facts and lessons, can keep it down. Though I fully feel the truth of this remark, vain and futile though the attempt may prove, I cannot resist the inclination to contribute my mite towards the vast memorials of Ambition's martyrs !

My specific purpose, in first making the notes from which the ensuing narrative is taken, and in now presenting it to the public—in thus pointing to the spectacle of a sun suddenly and disastrously eclipsed while blazing at its zenith, is this : To shew the steps by which a really great mind—an eager and impetuous spirit—was voluntarily sacrificed at the shrine of

political ambition ; foregoing, nay, despising, the substantial joys and comforts of elegant privacy, and persisting, even to destruction, in its frantic efforts to bear up against, and grapple with cares too mighty for the mind of man. It is a solemn lesson, imprinted on my memory in great and glaring characters ; and if I do but succeed in bringing a few of them before the reader, they may at least serve to check extravagant expectations, by disclosing the misery which often lies cankering behind the most splendid popularity. If I should be found inaccurate in my use of political technicalities and allusions, the reader will be pleased to overlook it, on the score of my profession.

I recollect, when I was at Cambridge, over-hearing some men of my college talk about the "splendid talents of young Stafford," who had lately become a member of — hall ; and they said so much about the "great hit" he had made in his recent debut at one of the debating societies—which then flourished in considerable numbers—that I resolved to take the earliest opportunity of going to hear and judge for myself. That was soon afforded me. Though not a member of the society, I gained admission through a friend. The room was crammed to the very door ; and I was not long in discovering the "star of the evening" in the person of a young fellow-commoner, of careless and even slovenly appearance. The first glimpse of his features disposed me to believe all I had heard in his favour. There was no sitting for effect ; nothing artificial about his demeanour—no careful carelessness of attitude—no knitting of the brows, or painful straining of the eyes, to look brilliant or acute ! The mere absence of all these little conceits and fooleries, so often disfiguring "talented young speakers," went, in my estimation, to the account of his superiority. His face was "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," and its lineaments very deeply and strongly marked. There was a wondrous power and fire in the eyes which gleamed with restless energy whichever way he looked. They were neither large nor prominent—but all soul—expression. It was startling to find their glance suddenly settled on one. His forehead, as much as I saw of it, was knotted and expansive. There was a prevailing air of anxiety about his worn features—young as he was, about 21—as if his mind were every instant hard at work, which an inaccurate observer might have set down to the score of ill-nature, especially when coupled with the matter-of-fact unsmiling nods of recognition, with which he returned the polite inclinations of those who passed him. To me, sitting watching him, it seemed as though his mind were of too intense and energetic a character to have any sympathies with the small matters transpiring around him. I knew his demeanour

* It can hardly be necessary, I presume, to reiterate, that whatever names individuals are indicated in these papers, are fictitious.

was simple, unaffected, genuine, and it was refreshing to see it. It predisposed me to like him, if only for being free from the ridiculous airs assumed by some with whom I associated. He allowed five or six speakers to address the society, without making notes, or joining in the noisy exclamations and interruptions of those around him. At length he arose amid perfect silence—the silence of expectant criticism whetted by rivalry. He seemed at first a little flustered, and for about five minutes spoke hesitatingly and somewhat unconnectedly—with the air of a man who does not know exactly how to get at his subject, which yet he is conscious of having thoroughly mastered. At length, however, the current ran smooth, and gradually widened and swelled into such a stream—a torrent of real eloquence—as I never before or since heard poured from the lips of a young speaker—or possibly any speaker whatsoever, except himself in after life. He seemed long disinclined to enhance the effect of what he was uttering by oratorical gesture. His hands both grasped his cap, which ere long was compressed, twisted, and crushed out of all shape; but as he warmed, he laid it down, and used his arms, the levers of eloquence, with the grace and energy of a natural orator. The effect he produced was prodigious. We were all carried away with him, as if by whirlwind force. As for myself, I felt for the first time convinced that oratory such as that could persuade me to any thing. As might have been expected, his speech was fraught with the faults incident to youth and inexperience, and was pervaded with a glaring hue of extravagance and exaggeration. Some of his “facts” were preposterously incorrect, and his inferences false; but there was such a prodigious power of language—such a blaze of fancy—such a stretch and grasp of thought—and such casuistical dexterity evinced throughout, as indicated the presence of first-rate capabilities. He concluded amid a storm of applause; and before his enthusiastic auditors, whispering together their surprise and admiration, could observe his motions, he had slipped away and left the room.

The excitement into which this young man's “first appearance” had thrown me, kept me awake the greater part of the night; and I well recollect feeling a transient fit of disinclination for the dull and sombre profession of medicine, for which I was destined. That evening's display warranted my indulging large and high expectations of the future eminence of young Stafford; but I hardly went so far as to think of once seeing him Secretary of State, and leader of the British House of Commons. Accident soon afterwards introduced me to him at the supper-table of a mutual friend. I found him distinguished as well by that simplicity and frankness ever attending the consciousness of real greatness, as by the recklessness, irritability, impetuosity of one, aware

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that he is far superior to those around him, and in possession of that species of talent which is appreciable by all—of those rare powers which ensure a man the command over his fellows—keen and bitter sarcasm—and extraordinary readiness of repartee. Then, again, all his predilections were political. He utterly disregarded the popular pursuits at college. Whatever he said, read, or thought, had reference to his “ruling passion”—and that not by fits and starts, under the arbitrary impulse of rivalry or enthusiasm, but steadily and systematically. I knew from himself, that, before his twenty-third year, he had read over and made notes of the whole of the Parliamentary debates, and have seen a table which he constructed for reference, on a most admirable and useful plan. The minute accuracy of his acquaintance with the whole course of political affairs, obtained by such laborious methods as this, may be easily conceived. His powers of memory were remarkable—as well for their capacity as tenacity; and the presence of mind and judgment with which he availed himself of his acquisitions, convinced his opponent that he had undertaken an arduous, if not hopeless task, in rising to reply to him. It was impossible not to see, even in a few minutes' interview with him, that AMBITION had “marked him for her own.” Alas what a stormy career is before this young man!—I have often thought, while listening to his impassioned harangues and conversations, and witnessing the twin fires of intellect and passion flashing from his eyes. One large ingredient in his composition was a most morbid sensibility; and then he devoted himself to every pursuit with a headlong, undistinguishing enthusiasm and energy, which inspired me with lively apprehensions lest he should wear himself out and fall by the way, before he could actually enter on the great arena of public life. His forehead was already furrowed with premature wrinkles!—His application was incessant. He rose every morning at five, and retired pretty regularly by eleven.

Our acquaintance gradually ripened into friendship; and we visited each other with mutual frequency and cordiality. When he left college, he entreated me to accompany him to the continent, but financial reasons forbade it. He was possessed of a tolerably ample fortune; and at the time of quitting England, was actually in treaty with Sir ——— for a borough. I left Cambridge a few months after Mr. Stafford; and as we were mutually engaged with the arduous and absorbing duties of our respective professions, we saw and heard little or nothing of one another for several years. In the very depth of my distress—during the first four years of my establishment in London—I recollect once calling at the hotel which he generally made his town quarters, for the purpose of soliciting his assistance in the way of introductions; when, to my an-

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guish and mortification, I heard that, on that very morning, he had quitted the hotel for Calais, on his return to the continent!

At length Mr. Stafford, who had long stood contemplating on the brink, dashed into the tempestuous waters of public life, and emerged—a member of Parliament for the borough of —. I happened to see the gazette which announced the event, about two years after the occurrence of the accident which elevated me into fortune. I did not then require any one's interference on my behalf, being content with the independent exercise of my profession; and even if I had been unfortunate, too long an interval had elapsed, I thought, to warrant my renewing a mere college acquaintance with such a man as Mr. Stafford. I was content, therefore, to keep barely within the extreme rays of the rising sun in the political hemisphere. I shall not easily forget the feelings of intense interest with which I saw, in one of the morning papers, the name of my *quondam* college friend, "MR. STAFFORD," standing at the head of a speech of two columns' length—or the delight with which I paused over the frequent interruptions of "Hear, hear!"—"Hear, hear, hear!"—"Cheers!"—"Loud Cheers!" which marked the speaker's progress in the favour of the House. "We regret," said the reporter, in a note at the end, "that the noise in the gallery prevented our giving, at greater length, the eloquent and effective maiden speech of Mr. Stafford, which was cheered perpetually throughout, and excited a strong sensation in the House." In my enthusiasm I purchased that copy of the newspaper, and have it now in my possession. It needed not the enquiries which everywhere met me, 'Have you read Mr. Stafford's, maiden-speech?' to convince me of his splendid prospects, the reward of his early and honourable toils. His "maiden-speech" formed the sole engrossing topic of conversation to my wife and me as we sat at supper that evening; and she was asking me some such question as is generally uppermost in ladies' minds on the mention of a popular character, "What sort of looking man he was when I saw him at Cambridge?"—when a forcible appeal to the knocker and bell, followed by the servant's announcing, that "a gentleman wished to speak to me directly," brought me into my patient's room. The candles, which were only just lit, did not enable me to see the person of my visitor very distinctly; but the instant he spoke to me, removing a handkerchief which he held to his mouth, I recognised—could it be possible?—the very Mr. Stafford we had been speaking of! I shook him affectionately by the hand, and should have proceeded to compliment him warmly on his last evening's success in the House, but that his dreadful paleness of features, and discomposure of manner, disconcerted me.

"My dear Mr. Stafford, what is the matter?"

"Are you ill? Has any thing happened?" I enquired anxiously.

"Yes, Doctor—perhaps fatally ill," he replied, with great agitation. "I thought I would call on you on my way from the House, which I have but just left. It is not my fault that we have not maintained our college acquaintance—but of that more hereafter. I wish your advice—your honest opinion of my case. For God's sake don't deceive me! Last evening I spoke for the first time in the House, at some length, and with all the energy I could command. You may guess the consequent exhaustion I have suffered during the whole of this day; and this evening, though much indisposed with fever and a cough, I imprudently went down to the House, when Sir———so shamefully misrepresented certain portions of the speech I had delivered the preceding night, that I felt bound to rise and vindicate myself. I was betrayed into greater length and vehemence than I had anticipated; and on sitting down, was seized with such an irrepressible fit of coughing, as at last forced me to leave the House. Hoping it would abate, I walked for some time about the lobby, and at length thought it better to return home than to re-enter the House. While hunting after my carriage, the violence of the cough subsided into a small, hacking, irritating one, accompanied with spitting. After driving about as far as Whitehall, the vivid glare of one of the street lamps happened to fall suddenly on my white pocket handkerchief, and, oh God!" continued Mr. Stafford, almost gasping for breath, "this horrid sight met my eye!" He spread out a pocket-handkerchief all spotted and dabbled with blood! It was with the utmost difficulty that he communicated to me what is gone before.—"Oh! it's all over with me—the chapter's ended, I'm afraid!" he murmured, almost inarticulately—and while I was feeling his pulse he fainted. I placed him instantly in a recumbent position—loosened his neckerchief and shirt-collar—dashed some cold water in his face, and he presently recovered. He shook his head, in silence, very mournfully—his features expressed utter hopelessness. I sat down close beside him, and, grasping his hand in mine, endeavoured to re-assure him. The answers he returned to the few questions I asked him, convinced me that the spitting of blood was unattended with danger, provided he could be kept quiet in body and mind. There was not the slightest symptom of radical mischief in the lungs. A glance at his stout build of body, especially at his ample, sonorous chest, forbade the supposition. I explained to him, with even professional minuteness of detail, the true nature of the accident—its effects—and method of cure. He listened to me with deep attention, and at last seemed convinced. He clasped his hands, exclaiming, "Thank God! thank God!" and entreated me to do on

the spot, what I had directed to be done by the apothecary—to bleed him. I complied, and from a large orifice took a considerable quantity of blood. I then accompanied him home—saw him consigned to bed—prescribed the usual lowering remedies—absolutely forbade him to open his lips, except in the slightest whisper possible—and left him calm, and restored to a tolerable measure of self-possession. One of the most exquisite sources of gratification, arising from the discharge of our professional duties, is the disabusing our patients of their harrowing and groundless apprehensions of danger. One such instance as is related above, is to me an ample recompense for months of miscellaneous, and often thankless toil, in the exercise of my profession. Is it not, in a manner, plucking a patient from the very brink of the grave, to which he had despairingly consigned himself, and placing him once more in the busy throng of life—the very heart of society? I have seen men of the strongest intellect and nerve, whom the detection of a novel and startling symptom has terrified into giving themselves up for lost, in an instant dispossessed of their apprehensions, by explaining to them the real nature of what has alarmed them.* The alarm, however, occasioned by the rupture of a blood-vessel in or near the lungs, is seldom unwarranted, although it may be excessive; and though we can soon determine whether or not the accident is in the nature of a primary disease, or symptomatic of some incurable pulmonary affection, and dissipate or corroborate our patient's apprehensions accordingly, it is no more than prudent to warn one who has once experienced this injury, against any exertions or excesses which have a tendency to interfere with the action of the lungs, by keeping in sight the possibility of a fatal relapse.—To return, however, to Mr. Stafford.

His recovery was tardier than I could have expected. His extraordinary excitability completely neutralized the effect of my lowering and calming system of treatment. I could not persuade him to give his mind rest; and the mere glimpse of a newspaper occasioned such a flutter and agitation of spirits, that I forbade

them altogether for a fortnight. I was in the habit of writing my prescriptions in his presence, and pausing long over them for the purpose of unsuspectedly observing him; and though he would tell me that his "mind was still as a stagnant pool,"—his intense air—his corrugated brows and fixed eyes, evinced the most active exercise of thought. When in a sort of half dozing state, he would often mutter about the subjects nearest his heart. "Ah! must go out—the — Bill, their touchstone—ay—though—, and his Belial tongue." * * * "Tis cruel—'tis tantalizing, Doctor," he said one morning, "to find one's self held by the foot in this way—like a chained eagle! The world forgets every one that slips for a moment from public view! Alas, alas! my plans—my projects—are all unravelling!"—"Thy sun, young man, may go down at noon!" I often thought, when reflecting on his restless, fierce, and ardent spirit.—He wanted case-hardening—long physical training, to fit him for the harassing and exhausting campaign on which he had entered. Truly, truly, your politician should have a frame of adamant, and a mind "thereto conforming strictly." I found Mr. Stafford one day in high chafe about a sarcastic allusion in the debate to a sentiment which he had expressed in Parliament—"Oh—one might wither that fellow with a word or two, the stilted noodle!" said he, pointing to the passage, while his eye glanced like lightning.

"You'll more likely wither your own prospects of ever making the trial, if you don't moderate your exertions," I replied. He smiled incredulously, and made me no answer; but continued twisting about his pencil-case with a rapidity and energy which shewed the high excitement under which he was labouring. His hard, jerking, irregular pulse, beating on the average a hundred a minute, excited my lively apprehensions, lest the increased action of the heart should bring on a second fit of blood-spitting. I saw clearly that it would be in vain for him to court the repose essential to his convalescence, so long as he continued in town; and with infinite difficulty, prevailed on him to betake himself to the country. We wrung a promise from him that he would set about "unbending"—"unharnessing," as he called it—that he would give "his constitution fair play." He acknowledged that to gain the objects he had proposed to himself, it was necessary for him to "husband his resources;" and briskly echoed my quotation—"neque semper arcum, tendit Apollo." In short, we dismissed him in the confident expectation of seeing him return, after a requisite interval, with recruited energies of body and mind. He had scarcely, however, been gone a fortnight, before a paragraph ran the round of the daily papers, announcing, as nearly ready for publication, a political pamphlet, "by Charles Stafford, Esq., M.P.;"—and in less than three weeks—sure enough—a pack-

* One instance presses so strongly on my recollection, that I cannot help adverting to it.—I was one day summoned in haste to an eminent merchant in the city, who thought he had grounds for apprehending occasion for one of the most appalling operations known in surgery. When I arrived, on finding the case not exactly within my province, I was going to leave him in the hands of a surgeon; but seeing that his alarm had positively half-maddened him, I resolved to give him what assistance I could. I soon found that his fears were chimerical, but he would not believe me. When, however, I succeeded in convincing him that "all was yet right with him"—by referring the sensations which had alarmed him to an unperceived derangement of his dress, tongue cannot utter, nor I ever forget, the ecstasy with which he at last "gave to the winds his fears." He insisted on my accepting one of the largest fees that had ever been tendered me.

et was forwarded to my residence, from the publisher, containing my rebellious patient's pamphlet, accompanied with the following hasty note:—"Araguza—Even with you!—you did not, you will recollect, interdict writing; and I have contrived to amuse myself with the accompanying trifle.—Please look at page —, and see the kind things I have said of poor Lord —, the worthy who attacked me the other evening in the House, behind my back." This "trifle" was in the form of a pamphlet of sixty-four pages, full of masterly argumentation, and impetuous eloquence; but unfortunately, owing to the publisher's dilatoriness, it came "a day behind the fair," and attracted but little attention.

His temporary rustication, however, was attended with at least two beneficial results—recruited health, and—the heart of Lady Emma —, the beautiful daughter of a nobleman remotely connected with Mr. Stafford's family. This attachment proved powerful enough to alienate him for a while from the turmoils of political life; for not only did the beauty, wealth, and accomplishments, of Lady Emma — render her a noble prize, worthy of great effort to obtain, but a powerful military rival had taken the field before Mr. Stafford made his appearance, and seemed disposed to move heaven and earth to carry her off. It is needless to say how such a consideration was calculated to rouse and absorb all the energies of the young senator, and keep him incessantly on the *qui vive*. It is said that the lady wavered for some time, uncertain to which of her brilliant suitors she should give the nod of preference. Chance decided the matter. It came to pass that a contested election arose in the country; and Mr. Stafford made a very animated and successful speech from the hustings—not far from which, at a window, was standing Lady Emma—in favour of her ladyship's brother, one of the candidates. *Io triumphe!* That happy evening the enemy "sur-rendered at discretion:" and ere it was known far and wide, that—in newspaper slang—"an affair was on the tapis," between Mr. Stafford and the "beautiful and accomplished Lady Emma —," &c. &c. &c.

It is my firm persuasion, that the diversion in his pursuits effected by this "affair," by withdrawing Mr. Stafford for a considerable interval from cares and anxieties which he was physically unable to cope with, lengthened his life for many years; giving England a splendid statesman, and this, my diary, the sad records which are now to be laid before the reader.

One characteristic of our profession, standing, as it were, in such sad and high relief as to scare many a sensitive mind from entering into its service, is, that it is concerned almost exclusively with the dark side of humanity. As carnage and carrion guide the gloomy flight of the vulture, so MISERY is the signal for

a medical man's presence. We have to do, daily, with broken hearts, blighted hopes, pain, sorrow, death! and though the satisfaction arising from the due discharge of our duties be that of the good Samaritan—a rich return—we cannot help counting the heavy cost, aching hearts, weary limbs, privations, ingratitude. Dark array! It may be considered placing the matter in a whimsical point of view, yet I have often thought that the two great professions of Law and Medicine, are but foul carrion birds—the one preying on the moral, as the other on the physical, rottenness of mankind.

"Thou who art well, need not a physician," say the Scriptures: and on this ground, it is easy to explain the melancholy hue pervading these papers. They are mirrors reflecting the dark colours which are exposed to them. It is true, that some remote relations, arising out of the particular combinations of circumstances first requiring our professional interference, may afford, as it were, a passing gleam of distant sun-shine, in the development of some trait of beautiful character, some wondrous "good, from seeming ill educed:" but these are incidental only, and evanescent—enhancing, not relieving the gloom and sorrow amid which we move. A glimpse of Heaven would but aggravate the horrors of Hell. These chilling reflections force themselves on my mind, when surveying the very many entries in my Diary concerning the eminent individual whose case I am now narrating—concerning one who seemed born to bask in the brightness of life—to reap the full harvest of its joys and comforts, and yet "walked in darkness!" Why should it have been so? Answer—*Ambition!*

The reader must hurry on with me through the next ten years of Mr. Stafford's life, during which period he rose with almost unprecedented rapidity. He had hardly time, as it were, to get warm in his nest, before he was called to lodge in the one above him, and then the one above that, and so on upwards, till people began to view his progress, with their hands shading their dazzled eyes, while they exclaimed—"fast for the top of the tree!" He was formed for political popularity. He had a most winning, captivating, commanding style of delivery, which was always employed in the steady, consistent advocacy of one line of principles. The splendour of his talents—his tact and skill in debate—the immense extent and accuracy of his political information—early attracted the notice of Ministers, and he was not suffered to wait long before they secured his services, by giving him a popular and influential office. During all this time, he maintained a very friendly intimacy with me, and often put into requisition my professional services.

About eight o'clock one Saturday evening, I

received the following note from Mr. Stafford:—

"Dear —, excuse excessive haste. Let me entreat you (I will hereafter account for the suddenness of this application) to make instant arrangements for spending with me *the whole* of to-morrow (Sunday) at —, and to set off from town in time for breakfasting with Lady Emma and myself. Your presence is required by most urgent and *special* business, but allow me to beg you will appear at breakfast with an unconcerned air—as a chance visitor. Yours always, faithfully,

"C. STAFFORD."

The words "*whole*" and "*special*" were thrice underscored; and this, added to the very unusual illegibility of the writing, betrayed an urgency, and even agitation, which a little disconcerted me. The abruptness of the application occasioned me some trouble in making the requisite arrangements. As, however, it was not a busy time with me, I contrived to find a substitute for the morrow in my friend Dr. D.—

It was a lovely Sabbath morning, in July, 18—, that, in obedience to the above hurried summons, I set off on horseback from the murky metropolis; and after rather more than a two hours' ride, found myself entering the grounds of Mr. Stafford, who had recently purchased a beautiful villa on the banks of the Thames. It was about nine o'clock, and nature seemed but freshly awakened from the depth of her overnight's slumbers—her tresses all uncurled, as it were—and her perfumed robes glistening with the pearls of morning dew. A deep and rich repose brooded over the scene, subduing every feeling of my soul into sympathy. A groom took my horse; and finding that neither Mr. Stafford nor Lady Emma were yet stirring, I resolved to walk about and enjoy the scenery. In front of the house stretched a fine lawn, studded here and there with laurel bushes, and other elegant shrubs, and sloping down to the river's edge; and on each side of the villa, and behind, were trees disposed with the most beautiful and picturesque effect imaginable. Birds were carolling cheerfully and loudly on all sides of me, as though they were intoxicated with their own "woodland melody." I walked about as amid enchantment, breathing the balminess and fragrance of the atmosphere, as the wild horse snuffs the scent of the desert. How keenly are Nature's beauties appreciated when but rarely seen by her unfortunate admirer who is condemned to a town life! I stood on the lawn by the river's edge, watching the ripple of the retiring tide, pondering within myself whether it was possible for such scenes as these to have lost all charm for their restless owner. Did he relish or tolerate them? Could the pursuits of ambition have blunted, deadened his sensibilities to the beauty of nature, the delights of home? These thoughts were passing through my mind, when I was startled by the

tapping of a loose glove over my shoulder; and, on turning round, beheld Mr. Stafford, in his flowered morning-gown, and his face partially shaded from the glare of the morning sun. "Good-morning, Doctor—good-morning," said he; "a thousand thanks for your attention to my note of last night; but see! yonder stands Lady Emma, waiting breakfast for us," pointing to her ladyship, who was standing at the window of the breakfast-room. Mr. Stafford put his arm into mine, and we walked up to the house. "My dear sir, what can be the meaning of your —" said I, with an anxious look.

"Not a word—not a breath—if you please, till we are alone after breakfast."

"Well—you are bent on tantalizing!—What *can* be the matter? What is this mountain-mystery?"

"It may prove a molehill, perhaps," said he, carelessly; "but we'll see after breakfast."

"What an enchanting spot you have of it!" I exclaimed, pausing and looking around me.

"Oh, perfectly paradisaical, I dare say," he replied, with an air of indifference that was quite laughable. "By the way," he added hurriedly, "did you hear any rumour about Lord —'s resignation late last night?"

"Yes."—"And his successor, is he talked of?" he enquired eagerly. "Mr. C——."—"Mr. C——! Is it possible? Ah, ha —" he muttered, raising his hand to his cheek, and looking thoughtfully downwards.

"Come, come, Mr. Stafford, 'tis now my turn, do drop these eternal politics for a few moments, I beg."—"Ay, ay, 'still harping on my daughter,' I'll *sink the ship* for a while, as our town friends say. But I really beg pardon, 'tis rude, very. But here we are. Lady Emma, Dr. —," said he, as we approached her ladyship through the open stained-glass doorway. She sat before the breakfast urn, looking, to my eyes, as bloomingly beautiful as at the time of her marriage, though ten summers had waved their silken pinions over her head, but so softly, as scarce to flutter or fade a feature in passing. Yes, thus she sat in her native loveliness and dignity, the airiness of girlhood passed away into the mellowed maturity of womanhood! She looked the *beau ideal* of simple elegance in her long snowy morning dress, her clustering auburn hair surmounted with a slight gossamer network of blond; not an ornament about her! I have her figure, even at this interval of time, most vividly before me, as she sat on that memorable morning, unconscious that the errand which made me her guest, involved—but I will not anticipate. She adored, nay idolized, her husband—little as she saw of him—and he was in turn as fondly attached to her as a man could be, whose whole soul was swallowed up in ambition. Yes, he was not the first to whom political pursuits have proved a very disease, shedding blight and mildew over the heart!

I thought I detected an appearance of restraint in the manner of each. Lady Emma often cast a furtive glance of anxiety at her husband—and with reason—for his features wore an air of repressed uneasiness. He was now and then absent, and, when addressed by either of us, would reply with a momentary sternness of manner—passing, however, instantly away—which shewed that his mind was occupied with unpleasant or troubled thoughts. He seemed at last aware that his demeanour attracted our observation, and took to acting. All traces of anxiety or uneasiness disappeared, and gave place to his usual perfect urbanity and cheerfulness. Lady Emma's manner towards me, too, was cooler than usual, which I attributed to the fact of my presence not having been sufficiently accounted for. My embarrassment may be easily conceived.

"What a delicious morning!" exclaimed Lady Emma, looking through the window at the fresh blue sky, and the cheery prospect beneath. We echoed her sentiments. I think," said I, "that could I call such a little paradise as this *mine*, I would quit the smoke and uproar of London for ever!"—"I wish all thought with you, Dr. —," replied her ladyship with a sigh, looking touchingly at her husband.

"What opportunities for tranquil thought!" I went on.

"Ay, and so forth!" said Mr. Stafford, gaily. "Listen to another son of peace and solitude, my Lord Roscommon—

"Hail, sacred solitude! from this calm bay
I view the world's tempestuous sea,
And with wise pride despise
All those senseless vanities:
With pity moved for others, cast away
On rocks of hopes and fears, I see them tost
On rocks of folly, and of vice, I see them lost:
Some the prevailing malice of the great,
Unhappy men, or adverse fate,
Sunk deep into the gulfs of an afflicted state:
But more, far more, a numberless prodigious
train,
Whilst Virtue courts them, but alas! in vain,
Fly from her kind embracing arms,
Deaf to her fondest call, blind to her greatest
charms,
And, sunk in pleasures and in brutish ease,
They, in their shipwreck'd state, themselves
obdurate please."

"Here may I always on this downy grass,
Unknown, unseen, my easy moments pass,
Till with a gentle force, victorious Death
My solitude invade,
And, stopping for a while my breath,
With ease convey me to a better shade!"

"There's for you, my lady! Well sung, my Lord Roscommon! Beautiful as true!" exclaimed Mr. Stafford, gaily, as soon as he had concluded repeating the above ode, in his own distinct and beautiful elocution, with real pathos of manner; but his mouth and eye betrayed that his own mind sympathized not with the emotions of the poet, but rather despised the air of inglorious repose they breathed.

The tears were in Lady Emma's eyes, as she listened to him! Presently one of his daughters, a fine little girl about six years of age, came sidling and simpering into the room, and made her way to her mother. She was a lively, rosy, arch-eyed little creature—and her father looked fondly at her for a moment, exclaiming, "Well, Eleanor!" and his thoughts had evidently soon passed far away. The conversation turned on Mr. Stafford's reckless, absorbing pursuit of politics—which Lady Stafford and I deplored, and entreated him to give more of his time and affections to domestic concerns. "You talk to me as if I were dying," said he, rather petulantly, "why should I not pursue my profession—my legitimate profession?—As for your still waters—your pastoral simplicities—your Arcadian bliss—pray what inducements have I to run counter to my own inclinations to cruise what you are pleased to call the stormy sea of politics?"—"What inducements?—Charles, Charles, can't you find them *here*?" said his lady, pointing to herself and her daughter. Mr. Stafford's eyes filled with tears, even to overflowing, and he grasped her hand with affectionate energy, took his smiling, unconscious daughter on his knee, and kissed her with passionate fervour. "*Semel insanavimus omnes*," he muttered to me, a few moments after, as if ashamed of the display he had recently made. For my own part I saw that he had occasionally lost the control over feelings which were, for some reason or other, disturbed and excited.—What could possibly have occurred? Strange as it may seem, a thought of the real state of matters, as they will presently be disclosed, never for an instant crossed my mind. I longed—I almost sickened—for the promised opportunity of being alone with him. It was soon afforded me by the servant appearing at the door, and announcing the carriage.

"Oh dear! positively prayers will be over!" exclaimed Lady Emma, rising and looking hurriedly at her watch, "we've quite forgotten church hours! do you accompany us, Doctor?" said she, looking at me.

"No, Emma," replied Mr. Stafford, quickly, "you and the family must go alone this morning—I shall stop and keep Dr. — company, and take a walk over the country for once." Lady Emma, with an unsatisfied glance at both of us, withdrew. Mr. Stafford immediately proposed a walk; and we were soon on our way to a small Gothic alcove near the water side.

"Now, Doctor, to the point," said he abruptly, as soon as we were seated. "Can I reckon on a *real* friend in you?" scrutinizing my features closely.

"Most certainly you may," I replied, with astonishment. "What can I do for you?—Something or other is wrong, I fear! can I do any thing for you in any way?"

"Yes," said he, deliberately, and looking fixedly at me, as if to mark the effect of his

words; "I shall require a proof of your friendship soon; I must have your services this evening—at seven o'clock."

"Gracious heaven, Mr. Stafford!—why—why—is it possible that—do I guess aright?" I stammered almost breathless, and rising from my seat.

"Oh, Doctor—don't be foolish—excuse me—but don't—don't, I beg. Pray give me your answer! I'm sure you understand my question." Agitation deprived me for a while of utterance.

"I beg an answer, Dr. —," he resumed coldly, "as, if you refuse, I shall be very much inconvenienced. 'Tis but a little affair, a silly business, that circumstances have made inevitable—I'm sure you must have seen a hint at it in the last night's papers.—Don't misunderstand me," he proceeded, seeing me continue silent; "I don't wish you to take an active part in the business—but to be on the spot—and, in the event of any thing unfortunate happening to me—to hurry home here, and prepare Lady Emma and the family—that is all. Mr. G——, naming a well-known army-surgeon—will attend professionally." I was so confounded with the suddenness of the application, that I could do nothing more than mutter indistinctly my regret at what had happened.

"Well, Doctor —," he continued in a haughty tone, "I find that, after all, I have been mistaken in my man. I own I did not expect that this—the first favour I have ever asked at your hands, and, possibly the last—would have been refused. But I must insist on an answer one way or another; you must be aware I've no time to lose."

"Mr. Stafford—pardon me—you mistake me! Allow me a word; you cannot have committed yourself rashly in this affair! Consider Lady Emma—your children——"

"I have—I have," he answered, grasping my hand, while his voice faltered, "and I need hardly inform you that it is that consideration only which occasions the little disturbance of manner you may have noticed. But you are a man of the world enough to be aware that I must go through with the business. I am not the challenger."

I asked him for the particulars of the affair. It originated in a biting sarcasm which he had uttered, with reference to a young nobleman, in the House of Commons, on Friday evening, which had been construed into a personal affront, and for which an apology had been demanded;—mentioning the alternative, in terms almost approaching to insolence, evidently for the purpose of provoking him into a refusal to retract or apologize.

"It's my firm persuasion that there is a plot among a certain party to destroy me—to remove an obnoxious member from the House—and this is the scheme they have hit upon! I have succeeded, I find, in annoying the — interest beyond measure; and so they must at

all events get rid of me! Ay, this *cur* of a lordling it is," he continued, with bitter emphasis, "who is to make my sweet wife a widow, and my children orphans—for—Lord — is notoriously one of the best shots in the country! Poor—poor Emma!" he exclaimed with a sigh, thrusting his hand into his bosom, and looking down dejectedly. We neither of us spoke for some time. "Would to Heaven we had never been married!" he resumed. "Poor lady Emma leads a wretched life of it, I fear! But I honestly warned her that my life would be strewn with thorny cares, even to the grave's brink!"

"So you have really pitched upon *this* evening—Sunday evening, for this dreadful business?" I enquired.

"Exactly. We must be on the spot by seven precisely. I say *wx*, Doctor," laying his hand on mine. I consented to accompany him. "Come now, that's kind! I'll remember you for it. * * * It is now nearly half past twelve," looking at his watch," and by one, my Lord A——," mentioning a well-known nobleman, "is to be here; who is to stand by me on the occasion. I wish he were here;—for I've added a codicil to my will, and want you both to witness my signature. * * * I look a little fagged—don't I?" he asked with a smile. I told him he certainly looked rather sallow and worn. "How does our friend walk his paces?" he enquired, barring his wrist for me to feel his pulse. The circulation was little, if at all disturbed, and I told him so. "It would not have been very wonderful if it *had*, I think; for I've been up half the night—till nearly five this morning, correcting the two last proof-sheets of my speech on the — bill, which — is publishing. I think it will read well; at least I hope it will, in common justice to myself, for it was most vilely curtailed and misrepresented by the reporters. By the way—would you believe it?—Sir —'s speech that night was nothing but a hundredth hash of mine which I delivered in the House more than eight years ago!" said he, with an eager and contemptuous air. I made him no reply; for my thoughts were too sadly occupied with the dreadful communication he had recently made me. I abhorred, and do abhor and despise duelling, both in theory and practice; and now, to have to be present at one, and one in which my friend—*such* a friend!—was to be a principal. This thought, and a glance at the possible, nay, probable desolation and broken-heartedness which might follow, was almost too much for me. But I knew Mr. Stafford's disposition too well to attempt expostulation—especially in the evidently morbid state of his feelings.

"Come, come, Doctor, let's walk a little! Your feelings flag!—You might be going to receive *satisfaction* yourself," with a bitter sneer, "instead of seeing it given and taken by others!—Come, cheer, cheer up." He put his arm in mine, and led me a few steps across

the lawn, by the water-side. "Dear, dear me!" said he, with a chagrined air, pulling out his watch hastily—"I wish to heaven, my Lord A—— would make his appearance! I protest her ladyship will have returned from church before we have settled our few matters, unless, by the way, she drive round by Admiral——'s, as she talked of last night. Oh, my God, think of my leaving her and the girls, with a gay air, as if we parted but for an hour, when it *may* be for ever! And yet what *can* one do?" While he was speaking, my eye caught sight of a servant making his way towards us rapidly through the shrubbery, bearing in his hand a letter, which he put into Mr. Stafford's hands, saying, a courier had brought it that moment, and was waiting to take an answer back to town. "Ah—very good—let him wait till I come," said Mr. Stafford. "Excuse me, Doctor——" bursting open the envelope with a little trepidation, and putting it into my hands, while he read the enclosed note. The envelope bore in one corner the name of the premier, and in the other the words, "private and confidential," and was sealed with the private crest and coronet of the earl.

"Great God—read it!" exclaimed Mr. Stafford, thrusting the note before me, and elevating his eyes and hands despairingly. Much agitated myself, at witnessing the effect of the communication on my friend, I took it and read nearly as follows:—"My dear Stafford, I had late last night his Majesty's commands to offer you the seals of the —— office, accompanied with the most gracious expressions of consideration for yourself personally, and his conviction that you will discharge the important duties henceforth devolving upon you, with honour to yourself, and advantage to his Majesty's councils. In all which, I need hardly assure you, I most heartily concur. I beg to add, that I shall feel great pride and pleasure in having you for a colleague—and it has not been my fault that such was not the case earlier. May I entreat your answer by the bearer's return? as the state of public affairs will not admit of delay in filling up so important an office. I beg you will believe me, ever yours, most faithfully, ——."

"Whitehall, Sunday noon, 12 o'clock."

After hurriedly reading the above, I continued holding the letter in my hands, speechlessly gazing at Mr. Stafford. Well might such a bitter balm excite the tumultuous conflict of passions which the varying features of Mr. Stafford—now flushed, now pale—too truly evidenced. This dazzling proffer made him only a few hours before his standing the fatal fire of an accomplished duellist!—I watched him in silent agony. At length he clasped his hands with passionate energy, and exclaimed—"Oh madness—madness—madness!—Just within reach of the prize I have run for all my life!" At that instant a wherry full of bedizened Londoners passed close before us on their

way towards Richmond; and I saw by their whispers that they had recognised Mr. Stafford. He also saw them, and exclaimed to me in a tone I shall never forget, "Happy, happy fools!" and turned away towards the house. He removed his arm from mine, and stood pondering for a few moments with his eyes fixed on the grass.

"Doctor, what's to be done?"—he almost shouted, turning suddenly to me, grasping my arm, and staring vacantly into my face. I began to fear lest he should totally lose the command of himself.

"For God's sake, Mr. Stafford, be calm!—Recollect yourself!—or madness—ruin—I know not what—is before you!" I said in an earnest, imploring tone, seeing his eye still glaring fixedly upon me. At length he succeeded in overmastering his feelings.—"Oh—folly, folly, this!—Inevitable!—Inevitable!" he exclaimed, in a calmer tone. "But the letter must be answered. What can I say, doctor!" putting his arm in mine, and walking up to the house rapidly. We made our way to the library, and Mr. Stafford sat down before his desk. He opened his portefeuille slowly and thoughtfully. "Of course—Decline?"—said he, with a profound sigh, turning to me with his pen in his hand.

"No—assuredly, it would be precipitate. Wait for the issue of this sad business. You may escape." "No—no—no! My Lord—— is singularly prompt and decisive in all he does, especially in disposing of his places. I must—I must—ay" beginning to write—"I must respectfully decline—altogether. But on what grounds? Oh, God! even should I escape to-day, I am ruined for ever in Parliament!—What will become of me?" He laid down the pen, and moved his hand rapidly over his face.

"Why—perhaps it would be better to tell his Lordship frankly how you are circumstanced."

"Tut!" he exclaimed impetuously, "ask him for *peace officers*! a likely thing! He pressed both his hands on his forehead, leaning on his elbows over the desk. A servant that moment appeared, and said—"Please, sir, the man says he had orders not to wait more than five minutes—"

"Begone!—Let him wait, sir!" thundered Mr. Stafford—and resumed his pen.

"Can't you throw yourself on his Lordship's personal good feelings towards you, and say that such an offer requires consideration—that it must interfere with, and derange, on the instant, many of your political engagements—and that your answer shall be at Whitehall by—say *nine* o'clock this evening? So you will gain time, at least."

"Good. 'Twill do—a fair plea for time;—but I'm afraid!" said he, mournfully; and taking his pen, he wrote off an answer to that effect. He read it to me—folded it up—sealed it—directed it in his usual bold and flowing hand—I rung for the servant—and, in a few

moments, we saw the courier galloping past the window.

"Now, Doctor, isn't this enough to madden me? Oh, God! it's intolerable!" said he, rising and approaching me—"my glorious prospects to be darkened by this speck—this atom of puppyism, of worthlessness,"—naming Lord —, his destined opponent—"Oh—if there were—if there *were*—" he resumed, speaking fiercely through his closed teeth, his eyes glaring downwards, and his hands clenched. He soon relaxed. "Well, well! it can't be helped; 'tis inevitable—*ταρταρὸς περὶ ταῖς ταῦτα καὶ ἀνεύρεται*—as Medea says! Ah—Lord A—— at last," as a gentleman, followed by his groom, rode past the window. In a few moments he entered the library. His stature was lofty, his features commanding, and his bearing fraught with composure and military hauteur. "Ah—Stafford—good morning!" said he, approaching and shaking him warmly by the hand, "upon my soul I'm sorry for the business I'm come about."—"I can sympathize with you, I think," replied Mr. Stafford calmly; "My Lord, allow me—Dr——." I bowed. "Fully in my confidence—an old friend," he whispered Lord A—— in consequence of his Lordship's inquisitive, suspicious glance. * * "Well you must teach the presumptuous puppy better manners this evening," said his Lordship, adjusting his black stock with an indifferent air!

"Ay—nothing like a LEADEN LESSON," replied Mr. Stafford with a cold smile.

"For a leaden *head*, too, by —!" rejoined his Lordship quickly. "We shall run you pretty fair through, I think; for we've determined on putting you up at six paces——"

"Six paces!—why we shall blow one another to —!" echoed Mr. Stafford, with consternation. "'*T'could* be rather hard to go there in such bad company, I own. Six paces!" continued Mr. Stafford, "how *could* you be so absurd!—It will be deliberate murder!"

"Poh, poh!—never a bit of it, my dear fellow—never a bit of it!—I've put many up at that distance—and, believe me, the chances are ten to two that both miss."

"Both miss at six paces?" enquired Mr. Stafford, with an incredulous smile.

"Ay! both miss, I say; and no wonder either! Such contiguity!—Egad, 'twould make a *statue* nervous!"

"But A——! have you *really* determined on putting us up at six paces?" again enquired Mr. Stafford, earnestly.

"Most unquestionably," replied his Lordship, briskly; adding rather coldly, "I flatter myself, Stafford, that when a man's *honour* is at stake, six, or sixty paces, are matters equally indifferent."

"Ay, ay, A——, I dare say," replied Mr. Stafford, with a melancholy air; "but 'tis hard to die by the hands of a puppy—and under such circumstances!—Did you not meet a man on horseback?"

"Ay, ay," replied his Lordship, eagerly, "I did—a courier of my Lord —'s, and thundering downward, at a prodigious rate—any doings there between you and the premier?"

"Read!" said Mr. Stafford, putting Lord —'s letter into his hand. Before his Lordship had more than half read it, he let it fall on the table, exclaiming, "Good God! was their ever such an unfortunate thing in the world before!—Ha'n't it nearly driven you mad, Stafford?"

"No," he replied, with a sigh; "the thing must be borne!" Lord A—— walked a few steps about the room, thoughtfully, with energetic gestures. "If—if I could but find a pretext—if I *could* but come across the puppy, in the interval—I'd give my life to have a shot preparatory with him!" he muttered. Mr. Stafford smiled. "While I think of it," said he, opening his desk, "here's my will. I wish you and Dr. — to see me sign." We did—and affixed our names.

"By the way," said his Lordship, suddenly addressing Mr. Stafford, who, with his chin resting on his hands, and his features wearing an air of intense thought, had been silent for some minutes; "how do you put off Lady Emma to-day? How do you account for your absence?"

"Why, I've told her we three were engaged to dinner at Sir —'s, naming a neighbouring baronet—I'm afraid it will kill Lady Emma if I fall," he faltered, while the tears rushed to his eyes. He stepped towards the decanters, which had, a little while before, been brought in by the servant; and, after asking us to do the same, poured out a glass, and drank it hastily—and another—and another.

"Well—this is one of the saddest affairs, altogether, that I ever knew!" exclaimed his Lordship. "Stafford—I feel for you from my heart's core—I do!" he continued grasping him affectionally by the hand; "here's to your success to-night, and God's blessing to Lady Emma!" Mr. Stafford started suddenly from him, and walked to the window, where he stood for a few minutes in silence. "Lady Emma is returning, I see," said he approaching us. His features exhibited little or no traces of agitation. He poured out another glass of wine, and drank it off at a draught, and had hardly set down the glass, before the carriage steps were heard letting down at the door. Mr. Stafford turned to them with an eye of agony, as his lady and one of her little girls descended.

"I think we'd perhaps better not join her ladyship before our setting off," said Lord A——, looking anxiously at poor Mr. Stafford.

"Oh but we *will*," said he, leading to the door. He had perfectly recovered his self-possession. I never knew a man that had such remarkable command of face and manner as Mr. Stafford. I was amazed at the gay—almost *nonchalant*—air with which he walked up to Lady Emma—asked her about the ser-

mon—whether she had called at Admiral——’s—and several other such questions.

“Ah—and how is it with you, my little Hebe—ah?” said he, taking the laughing girl into his arms, laughing, tickling, and kissing her, with all a father’s fondness. I saw his heart was swelling within him, and the touching sight brought, with powerful force, to my recollection, a similar scene in the *Medea* of Euripides, where the mother is bewailing over the “last smile” of her children.* He succeeded in betraying no painful emotion in his lady’s presence—and Lord A—— took good care to engage her in incessant conversation.

“What does your ladyship say to a walk through the grounds?” said he, proffering his arm—which she accepted, and we all walked out together. The day was beautiful, but oppressively sultry, and we turned our steps towards the plantations. Mr. Stafford and I walked together, and slipped a little behind for the purpose of conversation. “I won’t have much opportunity of speaking with you, Doctor,” said he, “so I’ll say what is uppermost now. Be sure, my dear Doctor, to hurry from the field—which is about four miles from my house—to Lady Emma—in the event of my being either killed or wounded—and do what you think best, to prepare my wife for the event. I cannot trust her to better—gentler hands than yours—my old—my tried friend!—You know where my will is—and I’ve given directions for my funeral.”

“Oh dear, dear Stafford,” I interrupted him, moved almost to tears, “don’t speak so hopelessly!”

“Oh, Doctor—nonsense—there’s no disguising matters from one’s self. Is there a chance for me? No, I’m a murdered man—and can you doubt it? Lord —— can do only one thing well in the world, and that is, hit his man at any distance; and then *six paces* off each other! Lord A—— may say what he likes—but I call it murder. However, the absurd custom of society *must* be complied with!—I hope,” he added, after a pause, “that when the nine-days’ wonder of the affair shall have passed off—if I fall—when the press shall cease its lying about it—that my friends will do justice to my memory. God knows, I *really* love my country, and would have served it—it was my ambition to do so—but it’s useless talking now!—I am excessively vexed that this affair should have occurred before the—— question comes on, in preparation for which I have been toiling incessantly, night and day, for this month past. I know that great ex-

* I shall be pardoned, I am sure, by the classical reader, for reminding him of the exquisite language of the original.

Φω! φω!—τι πρόσθετον μ’ ἐμμοῖται, τίνα;
—τι πρόσθετον τοῖς ταυτοτάτοις γυναι;
αι—αι!—καρδία γὰρ οὐκ ἔστι
—ἐμμε φάσθαι ὅς τις τῶντων!
οὐκ ἂν δύναμαι!

pectations——” At that instant, Lord A—— and Lady Emma met us, and we had no further opportunity of conversing. We returned to lunch after a few minutes longer walk.

“God bless you Emma!” said Mr. Stafford, nodding, with an affectionate smile, as he took wine with his lady. He betrayed no emotion throughout the time we sat together—but conversed long—and often in a lively strain—on the popular topics of the day. He rung for his valet, and directed him to have his toilet ready—and to order the carriage for four o’clock. He then withdrew—and in about a quarter of an hour’s time, returned, dressed in a blue surtout and white trousers. He was a very handsome, well-made man, and seemed dressed with particular elegance, I thought.

“Upon my honour, Charles—you are in a pretty dinner-trim,” said Lady Emma, “and all of you I protest!” she continued, looking round with surprise at our walking dress. Mr. Stafford told her, with a laugh, that we were going to meet none but bachelors.

“What!—why, where will the Miss —— be?”

“Ordered out, my lady, for the day,” replied Lord A——, with a smile, promptly, lest his friend should hesitate; “’tis to be a model of a divan, I understand!”

“Don’t be late, love!” said Lady Emma to her husband, as he was drawing on his gloves; “you know I’ve little enough of you at all times—don’t—don’t be late!”

“No—no later than I can help, certainly!” said he, moving to the door.

“Say eleven—will you?—come, for once!”

“Well—yes. I *will* return by eleven,” he replied, pointedly, and I detected a little tremulousness in his tone.

“Papa! papa!” exclaimed his little daughter, running across the hall, as her father was on the carriage steps; “Papa papa! may I sit up to-night till you come home?” He made no reply, but beckoned us in, hurriedly—sat back in his seat—thundered, “Drive on, sir!” and burst into tears.

“Oh, my dear fellow—Stafford—Stafford! This will never do. What will our friends on the ground say? enquired Lord A——.

“What they like!” replied Mr. Stafford, sternly, still in tears. He soon recovered himself.

* * After driving some time, “Now, let me give you a bit of advice,” said Lord A——, in an earnest tone, “we shall say only one word, by way of signal—‘Fire!’ and be sure to fire while you are in the act of raising your pistol.”

“Oh, yes—yes—yes—I understand——”

“Well, but be *sure*; don’t think of pointing first, and then firing—or, by ——, you’ll assuredly fire over his head, or fire far on one side. Only recollect to do as I say, and you will take him full in the ribs, or clip him in the neck or at least wing him.”

“My dear fellow, do you take me for a novice?”

Do you forget my affair with ——?" enquired Mr. Stafford, impatiently.

"I promised to meet G—— about here," said Lord A——, putting his head out of the window. "Egad, if he is not punctual, I don't know what we shall do, for he's got my pistol-case. Where—where is he?" he continued looking up the road. "There!" he exclaimed, catching sight of a horseman riding at a very slow pace.—After we had overtaken him, and Lord A—— had taken the pistol-case into the carriage, and Mr. Stafford had himself examined the pistols carefully, we rode side by side till we came near the scene of action. During that time, we spoke but little, and that little, consisted of the most bitter and sarcastic expressions of Mr. Stafford's contempt for his opponent, and regret at the occurrence which so tantalized him, alluding to Lord ——'s of fer of the —— office. About ten minutes to seven, we alighted, and gave the coachman orders to remain there till we returned. The evening was lovely—the glare of day "mellowed to that tender light" which characterises a summer evening in the country. As we walked across the fields towards the appointed spot, I felt sick and faint with irrepressible agitation, and Mr. G——, the surgeon, with whom I walked, joked with me at my "squeamishness," much in the style of tars with sea-sick passengers. "There's nothing in it—nothing," said he; "they'll take care not to hurt one another. 'Tis a pity too that such a man as Mr. Stafford should run the risk. What a noise it will make!" I let him talk on, for I could not answer, till we approached the fatal field, which we entered by a gap. Lord A—— got through first. "Punctual, however," said he, looking round at Mr. Stafford, who was following. "There they are—just getting over the stile. Inimitable coxcomb!"

"Ay, there they are, sure enough," replied he, shading his eyes. "A——, for God's sake, take care not to put me against this sunshine—it will dazzle——"

"Oh, never fear; it will go down before then—'tis but just above the horizon now." A touching image, I thought! It might be so with Mr. Stafford—his sun "might go down—at noon!"

"Stop, my lord," said Mr. Stafford, motioning Lord A—— back, and pressing his hand to his forehead. "A moment—allow me!—Let me see—is there any thing I've forgot?—Oh, I thought there was!" He hurriedly requested Lord A——, after the affair, in the event of its proving bloody, to call on the minister, and explain it all. Lord A—— promised to do so. "Ah—here, too," unbuttoning his surcoat, "this must not be here, I suppose;" and he removed a small gold snuff-box from his right to his left waistcoat pocket. "Let the blockhead have his full chance."

"Stuff, stuff, Stafford! That's Quixotic!" muttered Lord A——. He was much paler, and more thoughtful than I had seen him all

along. All this occurred in much less time than I have taken to tell it. We all passed into the field; and as we approached, saw Lord —— and his second, who were waiting our arrival. The appearance of the former was that of a handsome, fashionable young man, with very light hair, and lightly dressed altogether; and he walked to and fro, switching about a little riding cane. Mr. Stafford released Lord A——, who joined the other second, and commenced the preliminary arrangements.

I never saw a greater contrast than there was between the demeanour of Mr. Stafford and his opponent. There stood the former, his hat shading his eyes, his arms folded, eyeing the motions of his antagonist with a look of supreme—of utter contempt; for I saw his compressed and curled upper lip. Lord —— betrayed an anxiety—a visible effort to appear unconcerned. He "over did it." He was evidently as uneasy, in the contiguity of Mr. Stafford, as the rabbit shivering under the baleful glare of the rattlesnake's eye. One little circumstance was full of character at that agitating moment. Lord ——, anxious to manifest every appearance of coolness and indifference, seemed bent on demolishing a nettle, or some other prominent weed, and was making repeated strokes at it with the little whip he held. *This*, a few seconds before his life was to be jeopardied! Mr. Stafford stood watching this puerile feat in the position I have formerly mentioned, and a withering smile stole over his features, while he muttered—if I heard correctly—"Poor boy! Poor boy!"

At length the work of loading being completed, and the distance—six paces—duly stepped out, the duellists walked up to their respective stations. Their proximity was perfectly frightful. The pistols were then placed in their hands, and we stepped to a little distance from them.

"Fire!" said Lord A——; and the word had hardly passed his lips, before Lord ——'s ball wizzed close past the ear Mr. Stafford. The latter, who had not even elevated his pistol at the word of command, after eyeing his antagonist for an instant with a scowl of contempt, fired in the air, and then jerked the pistol away towards Lord ——, with the distinctly audible words—"Kennel, sir! kennel!" He then walked towards the spot where Mr. G—— and I were standing. Would to Heaven he had never uttered the words in question! Lord —— had heard them, and followed him, furiously exclaiming, "Do you call *this* satisfaction, sir?" and, through his second insisted on a second interchange of shots; in vain did Lord A—— vehemently protest that it was contrary to all the laws of duelling, and that he would leave the ground—they were inflexible. Mr. Stafford approached Lord A——, and whispered, "For God's sake, A——, don't hesitate. Load—load again! the fool will rush on his fate. Put us up again, and

see if I fire a second time in the air!" His second slowly and reluctantly assented, and reloaded. Again the hostile couple stood at the same distance from each other, pale with fury; and at the word of command, both fired, and both fell. At one bound I sprung towards Mr. Stafford, almost blind with agitation. Lord A—— had him propped against his knee, and with his white pocket-handkerchief was endeavouring to stanch a wound in the right side. Mr. Stafford's fire had done terrible execution, for his ball had completely shattered the lower jaw of his opponent, who was borne off the field instantly. Mr. Stafford swooned, and was some minutes before he recovered, when he exclaimed feebly, "God forgive me, and be with my poor wife!"—We attempted to move him, when he swooned a second time, and we were afraid it was all over with him. Again, however, he recovered; and, opening his eyes, he saw me with my fingers at his pulse. "Oh, doctor, doctor, what did you promise? Remember Lady Staf——" he could not get out the word. I waited till the surgeon had ascertained generally the nature of the wound, which he presently pronounced not fatal, and assisted in binding it up, and conveying him to the carriage. I then mounted Mr. G——'s horse, and hurried on to communicate the dreadful intelligence to Lady Emma. I galloped every step of the way, and found, on my arrival, that her ladyship had but a few moments before adjourned to the drawing-room, where she was sitting at coffee. Thither I followed the servant, who announced me. Lady Emma was sitting by the tea-table, and rose on hearing my name. When she saw my agitated manner, the colour suddenly faded from her cheeks. She elevated her arms, as if deprecating my intelligence; and before I could reach her, had fallen fainting on the floor.

I cannot undertake to describe what took place on that dreadful night. All was confusion—agony—despair. Mr. Stafford was in a state of insensibility when he arrived at home, and was immediately carried up to bed. The surgeon succeeded in extracting the ball, which had seriously injured the fifth and sixth ribs, but had not penetrated to the lungs. Though the wound was serious, and would require careful and vigilant treatment, there was no ground for apprehending a mortal issue. As for Lord ——, I may anticipate his fate. The wound he had received brought on a lock-jaw, of which he died in less than a week. And **THIS** is what is called **SATISFACTION**.

To return. All my attention was devoted to poor Lady Emma. She did not even ask to see her husband, or move to leave the drawing-room, after recovering from her swoon. She listened with apparent calmness to my account of the transaction, which, the reader may imagine, was as mild and mitigated in its details as possible. As I went on, she

became more and more thoughtful, and continued, with her eyes fixed on the floor, motionless and silent. In vain did I attempt to rouse her, by soothing—threats—surprise. She would gaze full at me, and relapse into her former abstracted mood. At length the drawing-room door was opened by some one—who proved to be Lord A——, come to take his leave. Lady Emma sprung from the sofa, burst from my grasp, uttered a long, loud, and frightful peal of laughter, and then came fit after fit of the strongest hystericks I think I ever saw.

* * About midnight, Dr. Baillie and Sir —— arrived, and found their patients each insensible, and each in different apartments. Alas! alas! what a dreadful contrast between that hour and the hour of my arrival in the morning! Oh, ambition! Oh, political happiness—mockery!

Towards morning Lady Emma became calmer, and, under the influence of a pretty powerful dose of laudanum, fell into a sound sleep. I repaired to the bedside of Mr. Stafford. He lay asleep, Mr. G——, the surgeon, sitting on one side of the bed, and a nurse on the other. Yes, there lay the STATESMAN! his noble features, though overspread with a pallid, a cadaverous hue, still bearing the ineffaceable impress of intellect. There was a loftiness about the ample expanded forehead, and a stern commanding expression about the partially-knit eyebrows, and pallid compressed lips, which, even in the absence of the flashing eye, bespoke

———"the great soul,
Like an imprisonment'd eagle, pent within,
That fain would fly!"

"On what a slender thread hangs every thing in life!" thought I, as I stood silently at the foot of the bed, gazing on Mr. Stafford. To think of a man like Stafford, falling by the hand of an insignificant lad of a lordling—a titled bully! Oh, shocking and execrable custom of duelling!—blot on the escutcheon of a civilized people, which places greatness of every description at the mercy of the mean and worthless; which lyingly pretends to assert a man's honour, and atone for insult, by turning the tears of outraged feeling into—blood!

About eight o'clock in the morning [Monday] I set off for town, leaving my friend in the skilful hands of Mr. G——, and promising to return, if possible, in the evening. About noon, what was my astonishment to hear street-cryers yelling everywhere a "full, true, and particular account of the bloody duel fought last night between Mr. Stafford and Lord ——!" Curiosity prompted me to purchase the trash. I need hardly say that it was preposterous nonsense. The 'duellists,' it seemed, 'fired six shots a-piece';—and what will the reader imagine were the "dying" words of Mr. Stafford—according to these precious manufacturers of the marvellous?—"Mr. Stafford then raised himself on his second's knee, and with a loud

and solemn voice said, 'I leave my everlasting hatred to Lord —, my duty to my king and country—my love to my family—and my precious soul to God!!!'

The papers of the day, however, gave a tolerably accurate account of the affair, and unanimously stigmatized the "presumption" of Lord — in calling out such a man as Mr. Stafford—and on such frivolous grounds. My name was, most fortunately, not even alluded to. I was glancing through the columns of the evening ministerial paper, while the servant was saddling the horses for my return to the country, when my eye lit on the following paragraph: "Latest news. Lord — is appointed — Secretary. We understand that Mr. Stafford had the refusal of it." Poor Stafford! Lord A— had called on the minister, late on Sunday evening, and acquainted him with the whole affair. "Sorry—very," said the premier. "Rising man that, but we could not wait. Lord — is to be the man!" I arrived at Mr. Stafford's about nine o'clock, and made my way immediately to his bedroom. Lady Emma, pale and exhausted, sat by his bedside, her eyes swollen with weeping. At my request, she presently withdrew, and I took her place at my patient's side. He was not sensible of my presence for some time, but lay with his eyes half open, and in a state of low muttering delirium. An unfortunate cough of mine close to his ear, awoke him, and after gazing steadily at me for nearly a minute, he recognized me and nodded. He seemed going to speak to me—but I laid my finger on my lips to warn him against making the effort.

"One word—one only, doctor," he whispered hastily—"Who is the — Secretary?"—"Lord —," I replied. On hearing the name he turned his head away from me with an air of intense chagrin, and lay silent for some time. He presently uttered something like the words—"too hot to hold him,"—"unseat him,"—and apparently fell asleep. I found from the attendant that all was going on well—and that Mr. Stafford bade fair for a rapid recovery, if he would but keep his mind calm and easy. Fearful lest my presence, in the event of his waking again, might excite him into a talking mood, I slipped silently from the room, and betook myself to Lady Emma, who sat awaiting me in her boudoir. I found her in a flood of tears. I did all in my power to soothe her, by reiterating my solemn assurance that Mr. Stafford was beyond all danger, and wanted only quiet to recover rapidly.

"Oh, Doctor —! How could you deceive me so yesterday? You knew all about it! How could you look at my little children, and —" Sobs choked her utterance. "Well—I suppose you could not help it! I don't blame you—but my heart is nearly broken about it! Oh, this honour—this honour! I always thought Mr. Stafford above the foolery of such things!" She paused—I replied not—for I

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had not a word to say against what she uttered. I thought and felt *with* her.

"I would to Heaven that Mr. Stafford would forsake Parliament for ever! These hateful politics! He has no peace or rest by day or night!" continued Lady Emma, passionately. "His nights are constantly turned into day—and his day is ever full of hurry and trouble! Heaven knows I would consent to be banished from society—to work for my daily bread—I would submit to any thing, if I could but prevail on Mr. Stafford to return to the bosom of his family!—Doctor, my heart's happiness is cankered and gone! Mr. Stafford does not *tolerate* me—his heart is not mine—it isn't—." So again she burst into tears. "What can your ladyship mean?" I enquired with surprise.

"What I say, Doctor," she replied, sobbing, "he is wedded to ambition! ambition alone! Oh, I am often tempted to wish I had never seen or known him! For the future, I shall live trembling from day to day, fearful of the recurrence of such frightful scenes as yesterday! his reason will be failing him—his *reason*!" she repeated with a shudder, "and then!" Her emotions once more deprived her of utterance. I felt for her from my very soul! I was addressing some consolatory remark to her, when a gentle tapping was heard at the door. "Come in," said Lady Emma, and Mr. Stafford's valet made his appearance, saying, with hurried gestures and grimaces—"Ah, Docteur! Mons. deraisonne—il est fou! Il veut absolument voir Milord—! Je ne puis lui faire passer cette idee la!"

"What *can* be the matter!" exclaimed Lady Emma, looking at me with alarm.

"Oh, only some little wandering, I dare say. But I'll soon return and report progress!" said I, prevailing on her to wait my return, and hurrying to the sick chamber. To my surprise and alarm, I found Mr. Stafford sitting nearly bolt upright in bed, his eyes directed anxiously to the door.

"Doctor —, said he, as soon as I had taken my seat beside him, "I insist on seeing Lord —," naming the prime minister; "I positively insist upon it! Let his lordship be shewn up instantly." I implored him to lie down, at the peril of his life, and be calm—but he insisted on seeing Lord —. "He is gone, and left word that he would call at this time to-morrow," said I, hoping to quiet him.

"Indeed! Good of him! What can he want! The office is disposed of. There! there! he is stepped back again! Shew him up—shew him up! What, insult the King's Prime Minister? Shew him up, Louis," addressing his valet, adding drowsily, in a fainter tone, "and the members—the members—the—the—who paired off—who pair—" he sunk gradually down on the pillow, the perspiration burst forth, and he fell asleep. Finding he slept on tranquilly and soundly, I once more left him, and having explained it to Lady Emma.

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ma, bade her good evening, and returned to town. The surgeon who was in constant attendance on him, called at my house during the afternoon of the following day, and gave me so good an account of him, that I did not think it necessary to go down till the day after, as I had seriously broken in upon my own practice. When I next saw him he was mending rapidly. He even persuaded me into allowing him to have the daily papers read to him—a circumstance I much regretted after I left him, and suddenly recollected how often the public prints made allusions to him—some of them not very kindly or complimentary. But there was no resisting his importunity. He had a wonderful wheedling way with him. Two days after, he got me to consent to his receiving the visits of his political friends; and really the renewal of his accustomed stimulus conducted materially to hasten his recovery.

Scarce six weeks from the day of the duel, was this indefatigable and ardent spirit, Mr. Stafford, on his legs in the House of Commons, electrifying it and the nation at large, by a speech of the most overwhelming power and splendour! He flung his scorching sarcasms mercilessly at the astounded Opposition, especially at those who had contrived to render themselves in any way prominent in their opposition to his policy *during his absence*! By an artful manœuvre of rhetoric—a skilful allusion to “recent unhappy circumstances,” he carried the House with him from the very commencement, enthusiastically to the end, and was at last obliged to pause almost every other minute, that the cheering might subside. The unfortunate nobleman who had stepped into the shoes which had been first placed at Mr. Stafford’s feet—so to speak—came in for the cream of the whole! A ridiculous figure he cut! Jokes, even lampoons, fell upon him like a shower of missiles on a man in the pillory! He was a fat man and sat perspiring under it! The instant Mr. Stafford sat down, this unlucky personage arose to reply. His odd and angry gesticulations, as he vainly attempted to make himself heard amidst incessant shouts of laughter, served to clinch the nail which had been fixed by Mr. Stafford; and the indignant senator presently left the House. Another—and another—and another of the singled ones, arose and “followed on the same side,” but to no purpose. It was in vain to buffet against the spring-tide of favour which had set in to Mr. Stafford! That night will not be forgotten by either his friends or his foes. He gained his point within a fortnight he had ousted his rival, and was gazetted — Secretary! The effort he made, however, on the occasion last alluded to, brought him again under my hands for several days. Indeed, indeed, I never had such an intractable patient! He could not be prevailed on to shew any mercy to his constitution—he would not give nature fair play. Night and day—morning, noon, evening—spring, summer, autumn, win-

ter—found him toiling on the tempestuous ocean of politics, his mind ever laden with the most harassing and exhausting cares. The eminent situation he filled brought him, of course, an immense accession of cares and anxieties. He was virtually the leader of the House of Commons; and, though his exquisite tact and talent secured to himself personally the applause and admiration of all parties, the government to which he belonged was beginning to disclose symptoms of disunion and disorganization at a time when public affairs were becoming every hour more and more involved—our domestic and foreign policy perplexed—the latter almost inextricable—every day assuming a new and different aspect, through the operation of the great events incessantly transpiring on the continent. The national confidence began rapidly to ebb away from the Ministers, and symptoms of a most startling character appeared in different parts of the country. The House of Commons—the pulse of popular feeling—began to beat irregularly—now intermitting—now with feverish strength, and rapidly—clearly indicating that the circulation was disordered. Nearly the whole of the newspapers turned against the Ministry, and assailed them with the bitterest and foulest obloquy. Night after night poor Mr. Stafford talked himself hoarse, feeling that he was the acknowledged mouth-piece of the Ministry, but in vain. Ministers were perpetually left in miserable minorities; they were beaten at every point. Their ranks presented the appearance of a straggling, disbanded army; those of the Opposition hung together like a shipwrecked crew clinging to the last fragments of their wreck. Can the consequences be wondered at?

At length came the Budget, word of awful omen to many a quaking Ministry! in vain were the splendid powers of Mr. Stafford put into requisition. In vain did his masterly mind fling light and order over his sombrous chaotic subject, and simplify and make clear to the whole country the, till then, dreary jargon and mysticism of financial technicalities. In vain, in vain did he display the sweetness of Cicero, the thunder of Demosthenes. The leader of the Opposition rose, and coolly turned all he had said into ridicule; one of his squad then started to his feet, and made out poor Mr. Stafford to be a sort of ministerial swindler; and the rest cunningly gave the cue to the country, and raised up in every quarter clamorous dissatisfaction. Poor Stafford began to look haggard and wasted; and the papers said he stalked into the House, night after night, like a spectre. The hour of the Ministry was come. They were beaten on the first item, in the committee of supply.—Mr. Stafford resigned in disgust and indignation; and that broke up the government.

I saw him the morning after he had formally tendered his resignation, and given up the papers, &c., of office. He was pitifully ema-

ciated. The fire of his eye was quenched, his sonorous voice broken. I could scarce repress a tear as I gazed at his sallow, haggard features, and his languid limbs drawn together on his library sofa.

"Doctor—my friend! this frightful session has killed me, I'm afraid!" said he. "I feel equally wasted in body and mind. I loathe life—every thing!"

"I don't think you've been fairly dealt with! You've been crippled—shackled—"

"Yes—cursed—cursed—cursed in my colleagues," he interrupted me with eager bitterness; "it is *their* execrable little-mindedness and bigotry that have concentrated on us the hatred of the nation. As for myself, I am sacrificed, and to no purpose. I feel I cannot long survive it; for I am withered, root and branch—withered!"

"Be persuaded, Mr. Stafford," said I, gently, "to withdraw for a while and recruit."

Oh, ay, ay—any whither—any whither—as far off as possible from London—that's all.—God pity the man that holds office in these times. The talents of half the angels in heaven wouldn't avail him! Doctor, I rave. Forgive me—I'm in a morbid, nay, almost rabid mood of mind. Foiled at every point—others robbing me of the credit of my labours—sneered at by fools—trampled on by the aristocracy—oh tut, tut, tut—fie on it all!" * *

"Have you seen the morning papers, Mr. Stafford?"

"Not I, indeed. Sick of their cant—lies—tergiversation—scurrility. I've laid an embargo on them all. I won't let one come to my house for a fortnight. 'Tis adding fuel to the fire that is consuming me."

"Ah, but they represent the nation as calling loudly for your reinstatement in office."

"Faugh—let it call! Let them lie on! I'm done with them—for the present."

The servant brought up the cards of several of his late colleagues. "Not at home, sirrah!—Harkee—ill—ill," thundered his master.—I sat with him nearly an hour longer. Oh, what gall and bitterness tinged every word he uttered! How his chafed and fretted spirit spurned at sympathy, and despised—even acquiescence! He complained heavily of perfidy and ingratitude on the part of many members of the House of Commons; and expressed his solemn determination—should he ever return to power—to visit them with his signal vengeance. His eyes flashed fire as he recounted the instance of one well-known individual, whom he had paid heavily beforehand for his vote, by a sinecure, and by whom he was after all unblushingly "jockeyed," on the score of the salary being a few pounds per annum less than had been calculated on! "Oh, believe me," he continued, "of all knavish trafficking, there is none like your political trafficking; of all swindlers, your political swindler is the vilest." Before I next saw him, the

new ministry had been named, some of the leading members of which were among Mr. Stafford's bitterest and most contemptuous enemies, and had spontaneously pledged themselves to act diametrically opposite to the policy he had adopted. This news was too much for him; and full of unutterable fury and chagrin, he hastily left town, and, with all his family, betook himself, for an indefinite period, to a distant part of England. I devoutly hoped that he had now had his surfeit of politics, and would henceforth seek repose in the domestic circle. Lady Emma participated anxiously in that wish: she doted on her husband more fondly than ever; and her faded beauty touchingly told with what deep devotion she had identified herself with her husband's interests.

As I am not writing a *life* of Mr. Stafford, I must leap over a further interval of twelve anxious and agitating years. He returned to Parliament, and for several sessions shone brilliantly as the leader of the Opposition.—Being freed from the trammels of office, his spirits resumed their wonted elasticity, and his health became firmer than it had been for years—so that there was little necessity for my visiting him on any other footing than that of friendship. A close observer could not fail to detect the *system* of Mr. Stafford's Parliamentary tactics. He subordinated every thing to accomplish the great purpose of his life.—He took every possible opportunity, in eloquent and brilliant speeches, of familiarizing Parliament, and the country at large, with his own principles: dextrously contrasting with them the narrow and inconsistent policy of his opponents. He felt that he was daily increasing the number of his partizans both in and out of the House—and securing a prospect of his speedy return to permanent power. One day mentioned this feature, and told him I admired the way in which he gradually *insinuated* himself into the confidence of the country.

"Aha, Doctor!"—he replied briskly—"to borrow one of your own terms—I'm *vaccinating* the nation!"

July—18—. The star of Stafford again Lord of the Ascendant! This day have the seals of the—office been entrusted to my gifted friend Stafford, amid the thunders of the Commons, and the universal gratulations of the country. He is virtually the leader of the Cabinet, and has it "all his own way" with the House. Every appearance he makes there is the signal for a perfect tempest of applause—with, however, a few lightning-gleams of inveterate hostility. His course is full of dazzling dangers. There are breakers ahead—he must tack about incessantly amid shoals and quicksands. God help him, and give him calmness and self-possession—or he is lost!

I suppose there will be no getting near him, at least to such an insignificant person as myself—unless he should unhappily require my

professional services. How my heart beats when I hear it said in society, that he seems to feel most acutely the attacks incessantly made on him—and appears ill every day! Poor Stafford! I wonder how Lady Emma bears all this!

I hear every where that a tremendous opposition is organizing, countenanced in very high quarters, and that he will have hard work to maintain his ground. He is paramount at present, and laughs his enemies to scorn! His name, coupled with almost idolatrous expressions of homage, is in every one's mouth of the *varium et mutabile semper* race. His pictures are in every shop window; dinners are given him every week; addresses forwarded from all parts of the country; the freedom of large cities and corporations voted him; in short, there is scarce any thing said or done in public, but what Mr. Stafford's name is coupled with it. * * *

March —, 18—. Poor Stafford, baited incessantly in the House, night after night. Can he stand? every body is asking. He has commenced the session swimmingly—as the phrase is. Lady Emma, whom I accidentally met to-day at the house of a patient—herself full of feverish excitement—gives me a sad account of Mr. Stafford. Restless nights—incessant sleep-talking—continual indisposition—loss of appetite! Oh, the pleasures of politics, the sweets of ambition!

*Saturday—*A strange hint in one of the papers to-day about Mr. Stafford's unaccountable freaks in the House, and treatment of various members. What can it mean? A fearful suspicion glanced across my mind—Heaven grant it may be groundless—on coupling with this dark newspaper hint an occurrence which took place some short time ago. It was this. Lady Amelia — was suddenly taken ill at a ball given by the Duke of —, and I was called in to attend her. She had swooned in the midst of the dance, and continued hysterical for some time after her removal home. I asked her what had occasioned it all—and she told me that she happened to be passing, in the dance, a part of the room where Mr. Stafford stood, who had looked in for a few minutes to speak to the Marquis of —. "He was standing in a thoughtful attitude," she continued, "and somehow or another I attracted his attention in passing, and he gave me one of the most fiendish scowls, accompanied with a frightful glare of the eye, I ever encountered. It passed over his face in an instant, and was succeeded by a smile, as he nodded repeatedly to persons who saluted him. The look he gave me haunted me, and, added to the exhaustion I felt from the heat of the room, occasioned my swooning." Though I felt faint at heart while listening to her, I laughed it off, and said it must have been fancy. "No, no, Doctor, it was not," she replied, "for the Marchioness of — saw it too, and no later than this

very morning, when she called, asked me if I had affronted Mr. Stafford."

Could it be so? Was this "look" really a transient, ghastly out-flashing of insanity? Was his great mind beginning to stagger under the mighty burden it bore? The thought agitated me beyond measure. When I couped the incident in question with the mysterious hint in the daily print, my fears were awfully corroborated. I resolved to call upon Mr. Stafford that very evening. I was at his house about eight o'clock, but found he had left a little while before for Windsor. The next morning, however—Sunday—his servant brought me word that Mr. Stafford would be glad to see me between eight and ten o'clock in the evening. Thither, therefore, I repaired about half past eight. On sending up my name, his private secretary came down stairs, and conducted me to the minister's library—a spacious and richly furnished room. Statues stood in the window-places, and busts of British statesmen in the four corners. The sides were lined with book-shelves, filled with elegantly bound volumes; and a large table in the middle of the room was covered with tape-tied packets, opened and unopened letters, &c., &c. A large bronze lamp was suspended from the ceiling, and threw a peculiarly rich and mellow light over the whole—and especially the figure of Mr. Stafford, who, in his long crimson silk-dressing-gown, was walking rapidly to and fro, with his arms folded on his breast. The first glance shewed me that he was labouring under high excitement. His face was pale, and his brilliant eyes glanced restlessly from beneath his intensely knit brows.

"My dear Doctor—an age since I saw you!—Here I am—overwhelmed, you see, as usual!" said he, cordially taking me by the hand, and leading me to a seat.—"My dear sir, you give yourself no rest—you are actually—you are rapidly destroying yourself!" said I, after he had, in his own brief, energetic, and pointed language, described a train of symptoms bordering on those of brain-fever. He had, unknown to any one, latterly taken to opium, which he swallowed by stealth, in large quantities, on retiring to bed; and I need hardly say how that of itself was sufficient to derange the functions both of body and mind.—He had lost his appetite, and felt consciously sinking every day into a state of the utmost languor and exhaustion—so much so, that he was reluctant often to rise and dress, or go out.—His temper, he said, began to fail him, and he grew fretful and irritable with every body, and on every occasion. "Doctor, Doctor, I don't know whether you'll understand me or not—but every thing GLARES at me!" said he.—"Every object grows suddenly invested with personality—animation—I can't bear to look at them!—I am oppressed—I breathe a rarified atmosphere!"—"Your nervous system is dis-

turbed, Mr. Stafford."—"I live in a dim dream—with only occasional intervals of real consciousness. Every thing is false and exaggerated about me. I see, feel, think through a magnifying medium—in a word I'm in a strange, unaccountable state.

"Can you wonder at it—even if it were worse?" said I, expostulating vehemently with him on his incessant, unmitigating application to public business. "Believe me," I concluded, with energy, "you must lie by, or be laid by."—"Ah—good, that—tease! But what's to be done? Must I resign? Must public business stand still in the middle of the session? I've made my bed, and must lie on it."

I really was at a loss what to say. He could not bear "preaching" or "prosing," or any thing approaching to it. I suffered him to go on as he would—detailing more and more symptoms like those above mentioned—clearly enough disclosing to my reluctant eyes, reason holding her reins loosely, unsteadily!

"I can't account for it, Doctor—but I feel sudden fits of wildness sometimes—but for a moment—a second!—Oh, my Creator! I hope all is yet sound *here, here!*" said he, pressing his hand against his forehead. He rose and walked rapidly to and fro. "Excuse me, Doctor, I cannot sit still!" said he. * * * *

"Have I not enough to upset me?—Only listen to a tithe of my troubles, now!—After paying almost servile court to a parcel of Parliamentary puppies, ever since the commencement of the session, to secure their votes on the — bill—having the boobies here to dine with me, and then dining with them, week after week—sitting down gaily with fellows whom I utterly, unutterably despise—every one of the pack suddenly turned tail on me—stole, stole, stole away—every one—and left me in a ridiculous minority of forty-three!"—"I said it was a sample of the annoyances inseparable from office."—"Ay, ay, ay!" he replied, with impetuous bitterness, increasing the pace at which he was walking. "Why—*why* is it that public men have no principle—no feeling—no gratitude—no sympathy?" he paused.—I said, mildly, that I hoped the throng of the session was nearly got through, that his embarrassments would diminish, and he would have some leisure on his hands.

"Oh no, no, no!—my difficulties and perplexities increase and thicken on every side!—Great heavens! how are we to get on?—All the motions of government are impeded—we are hemmed in—blocked up—on every side—the state vessel is surrounded with closing, crashing icebergs!—I think I must quit the helm!—Look here, for instance. After ransacking all the arts and resources of diplomacy, I had, with infinite difficulty, succeeded in devising a scheme for adjusting our — differences. Several of the continental powers have acquiesced—all was going on well—when this very morning comes a courier to Downing Street, bearing a civil hint from the

Austrian cabinet, that, if I persevered with my project, such a procedure will be considered equivalent to a declaration of war!—So *there* we are at a dead stand!—"Tis all that execrable Metternich! Subtle devil! *He's* at the bottom of all the disturbances in Europe!—Again—here, at home, we are all on our backs!—I stand pledged to the — bill. I will, and must go through with it. My consistency, popularity, place—all are at stake! I'm bound to carry it—and only yesterday the —, and —, and — families—'gad!—half the Upper House—have given me to understand I must give up them, or the — bill!—And then we are all at daggers-drawn among ourselves—a cabinet council like a cockpit, — and — eternally bickering!—And again—last night his Majesty behaved with marked coolness and hauteur; and while sipping his claret, told me, with stern *sang-froid*, that his consent to the — bill was "utterly out of the question." Must throw overboard the —, a measure that I have more at heart than any other!—It is whispered that — is determined to draw me into a duel; and, as if all this were not enough, I am perpetually receiving threats of assassination; and, in fact, a bullet hissed close past my hat the other day while on horseback, on my way to —! I can't make the thing public—'tis impossible; and perhaps the very next hour I move out, I may be shot through the heart!—Oh, God, *what* is to become of me? Would to heaven I had refused the seals of the — office!—Doctor, do you think—the nonsense of medicine apart—do you think you can do any thing for me? Any thing to quiet the system—to cool the brain? Would bleeding do? Bathing? What?—But mind—I've not much time for physic—I'm to open the — question to-morrow night; and then every hour to dictate fifteen or twenty letters! In a word!"

"Colonel Lord —, sir," said the servant, appearing at the door.

"Ah, execrable coxcomb!" he muttered to me. "I know what he is come about—he has badgered me incessantly for the last six weeks!—I won't see him—not at home!" to the servant. He paused. "Stay, sirrah!—beg the colonel to walk up stairs." Then to me, "The man can command his two brothers' votes—I must have them to-morrow night.—Doctor, we must part," hearing approaching footsteps. "I've been raving like a madman, I fear—not a word to any one breathing!—Ah, colonel, good evening—good evening!" said he, with a gaiety and briskness of tone and manner that utterly confounded me—walking and meeting his visitor half-way, and shaking him by the hands. Poor Stafford! I returned to my own quiet home, and devoutly thanked God, who had shut me out from such splendid misery, as I witnessed in the Right Honourable Charles Stafford!

Tuesday.—Poor Stafford spoke splendidly in the House, last night, for upwards of three

hours; and at the bottom of the reported speech, a note was added, informing the reader that Mr. Stafford was looking better than they had seen him for some months, and seemed to enjoy excellent spirits." How little did he, who penned that note, suspect the true state of matters—that Mr. Stafford owed his "better looks" and "excellent spirits" to an intoxicating draught of raw brandy, which alone enabled him to face the House! I read his speech with agonizing interest; it was full of flashing fancy and powerful, argumentative eloquence, and breathed throughout a buoyant, elastic spirit, which nothing seemed capable of overpowering or depressing. But Mr. Stafford might have saved his trouble and anxiety—for he was worsted—and his bill lost by an overwhelming majority! Oh! could his relentless opponents have seen but a glimpse of what I had seen, they would have spared their noble victim the sneers and raileries with which they pelted him throughout the evening.

Friday.—I this afternoon had an opportunity of conversing confidentially with Mr. Stafford's private secretary, who corroborated my worst fears, by communicating his own, and their reasons, amounting to infallible evidence, that Mr. Stafford was beginning to give forth scintillations of *madness*. He would sometimes totally lose his recollection of what he had done during the day, and dictate three answers to the same letter. He would, at the public office, sometimes enter into a strain of conversation with his astounded underlings so absurd and imprudent, disclosing the profoundest secrets of state, as must have inevitably and instantly ruined him had he not been surrounded by those who were personally attached to him. Mr. ——— communicated various other little symptoms of the same kind.—Mr. Stafford was once on his way down to the House, in his dressing-gown, and could be persuaded with the utmost difficulty only to return and change it. He would sometimes go down to his country house, and receive his lady and children with such an extravagant—such a frantic display of spirit and gaiety, as at first delighted, then surprised, and finally alarmed Lady Emma into a horrid suspicion of the real state of her husband's mind.

I was surprised early one morning by his coachman's calling at my house, and desiring to see me alone: and when he was shewn in to my presence, with a flurried manner, many apologies for his "boldness," and entreaties—somewhat Hibernian, to be sure, in the wording—that I "would take no notice whatever of what he said"—he told me that his master's conduct had latterly been "very odd and queer-like." That on getting into his carriage on his return from the House, Mr. Stafford would direct him to drive five or six miles into the country, at the top of his speed—then back again—then to some distant part of London, without once alighting, and with no

apparent object; so that it was sometimes five or six or even seven o'clock in the morning before they got home! "Last night, sir," he added, "master did 'som'mut uncommon 'straordinary—he told me to drive to Greenwich—and when I gets there, he bids me pull up at the ———, and get him a draught of ale—and then he drinks a sup, and tells me and John to finish it—and then turn the horses heads back again for town!"—I gave the man half a guinea, and solemnly enjoined him to keep what he had told me a profound secret.

What was to be done? What steps could we take? How deal with such a public man as Mr. Stafford? I felt myself in a fearful dilemma. Should I communicate candidly with Lady Emma? I thought it better, on the whole, to wait a little longer—and was delighted to find, that as public business slackened a little, and Mr. Stafford carried several favourite measures very successfully, and with comparatively little effort, he intermitted his attention to business, and was persuaded into spending the recess at the house of one of his relatives, a score or two miles from town—whose enchanting house and grounds, and magnificent hospitalities, served to occupy Mr. Stafford's mind with bustling and pleasurable thoughts.—Such a fortnight's interval did wonders for him. Lady Emma, whom I had requested to write frequently to me about him, represented things more and more cheerfully in every succeeding letter—saying that the "distressing flightiness," which Mr. Stafford had occasionally evinced in town, had totally disappeared; that every body at ——— House was astonished at the elasticity and joyousness of Mr. Stafford's spirits, and the energy almost amounting to enthusiasm, with which he entered into the glittering gaieties and festivities that were going on around him. "He was the life and soul of the party." He seemed determined to banish business from his thoughts, at least for a while; and when a chance allusion was made to it, would put it off gaily with—"sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." All this filled me with consolation. I dismissed the apprehensions which had latterly harassed my mind concerning him, and heartily thanked God that Mr. Stafford's splendid powers seemed likely to be yet long spared to the country—that the hovering fiend was beaten off from his victim—might it be forever!

The House at length resumed; Mr. Stafford returned to town, and all his weighty cares again gathered around him. Hardly a few days had elapsed, before he delivered one of the longest, calmest, most argumentative speeches which had ever fallen from him. Indeed it began to be commonly remarked, that all he said in the House wore a matter-of-fact business-like air, which nobody could have expected from him. All this was encouraging. The measure which he brought forward in the speech last alluded to, was hotly contested, inch by inch, in the House, and at last, contra-

ry even to his own expectations, carried through by an inconsiderable majority. All his friends congratulated him on his triumph.

"Yes, I HAVE triumphed at last," he said emphatically, as he left the House. He went home, late at night, and alarmed—confounded his domestics by calling them all up, and—it is lamentable to have to record such things of such a man—insisted on their *illuminating* the House—candles in every window—in front and behind! It was fortunate that Lady Emma and her family had not yet returned from — House, to witness this unequivocal indication of returning insanity. He himself personally assisted at the ridiculous task of lighting the candles, and putting them in the windows; and when it was completed, actually harangued the assembled servants on the signal triumph he and the country had obtained that night in the House of Commons, and concluded by ordering them to extinguish the lights, and adjourn to the kitchen to supper when he would presently join them, and give them a dozen of wine! He was as good as his word; yes, Mr. Stafford sat at the head of his confounded servants—few in number, on account of the family's absence, and engaged in the most uproarious hilarity! Fortunately, most fortunately, his conduct was unhesitatingly attributed to intoxication—in which condition he was really carried to bed at an advanced hour in the morning, by those whom nothing but their bashful fears had saved from being similarly overcome by the wine they had been drinking. All this was told me by the coachman, who had communicated with me formerly—and with tears, for he was an old and faithful servant. He assiduously kept up among his fellow-servants the notion that their master's drunkenness was the cause of his extraordinary behaviour.

I called on him the day after, and found him sitting in his library, dictating to his secretary, whom he directed to withdraw as soon as I entered. He then drew his chair close to mine, and burst into tears.

"Doctor, would you believe it," said he, "I was horridly drunk last night—I can't imagine how—and am sure I did something or other very absurd among the servants. I dare not of course *ask* any of them—and am positively ashamed to look even my valet in the face!"

"*Poh poh—Semel insanivimus omnes,*" I stammered, attempting to smile—scarce knowing what to say.

"Don't—don't desert me, Doctor!"—he sobbed, clasping my hand, and looking sorrowfully in my face—"Don't you desert me, my tried friend. Every body is forsaking me!—the King hates me—the Commons despise me—the people would have my blood if they dared! And yet why?—What have I done? God knows, I have done every thing for the best—indeed, indeed I have!"—I continued grasping his hand in silence.

"There's a terrible plot hatching against me!"

"Hush!" He rose, and bolted the door. "Did you see that fellow whom I ordered out on your entrance?"—naming his private secretary—"Well, that infamous fellow thinks he is to succeed me in my office, and has actually gained over the King and several of the aristocracy to his interest!"

"Nonsense—nonsense—stuff!—you have wine in your head, Mr. Stafford," said I, angrily, trying to choke down my emotions.

"No, sir—sober enough now, Doctor —. I'll tell you what (albeit unused to the melting mood) has thus overcome me: Lady Emma favours the scoundrel! They correspond! My children, even, are gained over!—But, Emma my wife, my love, who could have thought it!"

"I succeeded in calming him, and he began to converse on different subjects, although the fiend was manifest again! "Doctor —, I'll intrust you with a secret—a state secret! You must know that I have long entertained the idea of uniting all the European states into one vast republic, and have at last arranged a scheme which will, I think, be unhesitatingly adopted. I have written to Prince — on the subject, and expect his answer soon! Isn't it a grand thought!" I assented, of course. "It will emblazon my name in the annals of eternity, beyond all Roman and all Grecian fame," he continued, waving his hand oratorically; "but I've been—yes, yes—premature!—My secret is safe with you, Doctor —?"

"Oh, certainly!" I replied, with a melancholy air, uttering a deep sigh.

"But now to business. I'll tell you why I've sent for you." I had called unasked, as the readers will recollect, "I'll tell you," he continued, taking my hand affectionately. "Doctor —, I have known you now for many years, ever since we were at Cambridge together," (my heart ached at the recollection,) "and we have been good friends ever since. I have noticed that you have never asked a favour from me since I knew you. Every one else has teased me—but I have never had a request preferred me from you, my dear friend." He burst into tears, mine very nearly overflowing. There was no longer any doubt that Mr. Stafford—the great, the gifted Mr. Stafford, was sitting before me in a state of idiocy!—of MADNESS! I felt faint and sick as he proceeded.—"Well! I thank God I have it now in my power to reward you—to offer you something that will fully show the love I bear you, and my unlimited confidence in your talents and integrity. I have determined to recall our ambassador at the court of —, and shall supply his place"—he looked at me with a good-natured smile—"by my friend Dr. —!" He leaned back in his chair, and eyed me with a triumphant, a gratified air, evidently preparing himself to be overwhelmed with my thanks. In one instant, however, "a change came o'er the aspect of his dream." His features grew suddenly disturbed, now flushed, now pale;

his manner grew restless and embarrassed, and I felt convinced that a lucid interval had occurred, that a consciousness of his having been either saying or doing something very absurd, had that instant flashed across his mind. "Ah, I see, Doctor ——" he resumed, in an altered tone, speaking hesitatingly, while a vivid glance shot from his eye into my very soul, as though he would see whether I had detected the process of thought which had passed through his mind, "you look surprised—ha, ha!—and well you may! But now I'll explain the riddle. You must know that Lord ——— is expecting to be our new ambassador, and in fact I must offer it him; but—but—I wish to pique him into declining it, when I'll take offence—by—by telling him—hinting carelessly, that one of my friends had the prior refusal of it!"

Did not the promptitude and plausibility of this pretext savour of madness? He hinted soon after that he had much business in hand, and I withdrew. I fell back in my carriage, and resigned myself to bitter and agonizing reflections on the scene I had just quitted.—What was to be done? Mr. Stafford, by some extravagant act, might commit himself frightfully with public affairs.

Lady Emma, painful as the task was, must be written to. Measures must now be had recourse to. The case admitted of no farther doubt. Yes—this great man must be put into constraint, and that immediately. In the tumult of my thoughts, I scarce knew what to decide on; but at last I ordered the man to drive to the houses of Sir ———, and Dr. ———, and consult with them on the proper course to be pursued.

Oh, God!—Oh, horror!—Oh, my unhappy soul!—Despair! Hark—what do I hear?—Do I hear aright—

Have I seen aright—or is it all a dream?—Shall I awake to-morrow, and find it false?

From the Christian Observer.

ON THE NATIONAL CRIME OF PRIVATEERING.

YOUR contributor W. in your Number for January, cannot have set forward in too strong a light "the national crime of privateering;" and he has my thanks for having introduced the subject into your pages. He is wise, also, in considering a time of peace the proper season for calm and reasonable, and therefore useful, discussion, on a practice which custom has brought to us, and custom has kept with us; veiling its enormity, and its indefensibility in the deceit with which time and habit cover all things. No nation, nor individual, I should hope, could be found, *now for the first time* to introduce, or to defend, maritime war against private persons and private property.

The progress of civilization has long since

confined warfare on land to combatants; and the spoil of war, to public property and munitions of war. On land, except in extreme cases—and each case justified on its own grounds only, and controuled by public opinion—private persons and private property are acknowledged and respected. We hear no longer of the husbandman being carried into slavery, or the fruits of the earth filling the garners of the victor. We hear no more of private plunder by the soldier; at least, no soldier is heard to dishonour himself by the avowal of private plunder; and the sense of shame and reproach in the individual, and better discipline in the army, growing up with increased civilization, have put an end to this once great scourge of war on land: and the change has not been less to advantage the victor than the vanquished; for "plunder, like pitch, defileth the hand," and, more, it betrays the heart.

Your contributor has done well, therefore, in drawing the attention of the thinking part of the public to the corresponding evil, which yet continues in war upon the sea; and it is by the discussion of the subject through the press, and the influence of public opinion (and public opinion, though slow to reason, is reasonable in the result, as we have seen and are seeing daily,) that I look forward for a change to be wrought, rather than by "a few petitions to Parliament," or by endeavours to move our cabinet, or "the sovereigns," for immediate alteration. Petitions to Parliament, in the present fashion, bid fair to destroy their own weight, or to supersede the functions of government; and we may do more wisely by expecting parliament, the cabinet, and the "sovereigns," to follow, rather than to lead, the public opinion, in a matter "opposed to every dictate of Christianity and justice," but of which time and habit have accustomed men to endure the crime and to take the profit.

But your contributor, in his tribute of respect to the president of the United States of America (in 1823,) for proposing to the courts of France, Russia, and Great Britain, as an article of international law, the putting down of privateering, has omitted to do justice towards another great man, as also to the subject he discusses. I do not wish to detract from that president's merit, in having brought forward the consideration in 1823; but I should as soon think of coupling the abolition of the Slave Trade with the name of Buxton, and forgetting the names of Wilberforce and Clarkson, as of giving the honour of the proposal for putting down privateering to a Monroe, and omitting a Franklin.

The honour, however, is still with America; and if you think with me, that discussion and information on this subject are useful, you will allow me to use your pages in reminding your readers that as early as 1783, (January 14th,) Benjamin Franklin submitted to the British Ministry a proposition in writing for improving the law of nations, by prohibiting

the plundering of unarmed and usefully employed people. He added, that he rather wished than expected that it would be adopted; but he thought it might be offered with a better grace by a country that was likely to suffer least, and gain most, by continuing the ancient practice; which was the case with America, as the American ships, laden only with the gross productions of the earth, could not be so valuable as the British ships, filled with sugars or with manufactures. His proposal, he said, had not been considered by his colleagues; but if the British Minister should find that it might be acceptable, he would try to get it inserted in the general treaty, and that he thought it would do honour to the nations that established it.

Dr. Franklin's views took also a wider range; and as, in these times of distress and difficulty to our West-India proprietors, and the acknowledged embarrassment of the government in devising and applying a proper remedy, every suggestion may be of value, it may be useful in this regard, as also as respects privateering, to subjoin the whole paper of Doctor Franklin, and the article for treaty, in the form delivered to Mr. Oswald. On a future occasion I may offer you some remarks on the hint to be taken from this paper, as supplying one means, and one instrument, for a safe and satisfactory abolition of slavery.

But to return to the immediate subject: Dr. Franklin did more than propose, he actually, as one of the last acts of his public life, (9th of July, 1785,) concluded and signed a treaty of amity and commerce between the United States of America and the King of Prussia; in which, as a strong and lasting testimony of Dr. Franklin's philanthropy, was introduced for the first time (and as yet for the last) the same article against the molestation of the persons and property of unarmed citizens in time of war, and against privateering; extending the language to comprehend, not only fishermen, cultivators of the earth, artisans, and manufacturers; but "all women and children, scholars of every faculty, and, in general, all others whose occupations were for the common subsistence and benefit of mankind."

Nor to America alone belongs honour in this matter; for the Scotch Presbyterians were formerly as tender and as honest; and there is still extant an ordinance of the town council of Edinburgh, made soon after the Reformation, "forbidding the purchase of prize goods, under pain of losing the freedom of the burgh for ever, with other punishment at the will of the magistrate; the practice of making prizes being contrary to good conscience, and the rule of treating Christian brethren as we would wish to be treated; and such goods are not to be sold by any godly men within this burgh."

And now for a word of application, and in particular addressed to America—and the

circulation of your miscellany in the United States may give a useful extension there to the inquiry: *What ought to be done?*

America (I speak of the United States) has wisely made up her mind that the "custom is utterly opposed to every dictate of Christianity and justice." She is in the right: and it is to her honour, that, better situated than any European nation to make profit by privateering, yet her government has been the first to endeavour to abolish the practice, by offering, in her treaties with other powers, to engage solemnly, that, in case of future war, no privateer shall be commissioned on either side, and that unarmed merchant ships shall pursue their voyages unmolested. Let her persevere in proposing; but let her do more. Let her on every occasion propose such an article of treaty, for the sanction of other governments, and she will not for ever propose in vain; but let her add to the moral weight of her proposal, the effect of her own example. I know of no mistake more mischievous between individuals, than making one's own conduct depend on the conduct of others. "I will do good, if you will do good; I will be honest, if you will be honest; I will not keep open my shop, or sell newspapers, or drive a stage-coach, on the Lord's-day, if others will not." Can such conditional morality, reduced into simple propositions, be for a moment justified? Will my neighbour's offences, or his hardness of heart, excuse mine? Am I so captivated with the profit of his injustice? Can I envy his brief reward? Am I sincere in my honesty? Dare I share in his plunder?—And the same rule applies to nations as to individuals. The Giver of all grace has bestowed honour upon America by raising her voice against the national crime of privateering: nothing, which Franklin has said, or Joseph Fox felt, or your contributor W. written, can be too strong to stigmatize it: but in proportion to the sincerity of the conviction of the Americans, will be their sin in persevering in so great a crime. Let them add their example to their recommendation, and shame the world to good. Let them, by a formal act, now, in this the time of peace, repudiate the custom; and let other nations venture to disregard the example, if they dare! What could America have to regret?

I agree with your contributor W. in wishing that a few individuals, actuated by Christian principles, would resolutely devote themselves to the accomplishment of this great object of religious duty and humanity; relying, that, by the blessing of God, they might effect wonders beyond their own most sanguine hopes.

The following is Dr. Franklin's proposition, above alluded to, relative to privateering, &c., as communicated to Mr. Oswald, 14th January, 1783.—

"It is for the interest of humanity in general, that the occasions of war and the inducements to it should be diminished.

"If rapine is abolished, one of the encouragements to war is taken away; and peace, therefore, more likely to continue and be lasting.

"The practice of robbing merchants on the high seas—a remnant of the ancient piracy—though it may be accidentally beneficial to particular persons, is far from being profitable to all engaged in it, or to the nation that authorizes it. In the beginning of a war some rich ships, not upon their guard, are surprised and taken. This encourages the first adventurers to fit out more armed vessels, and many others to do the same. But the enemy at the same time become more careful, arm their merchant ships better, and render them not so easy to be taken; they go, also, more under the protection of convoys; thus, while the privateers to take them are multiplied, the vessels subject to be taken and the chances of profit are diminished; so that many cruises are made wherein the expenses overgo the gains; and as is the case in other lotteries, though particulars have got prizes, the mass of adventurers are losers, the whole expense of fitting out all the privateers during a war being much greater than the whole amount of goods taken. Then there is the national loss of all the labour of so many men during the time they have been employed in robbing; who, besides, spend what they get in riot, drunkenness, and debauchery, lose their habits of industry, are rarely fit for any sober business after a peace, and serve only to increase the number of highwaymen and house-breakers. Even the undertakers who have been fortunate, are by sudden wealth led into expensive living, the habit of which continues when the means of supporting it ceases, and finally ruins them;—a just punishment for their having wantonly and unfeelingly ruined many honest, innocent traders and their families, whose subsistence was employed in serving the common interests of mankind.

"Should it be agreed, and become a part of the law of nations, that the cultivators of the earth are not to be molested or interrupted in their peaceable and useful employments, the inhabitants of the sugar islands would perhaps come under the protection of such a regulation; which would be a great advantage to the nations who at present hold those islands, since the cost of sugar to the consumer in those nations consists not merely in the price he pays for it by the pound, but in the accumulated charge of all the taxes he pays, in every war, to fit out fleets and maintain troops for the defence of the islands that raise the sugar, and the ships that bring it home. But the expense of treasure is not all. A celebrated philosophical writer remarks, that, when he considered the wars made in Africa for prisoners to raise sugar in America, the numbers slain in those wars, the numbers that, being crowded in ships, perish in the transportation, and the numbers that die under the severities of slavery, he could scarce look on a morsel of sugar without conceiving it spotted with human blood. If he had considered also the blood of one another which the white nations shed in fighting for those islands, he would have imagined his sugar, not as spotted only, but as thoroughly dyed red! On these accounts, I am persuaded that the subjects of the Emperor of Germany and the Empress of Russia, who

have no sugar islands, consume sugar cheaper at Vienna and Moscow, with all the charge of transporting it after its arrival in Europe, than the citizens of London or of Paris: and I sincerely believe that, if France and England were to decide by throwing dice which should have the whole of their sugar islands, the loser of the throw would be the gainer. The future expense of defending them would be saved; the sugars would be bought cheaper by all Europe, if the inhabitants might make it without interruption; and, whoever imported the sugar, the same revenue might be raised by the duties at the custom-houses of the nation that consumed it. And, on the whole, I conceive it would be better for the nations now possessing sugar colonies, to give up their claim to them; let them govern themselves, and put them under the protection of all the powers of Europe, as neutral countries open to the commerce of all; the profits of the present monopolies being by no means equivalent to the expense of maintaining them."

"Article.—If war should hereafter arise between Great Britain and the United States—which God forbid!—the merchants of either country, then residing in the other, shall be allowed to remain nine months, to collect their debts and settle their affairs, and may depart freely, carrying off all their effects, without molestation or hindrance; and all fishermen, all cultivators of the earth, and all artisans or manufacturers unarmed and inhabiting unfortified towns, villages, or places, who labour for the common subsistence and benefit of mankind, and peaceably follow their respective employments, shall be allowed to continue the same, and shall not be molested by the armed force of the enemy into whose power, by the events of the war, they may happen to fall; but if any thing is necessary to be taken from them, for the use of such armed force, the same shall be paid for at a reasonable price; and all merchants or traders, with their unarmed vessels, employed in commerce, exchanging the products of different places, and thereby rendering the necessities, conveniences, and comforts of human life more easy to obtain and more general, shall be allowed to pass freely unmolested; and neither of the powers, parties to this treaty, shall grant or issue any commission to any private armed vessels, empowering them to take or destroy such trading ships or interrupt such commerce." 665.

From the Metropolitan Magazine.

POLAND.

AMID the varied conflicts of opinions among mankind, there are, fortunately, a few points on which there appears to be no possibility of the slightest discrepancy. And in the foremost rank of these, may be placed the gross violation of any natural right, either in the case of an individual or a nation, under the cloak of expediency. In such cases, right feelings unconsciously give the first impulse, and this is eventually confirmed by the sober dictates of deliberate reason. It is in this way that, we apprehend, the wrongs of Poland have excited so general an interest among mankind; have called forth

such unqualified indignation against the partitioning powers, and such sympathy for her sufferings. Yet it may seem strange, amid such general sympathy, that no effort should have been made to save the devoted land of heroes. The truth is, that notwithstanding this universal influence, nothing could be done to remedy the evil. The partitions occurred when all Europe was engrossed with internal affairs; and, under these circumstances, to dictate to the three most powerful nations in Europe, was impracticable; and the chance of attaining the object by friendly negotiations, when the second case arose, was completely destroyed by the destructive torrent of the French revolution, which in its ruthless progress threatened the annihilation of society, and menaced with complete extinction every institution, however sacred and useful, if opposed to its wild career. By such means, those most deeply interested in resisting the very principles of the Polish spoliation, were driven (in self-defence) to league with her spoilers; and thus their power of vindicating her rights was suspended by the paramount necessity of opposing similar principles, operating on a more extended sphere. It was in vain, it could be clearly demonstrated, that the partition of Poland afforded a precedent, no less than the fraudulent conquest of Silesia, for any act of political robbery; for at that very moment circumstances rendered it a superior consideration to check the spread of the example. Thus unnoticed, Poland would have remained unconscious of the enthusiastic interest excited by her fate, had not the fervid eloquence of the poet, and the orator, occasionally betrayed feelings of indignant sympathy, and showed that, though the flame was smouldering, the fire was unextinguished, and that it might afterwards burst forth in one glorious blaze. At last a ray of hope gleamed on Polish patriotism. In 1806, Napoleon, then in the full splendor of his glory, proposed the restoration of the kingdom of Poland. With the political events, and considerations that influenced this extraordinary man, we have at present nothing to do, further than to state the historical fact, that the visions which had flitted before the eyes of the delighted Poles passed away, that there was no restoration of the kingdom of Poland, and that all their highly-wrought expectations terminated in the erection of the Duchy of Warsaw in 1807. Political distractions crowded fast upon each other, and at last the Duchy of Warsaw fell into the hands of the victorious Russians, after that campaign which cast Napoleon from the odious and unenviable rank of dictator of the destinies of continental Europe.

The negotiations which commenced with the downfall of Napoleon, and were completed by the treaty of Paris, in 1814, necessarily embraced the future condition of Poland, which, though then occupied by the Russian troops, had, from previous cession to France, become a fit subject of arrangement, not for

the eventual benefit of Russia alone, but for that of the entire European commonwealth. At that period the emperor Alexander displayed a spirit of liberality, which appeared to have owed its origin to various circumstances. Madame de Stael has well delineated his moral character, by saying that he was "an accident"—the mere creature of circumstances. Thus, on his return from witnessing the prosperity of this country, he was so enamoured of free institutions, that he ordained the establishment of "trial by jury" throughout Poland, within six months. In this he was carried away by mere impulse, without the slightest regard to the fitness or unfitness of the institution, (however admirable in some situations,) to the wants, habits and even prejudices of the people among whom he proposed to naturalize it. There were, however, in addition, some important considerations which may not have been without weight in producing a concession in favour of Poland.

Throughout all the reverses of Napoleon, even when deserted by his dearest connexions, the Poles remained faithful, and never faltered from their allegiance. Such chivalrous devotion obtained for the gallant Dombrowski and his band of heroes a favorable capitulation.—But it was incompatible with the policy of the restored French government to retain in the centre of France men so deeply pledged to their unsuccessful rival. The Poles, however, refused to return to their native land without an assurance that their national independence should be recognised. Alexander, also, knew that the tenure by which a Russian throne is held is somewhat frail, and appreciating the fidelity of the Poles, sought to secure their devotion by conferring the boon most ardently desired; and, as the first mark of favour, he conferred his brother Constantine upon them as the commander-in-chief. It is probable that each of the enumerated circumstances had an influence on the emperor's mind, while the whole determined him to re-erect the kingdom of Poland, in opposition to his first intention of annexing his recent conquest to Russia as a dependent province.

Austria at this time animated, in all human probability, by jealousy of her great rival, favoured the scheme, and even offered to sacrifice a part of her own dominions.

France was decidedly favourable; while the British government advocated the same cause, from considering the future kingdom a rampart against Russian aggression. This view was communicated to the congress of Vienna, by Lord Castlereagh, in 1815, and he urged the restoration of the kingdom of Poland so energetically, that his view was adopted, and the hope was re-animated that the days of Sobieski might again be revived.

The rapidity with which this decision was made, probably owed much to the return of Napoleon from Elba, which rendered it imperative that Polish partizanship should not swell the ranks

of the invader. It was accordingly decided, that the Grand Duchy of Warsaw should be attached to the empire of Russia under the name of the kingdom of Poland, and that it should be governed by separate institutions. The treaty of Vienna contains on this point the following article:—

"The Duchy of Warsaw, with the exception of those provinces and districts which are otherwise disposed of by the following articles, is united to Russia. *It shall be irrevocably bound to the Russian Empire by its Constitution*, to be enjoyed by His Majesty, the Emperor of all the Russias, his heirs and successors for ever."

Thus it was established, that by the constitution alone, the two Sovereignties were united under one head. It is curious to remark the opinions of the Emperor Alexander himself on this point, as displayed in a letter from him, dated Vienna, 30th of April, 1815, to Count Ostrowski, the President of the Polish Senate:

'President of the Senate, Count Ostrowski:

'It is with peculiar satisfaction that I announce to you, that the destiny of your country is about to be fixed by the concurrence of all the powers assembled at the Congress of Vienna.

'The kingdom of Poland shall be united to the empire of Russia, by the title of its own Constitution, on which I am desirous of founding the happiness of the country. If the great interests involved in general tranquillity have not permitted all the Poles to be united under one sceptre, I have at least endeavoured, to the utmost of my power, to soften the hardships of their separation, and every where to obtain for them, as far as practicable, the enjoyments of their nationality.

This was published according to an authority given by the Emperor to the court.

Thus a part of Poland was re-established as a separate state, by the act of all the powers of Europe; and, although the Emperor of Russia was to be king of Poland, still the independence and separate existence of the kingdom was perfect. We shall hereafter see how consistently these principles have been maintained.

From the time of the first re-establishment of the kingdom, until 1820, the affairs of Poland went on apparently in conformity with the constitution; but there were perpetual breaches of that formal grant, until the Spanish revolution burst forth: then the intrigues of Austria and the apprehension entertained by Alexander himself of military revolution, led to the establishment of the sadly mis-named Holy Alliance, and an attempt was made to suppress entirely in Poland the spirit of national independence, which at one time, if not actually fostered, had been cheered by the smiles of the autocrat.

The Count Zaioncek, a Pole, was nominally the King's lieutenant, but the real power was invested in the Grand Duke Constantine, who held the appointment of commander-in-chief of the army. This personage who has

played so conspicuous a part in the affairs of Poland, is worthy of something more than a mere passing notice. Though possessed of very considerable talents, he is, in fact, an untamed tiger, giving way on all occasions to the most violent paroxysms of temper. He has a deep sense of the rights of his order, and holds the feelings of every other class of human beings as absolutely nought. So soon, therefore, as he found that his imperial brother was no longer the liberal patron of constitutional rights, he gave the most unrestrained licence to his capricious and violent injustice. A few instances are better than general assertion: A most opulent and respectable man named Woloski, the principal brewer of Warsaw, had, through some of his people, without his own knowledge, hired as a servant in his establishment a Russian deserter. The offender was detected, and proof of innocence on the part of his employer being disallowed, the Grand Duke, by his individual decree, ordered this respectable individual to be fettered, and in that condition he was compelled to work with a wheelbarrow in the public streets! His daughter, an amiable young lady, ventured to appeal to the merey of the Grand Duke in behalf of her parent; and the unmanly monster kicked her down stairs, using at the same time the most abusive language. In the same way, he caused two Polish officers to be seized in the dead of night, and, without trial, or even accusation, sent them to Russia. Some of the publishers of Warsaw having incurred his displeasure, he sent soldiers in the middle of the night to break up the presses and to destroy the types. Taxes were levied without consulting the Diet; and when a distinguished member, Niemoyewski, protested against such proceedings, he was arrested and sent to his country-house under the charge of cossacks, who kept him there for ten years, notwithstanding the most urgent affairs that required his attention elsewhere. The students, too, especially at Wilna, were persecuted and harassed by a most notorious person named Nowozilzoff, who succeeded Prince Adam Czartoryski as curator of the universities. This fit tool in Constantine's hands, displayed on every occasion the most atrocious rapacity, and an entire absence of common humanity. One of the richest inhabitants of Lithuania had been arrested at the instance of this modern Sejanus; but fifteen thousand ducats, or seven thousand pounds sterling, effected his liberation. His most infamous act, if it be possible to give any pre-eminence in acts all most pre-eminently wicked, was performed on the following occasion:—A boy of nine years of age, a son of Count Plater had, in the playfulness of childhood, written in chalk on one of the forms, "The third of May for ever," that being the anniversary of Kosciusko's Constitution. The fact was discovered by some of the innumerable spies, employed even among these infants, to Nowozilzoff, who instituted an en-

quity among the boys—not one would betray poor Plater: they were all ordered to be flogged with the utmost severity. The unhappy offender declared that he had written the offensive words. The Grand Duke condemned him to be a soldier for life, incapable of advancement in the army; and when his mother threw herself before his carriage and implore forgiveness for her wretched child, he spurned her like a dog with his foot.

Every one possessed of the means naturally fled from such unheard of tyranny, and among others, a highly accomplished gentleman who sought refuge in London. Constantine sent emissaries after him, in the foolish belief that he could carry him off. The emissary soon discovered the folly of his errand, and returned, to the great chagrin of his master.

Shaving the heads of ladies of rank who displeased him, was a common occurrence, and, on one occasion, four soldiers were hanged because they abstained from carrying such an order into effect, as they found it impossible to do so without using personal violence. Tarring and feathering the shaved heads of the offenders was also a favourite recreation of the commander-in-chief.

This career of cruelty and oppression on one occasion met with a reproof, and the manner in which it was received is too illustrative of the Grand Duke's character not to be recorded. Among other subjects of his oppression, was a Polish officer of rank, who was confined in a foul dungeon placed under a common sewer. There the unhappy man was wasting away in a noisome and pestilential atmosphere. This happened to reach the ears of one of those men who do honour to their high calling—a bold, intrepid priest, who considered himself bound as the minister of a benevolent Deity, to interpose, and, if possible, to soften the obdurate heart of the tyrant. By the mere accident of receiving permission from the Grand Duke Michael, he was admitted to Constantine's presence. He stated the object of his visit firmly but respectfully. The Grand Duke stormed—the priest declared that, undeterred by menaces he would fulfil what he deemed a paramount duty. Astonished at this, the Grand Duke sprang out of the window, declaring that there was a madman within. The priest was conveyed to a convent, where he was confined; but his interference effected no relief to the individual he sought to serve, nor did he obtain any general relaxation.

While acts of private oppression were calling forth all the hatred to Russia, which is the birthright of every Pole, political tyranny was superadded, as if it were desirable to concentrate upon one point the entire indignation of a brave and devoted people. We have already adverted to the patriotic association, modelled almost after the recommendation of the Emperor Alexander. This association, formed by the celebrated General Dombrowski, had at first a Masonic and military character: having, as

its object, mutual good offices among the army. Its existence was perfectly known to Alexander; who alleged in his discourses to the Diet, and indeed on all occasions, that he could not re-unite, as he earnestly desired, the Polish provinces in actual union with Russia, with the revived kingdom, because he could not discover among them either a Polish spirit, or a desire to become Poles. He therefore recommended that the association formed should extend its objects and become the means of promoting a national spirit. Of his intervention abundant proof was furnished, in prosecutions on which we shall hereafter touch. For a time this recommendation was not acted upon; but in 1820 it was adopted; when, unhappily, the causes, as we have already seen, which effected an entire revolution in the Emperor's political views, induced him to denounce the association as treasonable. And for its suppression, in direct violation of the constitution, he appointed a military commission, which tried and condemned civilians without any of the prescribed formalities. And, as if he were desirous of rendering its proceedings still more odious, he composed it of men of infamous character—Haoke, Blumer, Kornatowski, Chankiewicz, and others, mere tools of the Grand Duke; who, in point of fact, issued the proclamations, dictated the sentences, and provided for their due execution. One of the most atrocious acts, of this most atrocious period, is the treatment of Major Lukasinski, a Polish officer of high character and blameless life. He was distinguished by the Grand Duke, indeed was especially favoured on all occasions, but, being a member of the association at the time that it became particularly obnoxious, he was arrested, and after some time brought into the presence of his imperious chief: who, addressing him in terms of kindness and friendship, invited him to repose confidence in the known attachment he felt for him: thus thrown off his guard, the unhappy man spoke with frankness and candour. He was removed to his dungeon, tried on his confession to the Grand Duke, was convicted, and condemned to be deprived of all his honors, to chains, and to perpetual imprisonment. In compliance with this sentence, he was conveyed to the fortress of Zamosc, where upwards of a thousand persons similarly circumstanced were confined. One of the Grand Duke's emissaries was introduced into the prison; he got up a conspiracy for effecting the escape of the prisoners, and, without the privity of the wretched Lukasinski, contrived to procure his nomination as the leader of the conspirators. Then further persecutions were instituted, and for this imputed crime, which, even if real, could not be blamed by any man, he was condemned to death. This was, however, too humane; death would have afforded relief to the wearied sufferer, which was not the object of Constantine. It was therefore commuted to perpetual imprisonment and a WEEKLY FLOGGING. And it was direct-

ed that a record should be kept for Constantine's especial information of the effect of each blow on the wretched victim! Humanity recoils at recording such atrocity, such cold-blooded ferocity; and we should not have ventured on making the statement, had not the facts been attested by documents found among the papers of the Grand Duke after his precipitate retreat from Warsaw last November. To guard against the possibility of relief or escape, Lukasinski was alternately confined in a prison in the heart of Warsaw, or in the fortress of Góra; and he was instantly removed, if the scene of his actual sufferings were even suspected. Unfortunately for him, at the moment of the insurrection of Warsaw, he was at Góra, and although jewels, papers, and other valuables were left behind, Lukasinski was too precious not to be carried off with scrupulous care. The actual history of his sufferings would have contributed to animate even the most torpid patriotism, when even the imperfect statements that are now communicated to the English public cannot fail to excite a disgust and detestation for the tyrant only equalled by the sympathy for the victim of his persecution. But notwithstanding these increasing grounds of dissatisfaction—nay, of deep and unqualified abhorrence—the good sense of the associated regenerators of their country's freedom prevailed over their excited feelings. The ferocity of the unprincipled savage but confirmed them in the path of duty and in the necessity of the utmost caution. Yet, thus rendered circumspect, they never forgot that these practical illustrations of tyranny imposed upon them additional and more urgent duties to their country. Under these convictions they restricted their operations to the most narrow limit, and nothing beyond Poland and Poles was ever regarded in even a speculative view. Yet, in spite of all this caution, on the breaking out of the Russian conspiracy, after the death of Alexander, in favour of Constantine, in opposition to his younger brother, the present emperor, attempts were made to connect the Polish association with the Russian revolt.

Under this pretext an immense number of the association, already in bad odour from having been denounced by Alexander, were arrested. The most chosen victims were persons eminent for their rank, attainments, virtues, and patriotism; not that noisy and presumptuous quality miscalled patriotism, which displays itself in idle declamation and useless turbulence, but in that silent devotion to the best interests of their country, illustrated by improving its condition and by promoting every measure calculated to benefit the people. The individuals so arrested were declared by an imperial ordinance to be guilty, in defiance of an acquittal by the senate, which alone could legally investigate the charges. The imperial decree then issued, condemning the accused to imprisonment, exile, and every penalty that unprincipled caprice could suggest. In this career of

criminal folly a singular step was taken without the chief movers conceiving it possible to produce some most important effects in the sequel. The whole of the alleged offences were published, the defence suppressed; but, as these offences involved only what every Pole felt to be a sacred duty, the disclosure produced fresh ardor in the cause, and led to the establishment of innumerable other associations, all of which conducted mainly to the recent explosion.

Among the illustrious men there is a gentleman, now in London, whose personal sufferings may be considered a fair example of the system pursued. His career may be described as one of pain and misery. His father—a distinguished champion of the liberties of his country at the period of the last partition—was expropriated: being accompanied with his wife, the subject of the present detail was born during their flight, and was seized with his father's property by the governor. He was placed with a man who appears to have possessed some of the feelings of humanity; for, on the death of his own child, he reported the stranger to be dead, at the same time restoring him to his parents. Subsequently to the establishment of the Duchy of Warsaw, he entered the service of Napoleon, and served with distinction, but was taken prisoner in 1812, and was three years in prison. After the cession to Russia, and the establishment of the kingdom, he wished to retire from military life; and, after fourteen refusals to accept his resignation, the permission to retire was most ungraciously granted. His pertinacity had offended, and his integrity made him a marked man. Accordingly, on the occasion of which we speak, he was arrested, (having at that time previously spent about seven years in Russian prisons) and without condemnation placed in a dark dungeon, where, for eleven months he neither saw the face of man, nor the light of day. At the expiration of that time he (with others) was suddenly taken from their cells, thrown into common carts, and conveyed under a burning sun to St. Petersburg, where he was kept in rigorous custody, until he had completed his fourth year of additional captivity. Almost at the moment of his arrest he had been married to a lovely and amiable female: he had no intercourse with his family during his wearisome confinement; and when he returned to be cheered by domestic affection, he found that he had become a father, but that his wife, worn out by her feelings, was no longer the beautiful partner of his hopes and fears, but an exhausted being, dropping fast into her grave. She died in two months. Acts like these necessarily roused that spirit, which has since spoken in the voice of thunder to the oppressor. The suppressed indignation burst forth on the 30th of November, 1830, in the following manner:—The police of the Grand Duke, ever on the alert to render themselves acceptable to their master, by affording him objects

on which he might reck his ruthless passions, planned an association for the purpose of involving the most respectable and distinguished persons in Poland; and for that purpose inveigled a number of ardent youths, just after the revolution in Paris, to attend meetings, and to avow patriotic opinions. The prime conspirator, either from indolence, or a belief that there might be danger in devising a new organization for the association, used that which had been discovered during the early proceedings against the patriots. A copy of this scheme falling into the hands of some of the members of the actual associations, excited a suspicion that they had been betrayed; and the recollection of former horrors decided them to take instant measures for liberating themselves from their detestable thralldom.

Constantine had established a school for the education of inferior officers, with a view to destroying the national character in the army. The numbers at this establishment were at this time one hundred and eighty, of whom not more than six or eight were parties to the association. These, however, early in the evening of the day already mentioned, went into their barrack, addressed their comrades, explained their views, and without a single dissentient, not even excepting one individual who was sick in bed, armed themselves, and commenced their operations.

In order to understand their proceedings, it is necessary to give a short account of local circumstances. The Grand Duke, though affecting a reckless courage on all occasions, did not choose to incur the risk of living in the centre of Warsaw, but established himself at the palace of Belveder in the outskirts of the city, having at a short distance the barracks of three regiments of Russian guards.—From some whimsical motive he surrounded the barrack with a wide and deep ditch, over which some very narrow bridges were thrown, so that by boats it was most conveniently crossed. Constantine had no guards about his residence, but the disguised spies were so numerous, that no stranger could approach beyond the outer gate without interruption.—The habits of the Grand Duke, too, favored the plan of the conspirators. His usual practice was to rise at four, to appear among the troops and in public until his hour of dinner, which is two in the afternoon; then to retire to bed, sleep until seven or eight o'clock, then rise again and devote himself to amusement for the evening. The hour chosen for proceeding to his palace, for the purpose of making him a prisoner to be detained as an hostage, was seven. At that time the young soldiers proceeded to the bridge of Sobieski, where the main body posted themselves, while a dozen of the most determined pressed forward to complete their object. They forced their way into the palace, where they were first opposed by the director of the police, one Lubowidzki, who fled on being wound-

ed: next they encountered the Russian General Gendre, a man infamous for his crimes: he was killed in the act of resisting. Lastly, when on the point of reaching the bed-chamber of the Grand Duke, who, alarmed, had just risen, they were stopped by the valet-de-chambre Kochanowski, who, by closing a secret door, enabled his master to escape undressed through the window. He fled to his guards, who instantly turned out. Disappointed in their prey, the devoted band rejoined their companions at the bridge of Sobieski, where they had been awaiting the result of the plan. On finding that the first object had failed, they resolved on returning into the city. In doing this, it was necessary to pass close to the barracks, where the soldiers were already mounted, but unable to cross the ditch from the precautionary arrangements of the small bridges. They could therefore only fire on the hostile party, who, from being thus peculiarly situated, returned the fire so briskly that they killed three hundred before they retreated, carrying off only one of their party wounded. On reaching the city, they instantly liberated every state prisoner, were joined by the school of the engineers and the students of the university. A party entered the only two theatres open, calling out "Women home—men to arms." Both requisitions were instantaneously complied with. The arsenal was next forced, and, in one hour and a half from the first movement, so electrical was the cry of liberty, that forty thousand men were in arms. The Sappers and the fourth Polish regiment declared in favour of the insurrection very soon; and by eleven o'clock the remainder of the Polish troops in Warsaw, declaring that their children were too deeply compromised to be abandoned, espoused the popular cause. On learning this the Grand Duke fell back, forcing two regiments of Polish guards along with him.

Nowozilzoff, the criminal coadjutor of the Grand Duke, from some presentiment of danger, had gone to St. Petersburg a day before the revolution broke out. The functionaries, thus abandoned, to check the spread of principles opposed to those of Russian policy, invited the most distinguished patriots to join them. These were Czartorisky, Radzivil, Niemcewicz, Chlopicki, Pac, Kachnowski and Lelewel. No good, however, resulted from this heterogeneous assemblage; for, in the hope of accommodation, the patriots were induced to allow the Grand Duke to retire under a convention, when they might have captured his entire army. The escape of so detested a person and his myrmidons excited great dissatisfaction; but no excess was committed, although the exuberance of joy among the patriot bands produced a thousand extravagant demonstrations of their feelings. Disorder might, however, have followed; and Chlopicki, a man of stern character and known devotion to the cause, declared himself Dictator—a de-

claration that was universally satisfactory, from the acknowledged qualities of the man. The attempt to blend his military duties with political details, in the end, proved more than he was equal to. He summoned the Diet, and sent negotiators (Prince Lubecki and Mr. Iezierski) to St. Petersburg: he demanded uncontrolled authority, which was granted with one dissentient voice. Iezierski returned from Petersburg unsuccessful; as the basis of negotiation insisted upon by the Emperor, was unconditional submission. Chlopicki, dissatisfied with his own failure, retired, and for two days there was no executive power, yet no one breathed a thought of abandoning the cause. The Diet then chose Radziville as commander-in-chief: though brave, honorable, and intelligent, he wanted military experience; and assumed the authority merely to prevent anarchy. Chlopicki discharged the functions of the major-general of the army; and the Prince, with the approval of all classes, soon resigned the supreme command to the present Generalissimo, Skrzynecki, who has so nobly vindicated his claim to the arduous task imposed upon him.

From the United Service Journal.

MARSHAL DIEBITSCH.

WHILE we have gathered from public records a portion of the details traced in the following memoir, we acknowledge ourselves still more indebted to communications derived from some of the nearest relatives of its subject.

JOHN CHARLES ANTONY VON DIEBITSCH AND NARDEN, is descended from an ancient and noble Silesian family, and was born on their estate at Grosseleippe, on the 13th of May, 1785. His father, *John Ehrenfried von Diebitsch and Narden*, had made the campaigns of the Seven Years' War on the staff of Frederick the Great, and, after having been promoted by his successors to the rank of lieutenant-colonel and adjutant on his staff, had retired to his patrimonial estates, when he was induced to accept the superintendence of the manufactory of arms at Toul, from which appointment he was subsequently raised to the rank of major-general. By a first marriage he had two sons, one of whom is at this time a colonel in the Russian service; and by a second, three daughters, and a third son, the individual, with whose fortunes we shall proceed exclusively to engage the reader's attention.

In his earliest years, John Von Diebitsch displayed not only an ardent thirst for information, but so singularly retentive a memory, that, when but in his fourth year, he was capable of resolving arithmetical questions with greater readiness than most adults. His first rudiments of knowledge were acquired from a village schoolmaster, whose capabilities soon proved insufficient for the stripling's ardent intellect; his parent, therefore, a man of no mean attainments, was compelled to undertake

the duty of an instructor, and evinced his fitness for the office by guiding the mind of his pupil in those paths of geographical, historical, and mathematical knowledge, to which he sacrificed even the hours of daily recreation. No pursuit, however, so excited young Diebitsch's ardour as that memorable episode in the annals of his native country—the Seven Years' War; and hence, undoubtedly, arose his early predilection for a military life. It was natural that his teacher, himself a soldier, as well as a sharer in the exploits of the first soldier of his age, should foster this predilection, and avail himself of so auspicious an occasion for exhibiting the theories of physical and mathematical science in the perfection of their practice.

As he advanced in years, the youth felt anxious for a society more congenial with his favourite pursuits, and his father, at length yielding to his importunities, removed him to Berlin, with a view to procure his admission into the corps of Cadets. This occurred in 1797. His age, however, which was not much beyond twelve years, threw such difficulties in the way, as nothing but the perseverance of the youth himself, combined with his attainments, of which he gave the most unexpected proofs when under examination, could have overcome. But the mere wearing of a sword and military frock, though it gratified his pride, had no value in his eyes except as the first step towards distinction: he devoted himself with a single-hearted assiduity to an arduous course of regular study; and raised himself into notice among his comrades by the rapidity of his progress in acquiring military knowledge, and into respect with his superiors by the exemplary regularity of his conduct and his amiable deportment. In the course of two years he became a subaltern officer in the corps, and, soon afterwards, was honoured with an ensign's sword.

In the mean time, his father had accepted a major-generalship on the staff of Paul of Russia, upon whose personal intercession, the king of Prussia allowed young Diebitsch to resign his commission as a second-lieutenant, in the early part of 1801. He had quitted the corps of Cadets in the preceding year, and it is a curious fact, that, on this occasion, he should have inscribed the undermentioned lines in the album of his favourite tutor, Bardeleben, one of the council to his Prussian Majesty.

Ja, vergehen muss, vergehen
Pfaffenhum und Mahomed;
Rauchen werden ihre Trummer
Wenn die Freundschaft noch besteht.
Berlin. Anno 1800.

Yes! Papal Rome and Mahmoud's pride
Shall from this scene be swept away;
And from their waste the smoke ascend
Ere friendship's glow has lived its day!

His relinquishment of the Prussian service was accompanied by the sincere regret of his superiors and tutors, and he carried with him an honourable testimonial to his character and

uncommon attainments, under the hand of Gen. Von Ruchel, the commandant of the corps of Cadets. From Berlin, he proceeded to Settlin with his father, who had come to that city for the purpose of conveying his sister and himself to Russia, and thence embarked for St. Petersburg, where they arrived shortly after the accession of the Emperor Alexander. The elder Diebitsch's merits were not unknown to that sovereign, and the best proof he could afford of his esteem, was the permitting his son to make choice of the regiment in which he would be posted. The result was an ensign's commission in the Semenoff regiment of Grenadier Guards, which Alexander had commanded when Grand Duke. Diebitsch at once determined upon becoming a Russian in word as well as in deed, mastered the peculiar difficulties of the language so as to speak and write it like a native, and thus identified himself with his brother soldiers. His first active service was to attend the Emperor's coronation at Moscow, whence he returned with his regiment to garrison duty at St. Petersburg; here he devoted every leisure hour he could spare from military avocations to scientific and professional pursuits, until the war in 1805 called him to the field of battle.*

He was subsequently appointed to the corps of Wittgenstein, and his station on the staff placed within his reach abundant opportunities of acquiring quick-sightedness, caution, and experience; qualities, in the absence of which, the most consummate theoretical acquirements are but of indifferent value and restricted usefulness.

Wittgenstein's corps was pitted against the superior force under Oudinot, and speedily constrained to fall back from Wilkomirz upon a position, in which it was enabled both to cover the Russian capital and obstruct the investment of Riga. In this position he had to contend against the combined efforts of the Dukes of Tarentum and Reggio, with both of whom it was an object of the deepest moment to possess themselves of the great northern inlet to St. Petersburg. The Russian commander, however, skillfully contrived to interpose between the two lines of his adversaries' movements, to maintain his ground upon the Dwina, and, in the conflicts of Jacobowo, Obojarzina, and Klastizza, to bridle the impetuosity as effectually as he had baffled the skill of his assailants. The French were driven back upon Polozk, and whilst honours were heaped upon the victor, Diebitsch, the life and soul of his *etat-major*, was not forgotten. A major-generalship and the ribbons of more than one order were his reward.

Towards the close of October, Wittgenstein received sufficient reinforcements to enable him, as a step towards forming a junction with the Finnish corps under General Stringel, to

act upon the offensive; accordingly, he advanced against Polozk, expelled the French, of whom Marshal St. Cyr had taken the command, from that town, and obliged them to recross the Dwina, after a sanguinary action, in which Diebitsch, by gallantly forcing and maintaining a bridge at the head of three thousand raw peasantry, entirely disconcerted the French plan of attack, and, by this service, is considered to have decided the issue in favour of the Russian arms, in fact it was on this spot that he earned his commission of Major-General. The severe conflicts of Czaanicki and Smoliani subsequently contributed to the precipitate retreat of the enemy, who were pursued by Wittgenstein to Studzianka, and were unable to prevent Parthonneaux's division from falling into his hands. The French and their allies were now flying in all directions; the Prussian corps alone remained together to cover them in their retreat, and upon Gen. Diebitsch devolved the painful duty, not only of measuring weapons with his own countrymen, but of entering his native lands as a victorious adversary. It is needless to say, that he acquitted himself in this trying circumstance with a caution and delicacy to which his natural sovereign has since rendered ample justice; indeed, they pointed him out soon afterwards as the fittest individual who could be selected to open and conduct a negotiation with the Prussian commander. Previously, however, Gen. D'York, whose force constituted the third column, or rear-guard, of the feeble remnant of the French army, had been driven out of Mieltau, and on the 27th of December following, forced to evacuate Memel; from this place Diebitsch kept close upon his heels, having an internal presentiment that the Prussian possessed secret instructions which would justify him in seeking the first favourable opportunity of arresting any further effusion of blood. The uncertainty, in this respect, called for the exercise of much discretion; Diebitsch made his dispositions accordingly, and, indeed, with so happy an effect, that although, at the head of no more than eighteen hundred horse, he deceived D'York into an impression that, when he was signing the celebrated capitulation of the 30th of December, 1812, the whole corps of Wittgenstein stood before him. It subsequently appeared that D'York had no instructions from his cabinet, but acted, on this occasion, upon his individual responsibility, and a personal conviction that a close alliance with Russia would best conciliate the interests with the avowed prepossessions of their common country.

For this service Diebitsch received the cordial thanks of the Emperor Alexander, accompanied by the insignia of the Order of St. Anne, of the first class; and he entered Berlin with the rank of Quarter-Master-General. Here was no slender proof, that if he had been blessed with those opportunities which a soldier covets, he had wanted neither the good

* Unable to supply an accidental loss of copy, we have been obliged to omit a small part of the account of Marshal Diebitsch's early military career.—Ed. Mrs.

sense nor ability to turn them to a rich account. Of eight-and-twenty years of a well-spent life, thirteen had elapsed since he had visited the land of his birth; and under what stirring circumstances of delight and satisfaction with the fruits of his toil, must he not once more have trodden its soil?

In the year 1813, he replaced Gen. Davvry as chief of Wittgenstein's staff; the Russian army was, however, checked in its career by the loss of the battle of Bautzen, and a change in its organization, after it had fallen back upon Silesia, brought Diebitsch under Barclay de Tolly's orders, as Quarter-Master-General of the first *corps d'armées*. But the armistice which ensued afforded him full occupation in another sphere of action. It was required of the Emperor Francis to decide, whether he would persist in supporting his son-in-law, or make common cause with those who had confederated to rid themselves of the galling yoke of French domination; Diebitsch's adroitness as a negotiator had been tried and proven; he was entrusted with full powers on the part of Alexander, repaired to Reichenbach, and, on the 14th of June 1813, was a subscribing party to the secret treaty between Austria, Russia, Great Britain, and Prussia, which was finally settled and ratified at Trachenberg on the 9th, 10th, and 11th of July following. On the latter occasion, he was likewise instrumental in arranging the plan of operations for the ensuing campaign; and his merits were acknowledged so liberally by the Austrian and Prussian courts, that, on his return to head quarters, no fewer than eleven Orders glittered upon his breast.

This peaceful scene of diplomatic triumphs was succeeded by the cares and tumults of war. Napoleon quietly waited the advance of the confederates upon Dresden; the hard-fought contests of the 26th and 27th of August revived his drooping hopes, and ridded him of a hated and powerful rival—the lamented Moreau. In this conflict, Diebitsch distinguished himself by his usual gallantry; after having had two horses killed under him, and received a severe contusion, he continued at his post in the thickest of the fray, and took a conspicuous lead in superintending the retreat. At the subsequent battle of Culm, he was placed in the singularly painful predicament of being checked in a charge at the head of some regiments of cavalry, by the murderous fire of a division of Prussian infantry, who mistook them for their French opponents; and in the memorable "struggle of nations," as our German neighbours term it, which was held in the plains of Leipzig, the skill, precision, and intrepidity, with which he led the movements entrusted to him, were of so distinguished a character, as to induce the Emperor Alexander to name him one of his lieutenant-generals on the field of battle, and procure him additional marks of princely favour, amongst which was the Prussian Order of the Eagle of the first class.

The war was now transferred into the bosom of the oppressor's dominions. In March 1814, the Allies had penetrated as far as Provins; but St. Priest had been worsted and Rheims retaken; they retreated to Arcis-sur-Aube; and here, in a moment of panic, Alexander and Frederic William consented, in a council of war, that Schwartzenberg should fall back upon Bar and behind the Aube. The head-quarters were consequently removed to Troyes, and the whole army had orders to follow on the ensuing day. Diebitsch was one of the very few who foresaw the inevitable perils of so precipitate a change from the offensive to the defensive; to retreat was to throw the whole moral and physical resources of the country once more into the adversary's scale. In vain had he urged remonstrance after remonstrance upon the Generalissimo; he sought his own Sovereign, and, with the eloquence of deep conviction, succeeded in persuading him that "to fail before Paris would be less costly in consequences than to retire behind the Rhine, and that, in the worst event, a retreat upon the Dutch frontier remained at their command, where they would effect a junction with the unenfeebled forces under Bulow." A second council was called together, and in that eventful night, of which Alexander declared that "he thought his hair would have grown half-grey," the retreat was countermanded, and orders for resuming the offensive were given. On the 31st of March, the Allied army marched through the gates of Paris, and on the summit of Mont Martre, the Emperor Alexander clasped Diebitsch in his arms, expressed his grateful acknowledgement of the eminent services he had rendered to the common cause, and, with his own hand, invested him with the ribbon and insignia of St. Alexander-Newsky—the highest distinction which Russian chivalry affords.

As soon as peace was concluded, Diebitsch found his way back to Warsaw, and on the 31st of March 1815, he married Jane Baroness de Tornau, a daughter of the Baron and Privy-Counsellor of that name, and niece to the lady of Prince Barclay de Tolly, under whose immediate eye the latter years of his bright career had been passed. Of this marriage there has been no issue; and he is at this moment in the first year of his widowhood.

On Napoleon's return from Elba, Alexander called him to his side at the congress of Vienna, and then sent him to join the first corps of the Russian army, as chief officer of the general staff. After the battle of Waterloo, Count Woronzow's division being left to form part of the army of occupation, the remainder of the Russians, bent their way homewards, and Diebitsch proceeded with his corps to the Dnieper, where he remained in head quarters at Mohilew, until the Emperor gave him a further proof of his confidence by appointing him Adjutant-general. When the Spanish and Italian revolutions called the Sovereigns together at

Laybach, Diebitsch was specially summoned to accompany his Monarch to the congress, and was one of his principal advisers throughout its proceedings. Upon their termination, he returned to Mohilew, where he remained stationed, until he was ordered to St. Petersburg in the year 1820, and placed at the head of the Imperial staff. In this capacity, and as Adjutant-General, he was attached to his Sovereign's person in the strictest sense of the word, accompanied him on all his journeys, and was consulted upon every occasion where the army or military affairs was concerned. His influence was also enhanced by his appointment to the Major-Generalship of the Russian forces.

In the autumn of 1825, the Emperor Alexander set out upon a tour of inspection through Podolia, Wolhynia, and Bessarabia, and having joined the Empress at Taganrog, on the Sea of Asoph, thence made excursions into the Crimea and several adjacent provinces. Diebitsch was his favourite companion. Sebastopol was one of the places they visited, and its rich and delightfully romantic scenery excited the Emperor's admiration in so lively a degree, that he suddenly turned round to Gen. Diebitsch, and exclaimed—"Should I ever withdraw from the cares of government I should wish to close my days on this spot." He had not been long at this place before he complained of cold and general indisposition, returned in consequence to Taganrog, and after some fourteen days' illness, expired, on the 1st of December, in the arms of his exemplary consort. Diebitsch, having witnessed this scene with a sorrowing eye, and wept many a bitter tear over the last remains of a kind and beloved master, hastened back to the Russian capital.

The faithful servants of the elder, were welcome guests in the presence of the younger brother, and Diebitsch found in Nicholas a patron who was capable of appreciating his merits and devotion. The young Prince was scarcely engaged in providing for the conduct of the Government, when he was called upon to defend the throne against a widely ramified conspiracy, of which the seeds had been laid so far back as the year 1821. It was, however, averted by the resolute energy of the Regent, and Miloradovitch, Governor of St. Petersburg, who fell its first and most distinguished victim. Among the numerous list of those who were thus rescued from its vengeance, was Gen. Diebitsch, who seems to have shared the hatred of Bestusheff and Murawiew, in common with the Imperial brothers and the most eminent of the Russian nobility. That this treasonable design was conceived in a purely selfish spirit, became abundantly manifest from the discordance of views which prevailed amongst its originators; some of whom were for establishing a republic, others a limited monarchy, some a regency, and others again a middle system between a monarchy

and a republic; whilst most were incapable of designating for what direct end they had conspired. Immediately previous to this explosion, Gen. Diebitsch had been dispatched to Warsaw to notify the demise of the late Sovereign to the Grand-Duke Constantine, he was accompanied by Prince Wolkonski, and returned in a short time with letters from the Cesarowitch, in which he declared himself ready to take the first oath of allegiance to his brother Nicholas, as Autocrat of all the Russias; thereby confirming the solemn renunciation which he had made on the 24th January 1822. By activity and dexterous management in this negotiation, no less than zeal and resolution in suppressing the spirit of turbulence which at that time manifested itself in the second corps, Diebitsch established himself firmly in the favour of the new Sovereign, was confirmed in the post of chief of the Imperial staff, and, in a general order of the day issued by Nicholas, was distinguished by as honourable a mention as was ever conferred by a Monarch on his subject.

"Among the services which you have rendered to your country," says the order, "posterity will justly account among the most important, the decision and energy with which you conducted yourself at a time when we were weighed down by the great calamity which had befallen the whole nation, and when you came forward *single-handed* to meet the approach of danger. In the name of the country at large, accept, through me, the tribute of our unmingled gratitude; and believe me to be,

"Your most affectionate,

"NICHOLAS."

It was no trifling pledge of his Sovereign's esteem to be entrusted shortly after with the duty of receiving the remains of the late Emperor at Moscow, and conveying them to St. Petersburg, where, upon the solemn obsequies which took place on the 26th of March 1826, he followed, at the head of the general staff, immediately next to his Grace of Wellington. And again, in the September of the succeeding year, he had the high gratification of being chosen as the medium through whom his Imperial Majesty extended a free pardon to those, who, by reason of their participation in the late conspiracy, had been condemned to hard labour, or exiled to the more distant provinces.

The connexion between Russia and Turkey had for years been gradually assuming a more unfriendly, if not a decidedly hostile character; the negotiations, which had long been pending between both powers, involved points, whence either of them could readily derive a plausible pretext for bringing that connexion to a precipitate termination; and it was unlikely that advantage would not be taken of them, whenever it might be convenient to Russia to give farther effect to her favourite yearning for aggrandizement in the South. On the 14th of April 1828, she therefore put forth a thunder-

ing manifesto of wrongs and outrages done to her by the Ottoman, and forthwith set her armies in motion. The indifferent result of the first campaign received, however, some compensation from the capture of Varna; and this was abundantly needed to revive the sinking spirits of the Muscovite soldiery, after their sanguinary miscarriage before Brailow, and the discomfiture of their attempts upon the entrenchments of Shumla. Diebitsch's friends have invariably repudiated the plan of this campaign, so far as he has been charged with having been its author; and this accusation bears its own refutation with it, if it be true, as it has been confidently alleged, that he had previously insisted upon the urgency of making Varna the basis of any aggression upon Turkey. The experience of preceding campaigns must, indeed, have convinced so wary a soldier as Diebitsch, that Shumla and the Balkan are nothing less than the Thermopylæ of the Turkish dominions on their northern side; and it is impossible but that he must have felt, with a brother soldier, that, "after inspecting its natural and artificial strength, the visitor will acknowledge he could not have set foot within it, save and except by the permission of its custodians."* At all events, the fall of Varna was the work of General Diebitsch, and virtually acknowledged as such by an eye-witness—his own Sovereign—in the Imperial rescript issued on the 12th of November, to which was added the grand-cross of the order of St. Andrew. His subsequent operations were confined to the establishing of the Russian forces, which continued under the chief command of Count Wittgenstein, in safe and comfortable winter-quarters on the northern side of the Danube. Having effected this important object, and consulted with his brother-officers on the subject of the campaign for the following year, he followed the Emperor Nicholas to St. Petersburg; and, upon his return to Jassy, was appointed commander-in-chief with unlimited powers; an honour which he intimated to the army by his General-order of the 27th of February 1829, wherein a respectful and affectionate testimony is borne to the services of his predecessor. Between this time and the 20th of March, he was indefatigably occupied in the equipment, renovation, and re-organization of the Russian forces, and, in the same interval, had removed his headquarters from Jassy to Isaaktsha. In the following month the campaign opened with desperate, though unavailing sallies on the part of the Turkish garrisons in Widdin, Giurgewo, and Silistria, under the walls of which latter fortresses their onset was so formidable as to impel him, though labouring under a severe fever, to animate his men to victory by his own presence, where the contest raged with greatest fury. May was signalized by an abortive as-

sault upon the same stronghold; but, on the thirtieth of the month ensuing, the intrepid obstinacy of his opponents gave way, and the Russian eagle replaced the crescent within its frowning battlements.

This event left him with the unnumbered means of effecting an enterprize, which has deservedly placed him on a level with the first captains of the present day. He knew that the Grand Vizier, in command of "Shumla the inexpugnable," would concentrate his attention on the defence of that important stronghold, and foresaw, that if threatened in that quarter, he would leave every other point, especially that below Kamshik, uncovered, rather than expose it even to the remotest prospect of danger. Diebitsch, therefore, moved up the main body of his forces in front of Shumla; then directed Gen. Rudiger to advance to Kiuprikioi, on his right, and cover Roth's division on his left, which had orders to force the pass over the lower Kamshik; both were to be supported by Count Pahlen with the reserve, and whilst this operation was proceeding, Gen. Krasowski, at the head of forty thousand infantry and cavalry, had it in charge to keep the Grand Vizier in check, and defend the line of operations until the passage of the Balkan had been effected. The circumstances, however, of this brilliant and successful achievement are of so recent a date, as to render it unnecessary for us to dwell upon its details. It will be sufficient to observe, that Diebitsch, having mastered every obstacle, and given a signal overthrow to the Grand Vizier, who had issued from his entrenchments with forty thousand Turks on the road to Paravadi, forced his way through the mountain-bulwarks of the Balkan, assaulted and carried Mesambri and Burgas, repulsed the gallant attack made upon him before Aidos by Ibrahim Pasha, and on the 31st of July issued from that town a proclamation, which converted even Mussulman prejudice into respect and amity, by guaranteeing to all entire safety of persons and property: an act of grace unknown to the ferocious character of Mahomedan warfare. Eleven days after this, the victor's name was enrolled by his imperial Master's hand in the annals of Russian glory, under the title of "*Imenno Diebitsch SARALKANSKI*," (the forcer of the Balkan,) in perpetual remembrance of his lofty enterprize and splendid triumphs.

The difficulties of the ground between Aidos and Adrianople would have required as many months as it occupied him days to compass them, had he been called upon to encounter them in the presence of a less panic-struck antagonist. On the 19th of August, Eske-Sarai and the heights which command the ancient and splendid city of Adrianople, were in the possession of the victors. There were means of defence at hand; regular troops and militia to the extent of nearly 30,000, and approaches rendered tenable by deep ditches, numerous gardens and close-set hedges; but a deputation

* Colonel Rottier's Itinerary from Tiflis to Constantinople.

of Turks presented themselves at the outposts to negotiate a capitulation, and Diebitsch required an unconditional surrender within the next fourteen hours. At five in the morning of the 20th, the columns of attack were on the march, and two hours before the expiration of the breathing-time allowed, the Russian commander was seen heading the right column within gun-shot of the walls. Another proposal for obtaining terms was summarily rejected—and the assailants were again in motion. At this sight, both soldier and citizen threw away their arms, and rushed out to welcome their invaders; whilst some of the Pashas advanced to offer greetings to Count Diebitsch, and others clapped spurs to their chargers that they might avoid taking a part in this scene of national humiliation. Fifty-six cannon, five-and-twenty standards, and five horse-tails, besides a rich booty in necessities and munitions of war, fell a prize to the victors.

On the following day, Kırklissa, Lulle-Burgos, and Iniadi having been entered, the Russian advance was pushed as far as Tshatal-Burgas on the road to Silivria. Thus established in the very heart of European Turkey, where could Diebitsch have been placed in a more auspicious position for exacting what has passed into the nomenclature of diplomacy—"indemnity for the past and security for the future?" The negotiations were opened by envoys dispatched from Constantinople; and, after they had spun them out until he threatened to break them off altogether, and dictate harder terms before the gates of Constantinople, a treaty of peace was ultimately signed at Adrianople on the 14th of September, and on the 28th of October following the ratifications by each Sovereign were exchanged on the same spot.

Of this treaty we have only space to remark, that, in proportion as it crippled the power and independence of the Ottoman empire, it extended the dominion and cemented the preponderance of Russia, to a degree, indeed, which has rendered her an object of new alarm and jealousy to every state in Europe.

Since the close of the Turkish campaign, Field-Marshal Diebitsch has been occupied in military avocations at St. Petersburg, with the exception of a few months in the autumn of last year which he has chiefly spent on a visit to his patrimonial estates in Silesia. His health had been much impaired by the toils of war, and it was generally believed that this circumstance, combined with the undissembled jealousy he was exposed to endure from many of the native officers in the Russian service, had inspired him with a determination to retire from public life. But Poland has sounded the tocsin of independence, and he has been summoned to an inglorious task;—a task, in which whatever fame he may acquire, will be blotted out in abhorrence of the means through which he will have purchased it.

From the United Service Journal.

STRENGTH AND ORGANIZATION OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

THE Emperor is the supreme chief of the Russian army, and he takes the command himself of it in time of war. The Field Marshals are under his immediate orders. The allowances of the superior officers are very moderate; they have, however, certain expenses allowed them for a table, and some other emoluments, which are augmented in various ways; for, in this venal nation, a public functionary, whether military or civil, rarely lets slip an occasion of turning to account the opportunities afforded by his station. The pay of the subaltern officers is remarkably insufficient, and many must in some shape make a sacrifice to their country in serving as lieutenants or captains of cavalry, especially in the Guards. In order to become an officer there must be proofs of nobility, and of having been previously admitted to a military institution; but private soldiers, nevertheless, may become officers, and even the higher military honours are not inaccessible to this class. The sub-officers of the Guard frequently pass into the army of the line with the rank of ensign, and every officer of this rank may become a general. The pay of a private soldier does not exceed thirty francs (1*l.* 5*s.*) per annum, out of which there are several reductions. He receives, besides, some articles of food, and every year a uniform. The Russian soldier, however, with his miserable pittance, is happier than if he had remained a slave. This feeling greatly facilitates the recruiting of the army.

The recruiting is carried on, generally, every three years, amongst the artizans and peasants. The army is only composed of freemen, and every serf is emancipated by the simple fact of his entering into the service of the state. The yoke, however, is in reality not got rid of, but merely changed from that of the glebe to a harassing, and frequently capriciously cruel discipline. The ordinances for recruiting affect all men indiscriminately belonging to the two classes pointed out, if under forty years of age, whether married or not. Sometimes, however, some of the tribes are exempted from this operation, in consequence of their being either too distant or too few to be exhausted by recruiting. In ordinary times one out of every five hundred males is taken, but during war, two out of every five hundred; and, in case of urgency, four out of the same number. The ordering these levies is regulated by the last census, which is sometimes that of eight or nine years previous.

The Cossacks, whose obligations and privileges are regulated by treaties, place at the disposal of the Emperor the number of troops which they undertake to furnish, and are not included in the recruitment.

The German colonists in Russia are also, in general, exempted; and, like the privileged

classes, only enter the service when it suits them. The males who furnish the new levies do not exceed twenty-four millions, from which must be deducted all those whom the Government send to their lords, for a sum of from one thousand five hundred to two thousand francs. A levy, therefore, of two in every five hundred males, does not produce more than about ninety thousand men. At any particular crisis the militia can be summoned under arms, which, in case of need, can be increased to two hundred and fifty thousand men.

The following list gives the Russian army as it was in 1827. Since the Turkish war Russia has made the greatest efforts to repair its losses, and the army may be now considered as on the same footing as at that epoch, its operations being directed by the same Generals-in-Chief:—

1ST. IMPERIAL GUARDS.

8 regiments of infantry, each consisting of three battalions, comprising 2,400	19,200
Battalions of Sappers and foot artillery	2,000
8 regiments of cavalry, each 800	6,400
Cossacks and petards, 3 squadrons	800
Pioneers and horse-artillery	800
Total Imperial Guards	29,200

2ND. INFANTRY OF THE LINE.

127 regiments of grenadiers, fusiliers, and chasseurs, each three battalions, 2,400 men	304,800
36 battalions of garrison troops	77,000
Total Infantry	381,800

3RD. CAVALRY.

16 regiments of Cuirassiers, each 5 squadrons and 1,000 men	16,000
52 regiments of Dragoons, Hussars, Hulans, and Chasseurs, each from 5 to 10 squadrons and 1,000 men	52,000
32 regiments of regular Cossacks, 18 of Cossacks of the Don, 10 of Cossacks of the Black Sea, 10 of Cossacks of the Ural, 3 of Cossacks of the Volga, and the Cossacks of Siberia, the Kalmucks, the Tartars, the Bachkins, and Caucasians	100,000

Total Cavalry, regular and irregular	168,000
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4TH. ARTILLERY.

60 companies of artillery for sieges 200 each	12,000
60 companies of field artillery, 200 each	12,000
22 companies of horse artillery, 200 each	4,400
12 companies of pioneers, 200 each	2,400
10 companies of pontoneers, 200 each	2,000

12 companies and 62 artillery commands in the interior garrisons	11,500
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Total artillery	44,300
Extra corps	27,000

Total of the Russian army 650,300

Add to this number about 20,000 officers of all ranks, gives a general total of **670,000**

This number was borne upon the registers of the army before the extraordinary levies of 1827 and 1828. The number was then rather nominal than effective, but it was then carried on to its completion, and the Russian army was increased by 200,000 men, making the whole **870,000**

This immense number, which is at present under arms, is divided into eight armies, each consisting of three or more corps. That of the Imperial Guards are under the orders of the Grand Duke Michael; the army of the south quitted by Count Wittgenstein, is commanded by Count Diebitsch; that of the west by Count Osten-Sacken; the Lithuanian army by the Grand Duke Constantine; the separate corps of Caucasus by Count Paskewitch-Eriwanski; the army of the Grand Duchy of Finland by General Zakrefski; the military colonies by General Tolostoi. There are also *corps de reserve* in the environs of Moscow and St. Petersburg, in case of emergency. From the whole amount must be deducted about 60,000 men, the contingent of the new kingdom of Poland now in arms against Russia, and also the Lithuanian army and the other troops levied in the ancient territories of the Polish republic, which can now scarcely be included in the list.

The military force of Russia, however, is not near so great as it appears upon paper, it being a monstrous aggregation of conquered nations, a part of whom must necessarily be employed to keep the others in subjection. Russia, no doubt, recruits in Poland, in Finland, amongst the Tartar tribes of Kasan and the Crimea, in Caucasus, and amongst the Normades of Northern Asia, but the population in these territories must be kept down by corps of troops more or less considerable. In Asia detachments are stationed along an immense line at two or three leagues' distance from each other, from Kasan to Kamtschatka. Russia is, besides, obliged to watch her neighbours by means of great corps d'armee. Thus, for instance, the Russian Ambassador at the Court of Teheran had, for some time, the command of the military forces stationed on the frontiers of Persia, in order that he might make an impression on that Power in his double character.

Russia, therefore, notwithstanding the apparent number of her fighting men, can scarcely

bring into the field so many soldiers as Prussia. In 1813, when she had made the greatest efforts, she had not more than three hundred thousand men disposable, and even that was not effected but by the aid of subsidies from Great Britain.

The Russian officers, to eke out their pay, endeavour to raise money from merchants and travellers; and it is not uncommon to see an old Colonel, with four decorations, receive from a traveller what our mere custom-house

officers would reject with indignation. The recruiting in Russia is effected by means of throwing the responsibility of furnishing the men upon the landed proprietors, upon whom it becomes a serious burden. By paying from one thousand five hundred to two thousand francs per man, they can purchase an exemption; and in the Turkish war several courtiers made a traffic of these tickets of exemption, the price of which was then raised to nearly three thousand francs.

VARIETIES.

Statistical Notices of Poland.—THE largest portion of the ancient kingdom of Poland—Lithuania, Volhynia, and Podolia, containing eleven millions and a half of inhabitants—has been incorporated with Russia, and this separation has ever been complained of as a heavy grievance and injustice by the present kingdom of Poland. In the three populous provinces above named, the nobles retain nearly all their ancient privileges and the peasants are still slaves.

The Austrian portion of Poland has a population of four millions. The state-taxes are not oppressive, but the condition of the peasantry is not sensibly improved, and complaints of the oppressive practices of the stewards, who manage the nobles' estates, are universal.

In the Prussian grand duchy of Posen, the inhabitants, like the other Poles, are principally Roman Catholics. Here the endeavours of the Prussian Government to improve the condition of the peasantry have been eminently successful; and from 1814 to 1829 inclusive, 5395 peasants have been released from feudal claims, and become the proprietors of their farms. The population of Posen is 884,000, including 48,000 Jews.

The small free state of Cracow numbers about 100,000 inhabitants. The eight Wojwodships, composing the present kingdom of Poland, contained, in 1828, according to official statements, 4,088,000 people, including 400,000 Jews.

The increased intelligence and importance of the industrious classes in the Kingdom of Poland, is evinced by their rapid progress, under many fiscal disadvantages, in manufactures and commerce. In 1815 only one hundred looms were employed, and in 1830 six thousand were at work, producing annually above 7,000,000 ells of cloth of various kinds. Many spinning factories for wool and flax, on the best principles, have been established; and in Warsaw, especially, a laudable and enterprising spirit prevails among the more opulent inhabitants. Hitherto the elementary schools have been inadequate to the wants of the population; but that the more educated classes are not indifferent to intellectual advancement is proved by the fact, that the small kingdom of Poland had, in 1830, thirty-seven newspapers and periodicals, while only thirty-eight were published throughout all European Russia.

In Warsaw, twenty printing presses were actively employed in 1830; but the freedom of the press, although guaranteed by the Polish charter, has been trampled upon at pleasure by the government. An oppressive censorship was established, with power to control every department of literature. All French newspapers, excepting the *Moniteur* and the *Gazette de France*, were prohibited; all other tolerated foreign papers were delivered, on

arrival, to the censors, and returned or retained at pleasure. German works were especially interdicted, and amongst them the works of Jean Paul Richter. The French drama of *La Muette de Portici* and the *Vaudeville of Avant, Pendant, et Apres*, being revolutionary subjects, were forbidden at the theatres. A secret police was established under the controul of Rozniecki, who employed one hundred spies, accusers, and *agens provocateurs*, to watch and betray suspected persons. The individuals who sold themselves to this unpopular service, were spendthrifts or men of notorious profligacy, who frequented hotels, coffee-rooms, and theatres. This secret police was introduced by Alexander in 1815.

On the Produce of Gold and Silver in the Russian Empire.—(Alexander von Humboldt.)—The yearly produce of the Russian gold and silver mines has lately been very variously stated; and as I am afraid that some of these statements may be attributed to me, I take an opportunity of giving the following numerical exposition of the fact.

According to official documents, the Russian mines yield annually about 22,000 marks of gold, and 77,000 of silver. In 1828 the produce of gold was 22,256 marks (315 puds, of which 115 were obtained from imperial, and 203 from private mines); of silver 76,498 marks (1093 puds); and of platina 6570 marks (94 puds); and the respective value was, of gold, 4,896,000 Russian dollars (700,000 sterling); and of silver, 1,071,000 dollars (153,000 sterling). The gold mines of the Ural yielded in

1826	- - - - -	232	puds.
1827	- - - - -	282	"
1828	- - - - -	291	"

In the first six months of 1829 they gave 142 puds of gold (46 from imperial, and 96 from private mines,) and 43 puds of platina.

The total produce of the Ural mines, from 1814 to 1828, is 1551 puds, of the value of about 3,413,000 sterling; the last five years alone yielded 1247 puds.

The annual produce of gold in Europe and in Asiatic Russia amounts to 26,500 marks of gold, and 292,000 of silver; of which the Russian empire alone yields 22,200 marks of gold, and 76,500 of silver.

Skillful Anatomists.—It may not be generally known, that the tad-pole nets the same part with fish, that antelope with birds; and that, through the agency of this little reptile, perfect skeletons, even of the smallest fishes, may be obtained. To produce this, it is but necessary to suspend the fish by threads attached to the head and tail, in an horizontal position, in a jar of water, such as is found in a pond, and change it often till the tad-poles have finished their work. Two or three tad-poles will perfectly dissect a fish in twenty-four hours.

The Press in Poland.—A French journal has been established at Warsaw—one result of the late revolution—entitled *L'Echo de la Pologne*. It was commenced in the latter end of January, and is published on alternate days: it bears for its motto an adopted version of the words of Shakspeare, "To be, or not to be," thus—*Etre libre, ou n'être pas*. The Polish language being chiefly confined to the country, the French has been adopted for the journal, as the readiest medium for conveying to the world a full knowledge of the sentiments and the actual state of the brave defenders of that unfortunate country.

Memorable Saying of Kosciuszko.—When this brave Pole arrived at Cracow, where the revolution commenced, he made, to the little band of patriots under his command, the following heart-stirring speech: "We are not strong enough in number to be victorious, but we are enough to die with honour in defending our country!"

Napoleon on Calumny.—No man had ever been more assailed by calumny than Napoleon, which is not to be wondered at, but he would never permit any one to reply to the attacks that were made upon him. "Whatever pains (he said) might have been bestowed on such answers, they would only have given additional weight to the accusations they were intended to refute. Facts were the most convincing answers. A fine monument, another good law, or a new victory, were sufficient to defeat a thousand such falsehoods. Declamation passes away, but deeds remain."

French Drama.—From the 1st of January 1809, to the 31st of December 1830, there were represented at Paris 3558 new dramatic pieces. During the last ten years M. Seribe has produced 135; M. Theaulon, 94; M. Brazier, 94; M. Armand Dartois, 92; M. Carmouche, 92; M. Melesville, 80; M. H. Dupin, 56; M. Benjamin Antier, 55; M. Dumersan, 33; M. Frédéric de Courcy, 50.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A Tale of Fashionable Life, entitled "Pin-Money," by the authoress of "Manners of the Day," may be very shortly expected.

Miss London, the popular authoress of "The Improvisatrice," and other poems of great beauty, has nearly completed a prose fiction, to be called "Romance and Reality."

Mr. Russ Cox's forthcoming work, "The Columbia River," will include a Narrative of his Residence of Six Years on the Western side of the Rocky Mountains, among various tribes of Indians hitherto unknown, together with a Journey across the American Continent.

Paris and London, a story of modern life and manners in these two great cities, is announced for early publication.

Jacquelin of Holland, by the Author of "The Heiress of Jagers," will very shortly make its appearance.

Mr. James's new tale of Philip Augustus will be published in a few days. The French Monarch, after whom the work is called, it will be recollected, accompanied our first Richard to the Holy Land, where the combined efforts of two Monarchs were attended with the most splendid success. Interesting as have been the former productions of this novelist, we think his present story promises to eclipse them.

The Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence, which has been so anxiously expected, will be immediately published. A great mass of correspondence, of a most interesting nature, will be included in the work, together with a Diary kept by the President during his sojourn with the late Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold at Claremont.

A Second Series of Sketches of Irish Character, by Mrs. S. C. Hall, is about to issue from the press.

Mr. J. F. Pennie, the author of "The Royal Minstrel," "Rogvald," "Ethelwolf," and other poems of a high class, announces, by subscription, and under the patronage of the King, a volume entitled "Britain's Historical Drama," being a series of National Poems, intended to illustrate the manners, customs, and religious institutions of different early ages in Britain.

Mr. Richard Watson is about to publish the Life of the Rev. John Wesley, M. A. including Notices of the Rev. Charles Wesley, M. A.

Mr. John James Audubon has announced an Ornithological Biography, of an Account of the Habits of the Birds of the United States of America; accompanied by Descriptions of the Objects represented in his splendid Work, entitled "The Birds of America," and interspersed with Delineations of American Scenery and Manners.

Captain Marryat, the author of "The King's Own," has another work ready for press, to be entitled "Newton Forster; or, The Merchant Service." It will form 3 vols. post 8vo.

The first Historical Novel ever published in this country on the subject of Russian History, is on the eve of publication. It is entitled "The Young Muscovite; or, The Pole in Russia," and is edited by Captain Frederic Chamier, R. N. It will form 3 vols. post 8vo.

The History of Poland, from the earliest period to the present times, with a Narrative of the Recent Transactions, from the pen of a distinguished Polish Noblemen, will be published early in the month. It will form one volume 8vo., illustrated by Portraits of Kosciuszko and the President of the National Government (Prince Czartorski); also an accurate Map of Poland, including its ancient boundaries.

The First Volume of "Roscoe's Novelist's Library," containing De Foe's Robinson Crusoe, to be completed in Two Volumes, with a Life of De Foe, written expressly for this Edition, will be published on the 2nd of May. The Work will be printed in mouthly volumes, uniformly with the Waterbury Novels, and beautifully illustrated. It will embrace Smollett, Fielding, Goldsmith, Sterne, Swift, Le Sage, Cervantes, and all the great Classical Novelists.

In the Press, and will be speedily published, in 3 vols. post 8vo., "The Staff Officer; or, The Soldier of Fortune," a Tale of Real Life.—"The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not, and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues." By Oliver Moore.

Memorials of the Stuart Dynasty are in the Press, including the Constitutional and Ecclesiastical History of England, from the decease of Elizabeth to the abdication of James II. By Robert Vaughan, author of "The Life and Opinions of Wycliffe."

Spain in 1830. By Henry D. Inglis, author of "Solitary Walks through many Lands," will shortly appear.

Plaute Javanica Rariorum, descriptis iconibusque illustrata, consisting of illustrations of the Rarer Plants contained in the Herbarium collected by Thomas Horsfield, M.D. in the Island of Java, selected and described by Robert Brown, Esq.

A view of the General Tenor of the New Testament, regarding the Nature and dignity of Christ, from the various Passages relating to that Subject. By Joanna Bailie, author of "The Martyrs," and "The Bride."

In the Press, and will be speedily published, in 3 vols. post 8vo., "The Club Book;" consisting of Original Tales by the following Authors:—Allan Cunningham, Esq. Author of *Sir Marmaduke Maxwell*—John Galt, Esq. Author of *Annals of the Parish*—Lord Francis Leveson Gower, Author of the Translation of *Fanshawe*—James Hogg, Esq. Author of the *Queen's Wake*—Theodore Hook, Esq. Author of *Sayings and Doings*—G. P. R. James, Esq. Author of *Richelieu*—A. Picken, Esq. Author of the *Domestic Legacy*—Mr. Power, Author of *The Lost Heir*.

"Otto's Compendium of the Pathological Anatomy of Man and the Inferior Animals; translated from the German, by N. Lister, M.D. and John F. Smith; with additional Notes, is nearly ready.

An account of the Dynasty of the Khajars, from a Manuscript presented by his Majesty Feth Ally Shah, in the Year 1811, to Sir Harford Jones Brydges, Bart. Historical Notes and an Introduction.





J. Crofton Walker

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Published by E. Littell, Chestnut Street, Philad.^a

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